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Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, with names of two referees, to reach the County Librarian, Shire Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk (from whom further particulars are available) by 31st May, 1967.

BOROUGH OF TAUNTON
APPOINTMENT OF LENDING LIBRARIAN, Scale AP III.
APPLICATIONS for the above appointment are invited from Chartered Librarians with experience in modern Lending Library work. Salary in accordance with AP III (£1,220 to £1,435 per annum). This is a key post offering considerable scope for a person with initiative and ideas, and involving staff control, stock-editing, and a high degree of responsibility for advisory services to the public. Photocharging is in operation, there is a Gramophone Record Department, and building will shortly commence on a new Branch library.
Housing provided for suitable applicants and 50 per cent removal expenses.
Applications with the names of two referees should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Corporation Street, Taunton by Friday 2nd June, 1967.

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PRINCIPAL: Ronald B. Howell, M.A.
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men and women for APPOINTMENT as LIBRARIAN in this college of 350 mature day students. The student numbers will increase to 480 in the near future.
The Librarian will be responsible to the Tutor Librarian for the running of a well stocked, well used and expanding library, his attractive efficiency is a key factor in the life of the college.
Chartered Librarians eligible under current regulations will be appointed to A.P. Grade 3 (£1,220 to £1,435 per annum). Applicants who hope to be Chartered Librarians in the near future may be appointed to A.P. Grade 2 (£1,029 to £1,220 per annum).
Further information and application forms, returnable immediately, may be obtained from the Principal, Wolverhampton Teachers' College for Day Students, Walsall Street, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.
G. W. R. LINES, B.A., M.Ed., Clerk to the Governors.

WORCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
BROMSGROVE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
GENERAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST:
TUTOR LIBRARIAN, Grade "B", required to assist in the College Library. General library duties combine with some teaching especially in the use of Library. Normal teaching week.
Applicant should be Chartered Librarian or have passed Part II of the Library Association examination. A degree or a certificate in education would be an advantage.
Salary scale: 1955 to £1,725, according to qualifications, training and experience.
Application forms and further details are obtainable from The Principal, College of Further Education, Stratford Road, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, and completed application forms should be returned to him on or before two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.
Please enclose stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC
APPLICATIONS are invited for a full-time LIBRARY ASSISTANT to take charge eventually of a small rapidly developing Printing College Library in the City.
Previous experience would be an advantage but not essential. Minimum qualifications: the G.C.E. 'A' level (including English and Mathematics).
Salary: £900 to £1,200 according to age. Maximum starting salary (at 21) £789.
Details from the Librarian, North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

LIBRARIANS, GRADE III
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WRITE to Civil Service Commission, Savile Row, London, W.1, for application form, quoting 6389/67. Closing date 12th June 1967.

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Thursday, May 18, 1967.

INSTITUTE OF CANCER RESEARCH
ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL
LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for Chester Beatty Research Institute Library, Fulham Road, S.W.3. Duties based on Lending Library routine but will be varied. Experience in scientific/medical library useful. Salary according to previous experience and qualifications in region £680 to £750 per annum.
Apply with name of two referees to the Secretary, 44 Sumner Place, S.W.7, quoting reference 304/B/17.

HERIOT-WATT UNIVERSITY EDINBURGH
SUB-LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from GRADUATES, preferably with library qualifications, for the POST of SUB-LIBRARIAN. Experience in a University or Research Library in the field of science and technology will be an advantage.
The University has recently been allocated a site of 348 acres at Riccarton, Midlothian, six miles from the centre of Edinburgh, and plans are now being drawn up for the development of the site and ultimate transfer of the University.
The salary attached to the appointment will be within the range £2,180 to £2,910, with superannuation under F.S.S.U.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned with whom applications should be lodged not later than 12th June, 1967.
DUNCAN CAMERON, Secretary of the University.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL
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more
LIBRARY appointments, other vacant appointments and classified advertisements appear on preceding pages

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
LIBRARIAN / INFORMATION OFFICER required to assist with industry and document-supply services, &c., for the British motor industry.
Candidates should preferably be under 30, and must have full A.L.A. qualifications. An interest in automobile engineering and a working knowledge of a modern language would be useful.
Applications in writing, to the Secretary, The Motor Industry Research Association, Lindley, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS
ASSISTANT required to busy library for information work and periodicals indexing. Library experience and potential interest in architecture essential. Professional qualifications desirable. Normal conditions, staff canteen. Salary scale £880 by £30 to £1,000.
Written applications, stating age and experience, to Secretary, RIBA (RRW), 66 Portland Place, London, W.1.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for Library of Ahlia Religion College of Higher Technology, which will become part of a new Polytechnic. Exciting prospect of work with diverse students in mixed academic environment. Main disciplines, Science, Technology, degrees courses in Business and Public Administration Certificate of Education. Degree in college, Library and subjects already arranged. Chartered Librarian, with some knowledge of college library work or late library passes desirable. Salary: £1,200 by £50 to £1,350 by £75 to £1,425 per annum. Form of application for appointment and library particulars obtainable from the Secretary, Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (cataloguing) for institute of Contemporary History. Knowledge of German and typing required.—Write Box H.1404, The Times, E.C.4.

HOUGHTON'S 25TH BIRTHDAY CAKE

The Houghton Library, 1942-1967. A selection of Books and Manuscripts in Harvard Collections. 272pp. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press for Harvard College Library. 55s.

In the year 1942, with the thunder of Pearl Harbour still echoing, Harvard announced the opening of a new and lavishly equipped rare book library named (like its predecessor and neighbour, the Widener) after its donor, Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., of the class of 1929. A modest 28-page booklet, with some photographs, explained its scope, function and arrangement. The booklet was anonymous; but it was (" of course ", any reader today would add) written by the late William A. Jackson, the Houghton Library's first director and the increasingly authoritative arbiter of its expanding destiny for more than twenty years. The original shelf-space was designed to accommodate a quarter of a million books, and it started life about half full. Today, twenty-three annual reports later, the shelf-space, doubled in 1949, is nearing its 500,000-volume capacity.

The Houghton Library enters its second quarter-century under the direction of Jackson's successor, Dr. William H. Bond, with Mr. Philip Hofer, founder and prime benefactor of the ancillary Department of Printing and Graphic Arts, still active in its affairs; and in celebration of the twenty-fifth birthday Dr. Bond and his staff have had the excellent idea of producing a sampler of the riches in their care. Since Houghton is Houghton, the sampler is no pocket-book. It is a stately folio of 272 pages, with reproductions (ten in colour) of 370 selected pieces—manuscripts, letters, printed books, bindings, illustrations, drawings—arranged under thirty-one categories, each with a brief introduction. The text was composed by Stinehour and the whole printed at Meriden; *Incipit* and *Explicit* panels after John Howard Benson; a sombre buckram binding directed by Robert Wessman; endpapers by Ruzicka—in short, the works. A table-book, some might say? Well, not exactly a reference book; not a bedside book, certainly; but a perfect picture book for a really handsome table in a very grand library, whose proud owner or custodian may need from time to time to be cut down to size.

One of the earliest benefactors, particularly active after the disastrous fire of 1764 which destroyed most of Founder John Harvard's library, was that eccentric " republican " Thomas Hollis of Lincoln's Inn; and the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation was signalled by the Bodleian with the gift of a copy of the Paris [1493] edition of Columbus's *Epistola de Insulis Nuvitus Reperitis*. But most of the truly generous, often munificent, contributors to the greatest library in the western hemisphere have, of course, been Harvard alumni; and if Amy Lowell was not exactly that, it is timely to salute, among the more recent of these, the names of William King Richardson, Curtis Reisinger, Carleton R. Richmond and Bayard L. Kilgour.

To select from a selection, to take samples from a sampler, is invidious but irresistible. Here then, to examples, are a tenth eleventh-century manuscript of Horace, the De Buz Hours (from the de Rohan Atelier), and the Hours of Juana la Loca, the two halves now reunited, here, thanks to a special enthusiasm of Jackson's, is a virtually complete collection of Erasmus; here are manuscripts of Rochester's death-bed repentance, of *An Essay on Man*, of Keats's sonnet " On the first looking into Chapman's Homer " (Houghton's Keats collection is incomparable), of Tennyson's " Ulysses "; a massive assemblage of Emily Dickinson and a ton and a half of the manuscripts of Thomas Wolfe. From the Kilgour collection of Russian literature and history we may pick the original printing of *The Communist Manifesto* (London, 1848, *variis-mum*) and a page from Trotsky's diary. Germany may be represented by the manuscript of Schiller's *Wallenstein* sent to Coleridge for translation, Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the copy presented to Schopenhauer, with his comments throughout, and the manuscript of the second of the *Duineser Elegien* of Rilke; France by Montaigne's *Essais*, Bordeaux 1580, and pages from Edmond de Goncourt's diary; Italy by the *editio princeps* of Petrarch and but lists are surfeiting, as Jackson used to find year by year in his annual report of accessions.

Visually, of course, the show is stolen by the seventy-odd pages devoted to the graphic arts, from Sanvito to Bruque and Baskin; and possible complaints that the history of science, when Houghton owns 106 of " Horblit's Hundred ", has been short-changed with only two pages are silenced by the discovery that Vesalius and Linché, *Instauratio Magna* and *De Magnete*, have been categorized for their illustrations rather than their text. Nor is this emphasis unjustified. Harvard has immensely strong in many fields; but it was obvious when Houghton was founded that it could never be preeminent in those of early manuscripts or bindings Morgan and Walters had too long a start. But twenty-five years' discriminating concentration on " the [illegible] book ", with special [illegible] Renaissance decoration [illegible] graphy, typographica[illegible] illustrated books, has [illegible] in the front rank in [illegible] ments; as had already [illegible] demonstrated in the [illegible] catalogue of *Illuminated [illegible] plus Mumeryies*. Mr. [illegible] Garvey's *The Artin and [illegible] 1860-1960* (1961) and [illegible] Mortimer's two stout [illegible] cording the library's [illegible] French sixteenth-century [illegible] books, the first (1964) [illegible] large series in which [illegible]

The policies and aspirations [illegible] Houghton Library were [illegible] admittedly in generation[illegible] Jackson's now historic pape[illegible] Importance of Rare [illegible] Manuscripts in a Univers[illegible] (*Harvard Library Bulletin* [illegible] No. 3, 1949); and Presid[illegible] inaugural pledge to [illegible] scholarship (" we are the [illegible] a community that extends [illegible] these academic walls") has [illegible] filled; more than half the [illegible] Houghton, Mr. Bond [illegible] no official connexion with [illegible] Yet the custody of rare [illegible] often fragile things [illegible] library, a very delicate [illegible] tween availability and [illegible] especially, as the [illegible] columns of this journal [illegible] shown, where the thing [illegible] lished manuscript. Of [illegible] Bond observes that " [illegible] speedily deteriorate or [illegible] destroyed if they were [illegible] hands of everyone [illegible] profit from seeing [illegible] that many of them, [illegible] on exhibition, " are [illegible] stored out of sight [illegible] the latter, the Houghton [illegible] are freely available to all [illegible] a framework of rules design[illegible] scholarly work in progress [illegible] improper exploitation of [illegible] for the broader [illegible] preservation of literary, [illegible] torical evidence for [illegible] of scholars.

Even the most cantankerous of the present generation [illegible] it hard to quarrel [illegible] ments of principle, [illegible] cisms he may make of [illegible] tion for other libraries in [illegible] This majestic sample [illegible] ting monument to the [illegible] lege Library's numerous [illegible] from John Harvard himself [illegible] Houghton. It is also a [illegible] perhaps a triumphal arch [illegible] road down the centuries; [illegible] dentally a memorial to the [illegible] Library's first director, [illegible] library's innumerable [illegible] all over the world, it offers [illegible] tunity for salutation.

BODLEIAN BINDINGS

M. J. SOMMERLAD: *Scottish " Wheel " and " Herring-bone " Bindings in the Bodleian Library*. 16pp. Oxford Bibliographical Society. Bodleian Library. 10s.

The golden age of Scottish bookbinding, metaphorically and literally, was the eighteenth century or more particularly the fifty years from about 1725 to 1775, when the best specimens appear to have been executed. This was the age of the typical and well-known Scottish bindings in morocco with elaborate decoration in gilt consisting of a multiplicity of small tools disposed for the most part in one of two patterns —the " wheel " or the rather unfortunately named " herring-bone ". The wheel pattern was doubtless inspired by the earlier Continental " fan " style, but the " herring-bone " pattern, with leafwork or other tools branching from both sides of a central line, may be original.

Dr. Sommerlad's pamphlet consists of a four-page introduction describing the styles of decoration, a very few of the tools used, the endleaves, the colour of the leather, and the limitations of technique and design. As he points out, the best account so far of these bindings is in G. D. Hobson's *English* [sic] *Bindings in the Library of J. R. Abbey*, 1940, and his work is the first account since then. Most of the bindings concerned occur on presentation copies of academic dissertations (which enables them to be dated fairly accurately) or on Bibles. The Bibles were usually bound in two volumes, with the Metrical Psalms added to the second; this therefore received more usage than the first and is apt to be in a poorer condition or missing altogether. The characteristic endleaves are of " Dutch gilt " paper; Dr. Sommerlad repeats the usual statement that this is so called because it was imported through the Low Countries, but it is more likely that " Dutch " is equivalent to " German " since the few examples known which bear the name of the maker, with one London exception, were made in Augsburg. As Dr. Sommerlad says, the tools used on these bindings were usually floral or foliate; he illustrates only two, a " turnip shaped " tool and a pentagram, though he adds that six-pointed stars are also seen.

The rest of the pamphlet is taken up by short descriptions of twenty-eight examples of wheel or herring-bone bindings in the Bodleian Library, mostly from the Buchanan and Strickland Gibson collections, all illustrated, one as the frontispiece (165 by 212mm.) and the others, by a reduction to a uniform width of 50mm. (including the spine), dispersed nine to a page. This arrangement, and the " near print " technique used (by TRUEXpress, Oxford) gives a useful idea of the general style of each binding, but does not allow the reproduction of much detail. The author's laudable personal maxim is that " descriptions of decorated bindings are of little value unless accompanied by illustrations ". Dr. Sommerlad's descriptions are models of their kind, and the illustrations are adequate for the purpose.

More might have been [illegible] the individual tools, [illegible] about the especially [illegible] " pear ", " half-pear " and [illegible] since it is not clear [illegible] are in fact single or made [illegible] than one component. [illegible] tinctive and unusual cross[illegible] and conventional crown [illegible] 28 (the frontispiece) which [illegible] mentioned at all deserves [illegible] mination. It is unfortunate [illegible] conventional thistle-[illegible] herring-bone bindings does [illegible] on any of these in the [illegible] lections. It may be wondered [illegible] 24, 26 and 27 are justifiably [illegible] as " herring-bone " bindings [illegible] the names of the craftsmen [illegible] duced these bindings were [illegible] the dark; there were probably [illegible] paratively few of them; [illegible] exception of James Scott [illegible] worked in several entirely [illegible] styles, they were content to [illegible] anonymous. We can only hope [illegible] Mr. Willman Spawn's brief [illegible] research last summer will [illegible] Dr. Sommerlad's pamphlet [illegible] originally issued in [illegible] 1964. This is the [illegible] a new series of Occasional [illegible] lications, to be issued [illegible] to time by the Oxford Bibliographical Society; among these [illegible] cal Society's publications are [illegible] are lists of English [illegible] before Mitchell's *Directory* [illegible] bookbinding manuals, [illegible] in the John Johnson Collection [illegible] the present locations of [illegible] in Bernard's *Catalogue* [illegible] tions to Mrs. Russell's [illegible] of Cowper.

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LORD DISMISS US
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'A remarkable evocation of the process of growing up and (for the most part) sometimes paradisal closed world of school . . . a very good novel indeed.'
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'A fascinatingly extraordinary book.'
Angus Wilson
'Brilliant and disturbing.'
Robin Maugham
30s
William Heinemann



"Beach at Villerville, 1908" by Jacques Henri Lartigue, from John Szarkowski's *The Photographer's Eye* (156pp., New York Museum of Modern Art, distributed by W. H. Allen, £2 8s.). The 172 illustrations range from the invention of photography to the present day.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION

THE most interesting of the twenty-four studies collected in Dr. Arnold Toynbee's *Acquaintances* is the study of Sir Lewis Namier; and in it there is quoted one of the penetrating analyses Namier so often threw off in his life-long marathon race of conversation. " You ", Namier said to Dr. Toynbee, " try to see the tree as a whole. I try to examine it leaf by leaf. The general run of historians try to take the tree branch by branch; and you and I agree that this last approach, at any rate, is an unpromising one."

* * *

The definition could hardly be neater; and the interest of *Acquaintances* is that it shows what Dr. Toynbee can do when, for once, he adopts Namier's method. Here he examines history leaf by leaf, and puts under the microscope, as Namier did, the human beings whose actions and reactions compose the vast cultural movements which he himself has chosen as his study. The choice between methods is of great importance to Dr. Toynbee, for it touches on a matter which bulks very large in his mind; as it must in all minds whose bodies have encased them for seventy years and more. Art is long and life is short, and since the days that this disagreeable fact was first noted science has joined art in being long, and if life is not so short as it was, its extension has not kept pace with the extension of art and science. Today, as Dr. Toynbee sadly notes, any historian, unless he should choose a subject so limited as to have no significance, finds himself faced with a mountain of information relevant to his chosen field. To get at the truth he should sift every cubic foot of it; and meanwhile the general public, which expects to learn what it should think from the specialist, waits in vain. There is nothing to do but form hypotheses; and it is hard to check these, for one of the differences between historians and scientists is that faulty historical hypotheses never cause physical explosions. " It is interesting to speculate whom, were this not true, we should find ourselves obliged to mourn.

These historical hypotheses vaporize into myths; and Dr. Toynbee feels strongly that it is the historian's business to engage in a continuous and conscious process of demythologizing our culture, and we have seen how he has approached that task by his own methods. It is amusing that in *Acquaintances* Dr. Toynbee's appropriation of Namier's method is most successful in dealing with a certain aspect of the life of Namier himself.

Lewis twice married a wife who came from Russia and his widow, Lady Namier, made the last chapter of his life by far the happiest. I have never seen one human being so greatly transfigured by another as he was by her. " Transfiguration " was hardly too strong a word to describe the effect on Lewis of his second marriage. The lovableness that I had divined in him at our first meeting now shone out of his countenance unclouded.

It is good that this remarkable and hopeful fact should be set down by authority. As we grow older we become used to seeing the faces of our friends suddenly engraved by age and illness with lines which do not disappear. But after Namier's marriage his face was suddenly engraved with marks of happiness, and they also never disappeared. This could not be called a miracle, for all who know Lady Namier would realize that this would be the natural effect of her companionship; but it was the kind of effect that we all hope would be produced by a miracle, should one occur.

* * *

Yet for a gift to be made there must be a taker as well as a giver, and Namier had an unusual capacity for the acceptance of other human beings. Twinkling with amusement at himself, he would explain that in his childhood his enthusiastic interest in his fellow-creatures had taken a disgraceful form. Innocently, as a child, he had read some letters written by one relative of his to another, and he had been fascinated by the difference between what the writer was to him and what she obviously was to her correspondent. His parents explained to him that this was shocking conduct, and he accepted their view (though probably not without argument lasting several hours). But he thought that was why he had turned to history in his adult years, since it was the duty of an historian—at any rate his kind of historian—to range through the past reading other people's letters. Thus it oddly happened that we owe a great study of English Parliamentarianism to the overflow of warm and powerful affection in a Polish-Jewish family.

* * *

It is doubtful whether Dr. Toynbee's own researches into individuality give the same impression of power and warmth. Quite often he seems to miss the point of personalities and accept the view of them held by not very well-informed strangers. It was possible to feel only temperate enthusiasm for Lionel Curtis. Had he been not a man but a building he would have been the Central Hall, Westminster, and had he been a woman he would have been Mrs. Jellyby. But he was more than that; surely he was not simply being naive when he declared to Dr. Toynbee in 1925 that if Christ were to come back to earth the place where he would have found that his precepts were being best practised was the British Commonwealth. This would have been a startling pronouncement had Curtis regarded all Commonwealth administrators as saints dispensing to the native population foretastes of paradise. But more probably what he meant was that from the beginnings of colonization men have been compelled to admit that it was an enterprise only tolerable if it were conducted under the fear of God.

In 1493 Pope Alexander VI, that curious instrument of divine power, issued a Buff assigning the temporal dominion of the newly discovered territories in the New World to Castile and Portugal under the express understanding that the sole justification for the assignment was the propagation of the Christian religion. Isabella the Catholic remembered this, Ferdinand forgot it, the Emperor Charles remembered it again, the Franciscans and the Dominicans and the Jesuits refused to forget it. Nasty natural man has kept on going abroad in large numbers to steal other

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE: *Acquaintances*. 321pp. Oxford University Press. 35s.

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people's property and womenfolk and tear up the rule of law when it showed signs of taking root, but others in whom the spirit was willing have obstinately replanted it.

This double conflict between memory and forgetfulness, natural and redeemed man, has continued in all continents ever since. There has been no final victory for virtue but it is not part of the Christian promise that that will ever be on this earth. That the conflict should continue, that there should be no Christian surrender, is what is important, and Lionel Curtis has right on his side to the extent that the conflict was continuing and that Christian armies had not laid down their arms. It would be of importance to his literal mind that British soldiers on the Christian side were more numerous and functioned on a more extensive field than those of any other nationality, simply because of the area covered by the British Empire; and it could also be argued that the Christian conscience was perhaps more active in the field of colonization than it was in regard to domestic or international politics. This certainly was so in the Victorian age.

Curtis was, in this utterance, not smug, but sensible, though in a rather unsatisfying way; and Dr. Toynbee is too censorious in taking exception to it. As he is when he repeats with sympathy Gandhi's statement that when he was on his way to Durban after the South African War, about to return to India after having organized an Indian ambulance corps for the British Army, he noticed in a newspaper an announcement that Curtis, then town clerk of Johannesburg, had issued an order that all Indians in the district were to register their fingerprints, and thereupon broke his journey and stayed in South Africa to fight this municipal order. Dr. Toynbee records this incident in evident agreement with Gandhi, and accounts for Curtis's issue of the order by his desire to further the reconciliation of the two white communities in South Africa by appealing to Afrikaner race prejudice. This is surely unjust. If the Clerk of Johannesburg had any opportunity or obligation to please anyone it was not the Afrikaner community but the Rand Club; and even those who most despise apartheid as a cruel and clumsy governmental device may feel eagerness to know whether Dr. Toynbee can suggest any really easy way by which an administration, speaking Afrikaans or English, could establish the identities of members of a large population of illiterates speaking neither of these languages but a number of Indian dialects. That is not the situation now, but it was the situation then. As for Gandhi, we can be sure he could not have found an answer to this riddle. Many people who exercise what is known as magnetism do in fact seem to be surrounded by a magnetic field, which has the peculiar property of repelling all practical problems.

* * *

It is apparent that Dr. Toynbee does not bring to his task of examining leaf by leaf strictest impartiality as between leaves, and the reader will be puzzled if he tries to discover the determinant factors in his partiality. Often he is admirably fair. For instance, he records the horror he felt at Beatrice Webb's lack of imagination in wishing, in the early 1930s, that there might be a revolution in Germany, because the English had learnt how to keep politics moderate, "so there is no danger that a revolution on the Continent might set off a revolution here, but what it might perhaps do for us here is to make just enough of a political stir to bring Labour back into office". But he makes it clear that, in fields where imagination was not required, she was humane and generous with her affections. Elsewhere it is difficult to follow him. It is hard to accept that he really believes that the Blue Book on the deportations of the Ottoman Armenians by the Turks in 1915 (which he assisted Lord Bryce to prepare) was produced in a purely cynical spirit by the British Government, because it wished to distract world opinion from the contemplation of the atrocities committed by the Russians against the Jews, then being publicized by the Germans. In wartime every government becomes conscious of the numerical superiority of silly people in the world, and sets up ad hoc enterprises in which any current problem admitting of exploitation is set out in silly terms likely to arouse the sympathies of the silly: this is the modern meaning of the once impressive word propaganda. But this does not mean that the traditional agencies cease to deal with this problem in a sensible way. There were two sides to the Armenian story; but leaving propaganda apart, there were qualified observers who had studied the story long and carefully and felt deeply that one side needed protection and redress at that moment. There is still living among us Mr. Lewis Einstein, then a secretary at the American Embassy, who bombarded his Secretary of State with horrified accounts of these deportations. Yet at that date America had not entered the war, and Mr. Einstein would have been the last person to wish to distract attention from the Tsarist atrocities against the Jews.

There are indeed a number of interpretations in this volume which it is impossible to accept. According to Lawrence of Arabia, Clemenceau said to him at a private interview during the Peace Conference: "You know, Colonel Lawrence, that France has been interested in Syria ever since the Crusades", and Lawrence replied: "Yes, but the Syrians won the Crusades and they have never forgotten that." Clemenceau said nothing to this, and there seems little reason why he should say anything. That the west could not conquer the Middle East in the past might well be a reason why the west should be interested in it in the present. After all, its geographical situation has not altered. But later in the book Dr. Toynbee writes: "Unlike Monsieur Clemenceau, in 1919, I did already know that in the Crusades the Christians had eventually been defeated." Does Dr. Toynbee really believe that Clemenceau thought that Jerusalem had been held by the Christian west? On the same page Dr. Toynbee writes of Gladstone's demand for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe "to Asia, where they belong", as if he had thus wished to abandon "to the Turks the largest of the continents". Perhaps his famous "bag and baggage" speech was open to this interpretation, and perhaps Queen Victoria was able to interpret it correctly, and, given her great affection for India, perhaps that was the basis of her dislike for him. But to the rest of us this is news, even what is called hot news.

There is one field in which this idiosyncratic view of persons and events is particularly discomfiting. In 1936 Dr. Toynbee accepted an invitation to address the Nazi Law Society in Berlin. There he was invited to call on Hitler, who for two hours and ten minutes lectured him on international relations, in a voice which was agreeable except when he used the word "Russia", which he always uttered in a hoarse and demented shriek. This brought to Dr. Toynbee's mind a certain monkey in the London Zoo, who flew into a screaming rage at the sound of the word "policeman". Dr. Toynbee seems to take it for granted that Hitler was shrieking in the same good faith as reigns in Regent's Park. But Hitler was not a monkey, he was not even like a monkey. He was dreadfully human, and in some respects even ideally so. The kingdom of heaven could be established on earth were there a saint who possessed the dynamic power which emanated from Berchtesgaden, and it seemed a mockery of all good men that this great gift had been conferred on a destroyer. Since Hitler was not a monkey and therefore not compulsively honest as animals are, it seems odd that Dr. Toynbee should feel sure that he was entirely sincere, that his shrieking was involuntary, and that "whenever he spoke about Russia . . . he genuinely went crazy". Hitler was aware that he was addressing a Director of the Institute of International Affairs, and he may well have hoped to enlist his aid in deluding the British into forming an anti-Russian alliance with him and helping him to defeat the power who would otherwise have been the ally of Britain, thus leaving them alone when Germany chose to turn on them. After all, it was only three years later, when discouraged in this hope by the state of public opinion in England, that Hitler concluded the pact with Stalin, with the same treacherous technique in mind. If Dr. Toynbee is correct in thinking that Hitler really could not utter the word "Russia" without screaming, the negotiations leading to the pact must have been strange indeed.

It is to be noted that Charles Webster reproached Dr. Toynbee for accepting the invitation from the Nazi Law Society on the ground that in accepting he was condoning Hitler's atrocities. Dr. Toynbee defended himself on the ground that in his job at Chatham House he had to study the Nazis, and he could hardly do that without meeting them and entering into human relations with them. But this certainly produced difficulties later. Dr. Toynbee relates how one day in London during the late 1930s he went to call on Ribbentrop, who had "taken some trouble" on his account and been hospitable on occasion to mention that Ribbentrop's domestic life was "entirely incongruous with his public activities and with his eventual fate which was, in my judgment, undeserved". But it is a pity, now for the sake of furthering the entry such an institution as Chatham House, to accept hospitality from a man of whom one will be obliged to say, should he subsequently be hanged, that he deserved it. It is rel vant to turn back to an earlier chapter in *Acquaintances* and read how, at a dinner-party in Ankara, the Atatürk refused to agree with Dr. Toynbee when he put to him his "conviction of the paramount importance of personal relations in all fields, public as well as private". Frowning ferociously, the old anti-semite informed him that he was entirely wrong. "Personal relations", he said, "were of little importance; they produced no appreciable effect. Impersonal public relations were what mattered." The comment possibly meant nothing except that the dinner-party had not been as robustly entertaining as the Atatürk would have had it. But it certainly struck Dr. Toynbee in a vital spot, and his discussion of it reveals the nature of this book. It is an account of his endeavours to exercise his personal influence on the more conspicuous figures of our day, in the interests of his idiosyncratic and eclectic liberalism, which is so exactly Fabian but definitely pre-Fabian, an heretical deviation from orthodox unorthodoxy.

* * *

Not unnaturally his partiality protects those who most readily responded to his influence, and his hostility to those who were of would not have been equally responsive accounts for most of his questionable interpretations. He had so many successes that this lead has its value as a picture of a certain phase in our intellectual exportsbut he was, to take one instance, exactly what Jawaharlal Nehru wanted from contemporary England. But it is not a satisfactory exposition of the historical method which Dr. Toynbee has borrowed for the occasion. One must examine the leaves of the tree leaf by leaf, but one must not try to get the leaves to grow in a different way. One must be a botanist and not a gardener. This book has two meanings. One is that the historian particularly if it be his aim to demythologize history, should be also be a politician; and the other is that it is very natural for a generous-minded historian with a vein of genius to want to be a politician. This volume should be taken as an engaging confession by the victim of an occupational risk.

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INDIAN CABINET

R. J. VENKATESWARAN: *Cabinet Government in India*. 200pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Students in search of an Indian equivalent of Keith, Jennings or Mackintosh will be disappointed in Mr. Venkateswaran. In every sense, his is a slight work. Written in a rather journalistic manner, it engages in no formulation and testing of hypotheses about Indian cabinet government; it does not even provide much information that is not readily available in newspapers and journals. If any method can be detected in Mr. Venkateswaran's procedure, it consists of following the recital of a body of fairly well-known factual material with reflections which rise above the jejune only when they are prejudiced. In short, this is a very disappointing book.

Nevertheless it is not entirely without merit. To bring together most of the known facts about cabinet government in India, and arrange them with some regard for the reader's convenience, is of real assistance to the student of Indian and comparative politics. Indeed, this work could provide the starting point for a whole series of valuable studies, each one of which would demand inquiry of a depth and intensity that the author himself has shunned.

Interest of a different kind is stimulated by the attempt to assess the extent of the continuing influence of British political institutions on the minds of Indian intellectuals. For Mr. Venkateswaran, the British cabinet system provides the yardstick by which comparable institutions are to be judged. Quotations from Jennings, Mackintosh, Crossman and lesser writers are treated as "texts"; and any deviation of the Indian institution from the "model" which seems to be implicit in Mr. Venkateswaran's thinking is considered justified, or at least excused, if it can be shown that a practice in this country is substantially the same. Although flattering to British *amour propre* this attitude is rather depressing. It might be thought that, by this time, the Indian cabinet would be regarded as an institution with its own social roots and political rationale.

Reserved as one's reception of this book has to be, its author must be accorded some of the honour due to a pioneer; for extraordinary as it may seem, his is the first study of a subject that ought to be attracting the attention of Indian political scientists. It is to be hoped that its very inadequacies will stimulate some more industrious and more ambitious researcher to try to provide a more satisfactory account.

THE ORDER OF BATTLE IN VIETNAM

"The Free World must understand that our most effective role did not lie in furnishing ground troops." No, not Mr. George Brown on the British position concerning Vietnam in 1967, but President Eisenhower on the limitations that he had had to observe in his own military aid to the French against the Viet Minh in 1954. In the end he committed no forces at all to help the French. Nor did he accept the logical, practical and workable alternative advocated by Sir Anthony Eden, that the Geneva settlement of 1954 should be effectively guaranteed and that the peoples of the whole area should be encouraged to organize themselves against Chinese expansion in a broad regional association backed by the west. Instead, the United States dissociated itself from the Geneva Settlement and invented SEATO which was ineffective in itself and rightly suspected from the start as an implement of American policy. "In the international field", wrote a British commentator at the time, "the Americans show a tendency to kick into their own goal."

Thus, for the well-known American international lawyer who is Mr. Victor Bator, the diplomatic tragedy of 1954, the failure of the United States to accept and back the Geneva Settlement, is the origin of their present involvement. There were, he says, three gates to sole American responsibility through which Eisenhower and Dulles passed: the first was their rejection of the Geneva Agreement which was "legally, diplomatically, on paper . . . faultless"; next came the foundation of Seato instead of either the broad regional arrangement advocated by Eden, or a Nato-type organization with teeth as well as aspirations; third came the deliberate squeezing out of France and Britain from responsibility in Indo-China in the second half of 1954 and the first half of 1955. The American leaders dismissed their allies partly, it would appear, for reasons of pique—Dulles's bitter animosity against Eden; conceived in the spring of 1954, was not without its influence even in the Suez affair two years later—but the motive of most of their actions at this time was domestic politics.

* * *

The foreign policy platform on which Eisenhower had come to power at the end of 1952 had been self-contradictory. On the one hand, the troops had to be brought home from Korea. On the other, the Truman policy of *containment* of Communism had been labelled as immoral; Eisenhower would begin to roll back the Communist tide. However, to provide ground troops for such an action—and the U.S. Army differed from the Navy and Air Force in that its strength was mainly conscript—would have electoral consequences. The actual fighting on the ground, therefore, must be done by others: Communism must be fought with American encouragement, financial aid, and perhaps air and naval intervention, but without American ground troops. This was why when he was convinced by General Ridgway that Dien Bien Phu could not be saved by American air action, which was what Eden had been saying all along, Eisenhower took no action at all and pinned his hopes for eventual victory in Indo-China on keeping the French at it after a fashion at Geneva.

The publication of Mr. Bator's short book at this time is unfortunate for Mr. Melvin Gutlov, whose *The First Vietnam Crisis*

Chester L. Cooper. *The Lost Crusade: Vietnam, Diplomatic Conspiracy*. 253pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.
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Joseph Buttinger. *Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled*. Vol. I. 1,000pp. Pall Mall Press. £4.95.
Bernard B. Fall. *The Two Vietnams*. 2nd rev. ed. 512pp. Pall Mall Press. 42s.
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Douglas Pike. *Viet Cong: The Organization and Techniques of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam*. 500pp. Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Press. 80s.
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runs to 200,000 words and is a measure of his dedication to the Vietnamese and to one aspect of America's efforts on their behalf. He produced it after a period of research at the Center for International Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1964-65 on the basis of material collected in the field. It is a solid, scholarly book, written in clear, readable English. This is as well, for it will probably become required reading for anyone who pretends to views on Vietnam, particularly military views.

Viet Cong, says its author, is "largely the N.L.F.'s account of itself" for the primary source material is some 800 documents captured from the Vietcong and interviews with 100 ex-members of the organization. The struggle in Vietnam, he found, has been two wars: "The first began in 1960, or possibly as early as 1958 and ended in late 1964 or early 1965". It is with this war, before the involvement of American ground forces, that he is concerned:

> The Communists in South Vietnam began with only a set of tenuous theories and not with anything that could be described as a full blueprint. They learned as they went, testing, rejecting, improvising, painstakingly building an organizational steamroller. When I first approached the subject of the National Liberation Front, I was struck by the enormous amounts of time, energy, manpower and money it spent on communication activities. It seemed obsessed with explaining itself to itself, to the other side, and to the world at large. As the study deepened it became evident that *everything* the N.L.F., did was an act of communication. If the essence of the Chinese revolution was *strategy* and the essence of the Viet Minh was *spirit*, the essence of the third-generation revolutionary warfare in South Vietnam was *organization*. What the N.L.F. produced was a major, if not necessarily beneficial, contribution to the sociology of revolution.

From this the reader must surmise that I take a communicational view of social change. The fundamental assumption here is that when people, especially those in developing societies, are exposed to new ideas, new methods, new social structures, certain things happen, and neither they nor their society are ever again quite the same. This assumption seems to me to be beyond debate. The Communists have brought to the villages of South Vietnam significant social change and have done so largely by means of the communication process. This process is what this book is about.

* * *

From here Mr. Pike proceeds to examine in three chapters the antecedents and in three more the development of the Vietcong, through the rule of President Diem, to the strong position of control it had achieved by early 1965. He tells us that Communists loyal to Hanoi played a dominant role from the early years of the National Liberation Front, gradually extending their control from the National Central Committee to the villages. How this was done, the techniques of communication, persuasion and organization, are the subject of the next six chapters. We are then introduced to the armed forces, the use of violence and terror, the technique of recruitment, the organization of liberated areas and to the foreign and public policy of the N.L.F. Both organizationally and operationally the movement went through three phases. In the first, which lasted until early 1962, the object was to loosen the government's administrative hold on the villages, and goad the government into increasingly repressive measures so as to turn the populace against it. In the second the objective was to complete the mobilization of the rural Vietnamese and form liberated areas. This ended, after the fall of Diem in 1963, with the United States inextricably enmeshed in the war. Having organized its cause in phase one, and energized it in phase two, the N.L.F. aimed in phase three to legitimize it by the complete overthrow of established authority. This phase ended on the brink of success in 1965, with the United States decision to put its full military power into South Vietnam.

Some will call Mr. Pike an apologist. They will certainly find his book more difficult to deal with than the apologias put out by the State Department in 1961 and 1965. He clearly believes that South Vietnam is the victim of a Communist conspiracy directed from the north and goes some way towards proving it. To what extent the Americans themselves promoted the conspiracy, whether their present action is warranted or wise, and whether, again for reasons of domestic politics, they are justified in attempting to prosecute allies whose views they rejected ten years ago, remain questions rather for Mr. Bator and Mr. Stone than for Mr. Pike.

But the trouble with Mr. Pike is what has been called the "organizational approach". He has read his documents, interviewed his prisoners, but it is tempting to ask whether he has done anything else. He admits of course that the Vietcong exploited popular grievances in South Vietnam, but has he any idea of how deep and fundamental these grievances were? Many consider that they were deep enough to rot South Vietnam, even in the early days, with the spirit of revolt, and that it was only when the leaders in Hanoi saw that the south was morally theirs that they decided to help. This was the view of the late Bernard Fall, whose "Vietnam in the Balance" (*Foreign Affairs*, October, 1966), might well be studied. Has Mr. Pike forgotten, or does he not believe, that only eighteen months after coming to power, President Diem enacted a concentration camp ordinance (No. 6 of January 11, 1956) which gave him almost unchecked power to deal with the opposition, or that in June, 1956, he abolished elected village government, an oppressive step which both the French and British had been careful to avoid? The appointed officials who took the place of the elected ones were universally unpopular and often hated. By March, 1958, more than 400 of them had been murdered by guerrillas who, as has been pointed out, indeed "harped on local issues and avoided preaching Marxist doctrine". Of course, "When it is remembered", wrote Bernard Fall, that there were enough local issues around to cause the South Vietnamese Army itself to try at least three times to murder Diem, it becomes understandable why South Vietnam appeared to Hanoi ripe for the plucking.

In dealing with oppressive rule in Rome, Gibbon points out that there comes a point when it is less uncomfortable to plot against a regime and lead the life of a rebel, than to endure oppression. For thousands in South Vietnam this point was reached under Diem; many were Communist, but the vast majority were not; Communist organization came as a top dressing.

It may be argued that all this is irrelevant, that the issue now is, not how the war started, but how it is to be stopped: the problem is simple—the Hanoi Communists are in control; break the will of Hanoi and the N.L.F. will disappear into thin air. Unhappily, the almost unbelievable misgovernment which started the rebellion—without which, even on Mr. Pike's view, the Communists could not have created their organizations, operated their techniques—this misgovernment persists. Crack the Communist organization, remove the commissars from South Vietnam, and even then the basic dissatisfaction, the basic rebellion, will be there; and one does not have to go far back into history to discover for how long Vietnamese rebels can rebel. Thus, scholarly and dedicated as Mr. Pike evidently is, his position is that of an extremist in perhaps the most important issue of the Vietnamese affair. The other extreme, better known, but not so well documented, is only easier to refute. Professor Fall, killed only two months ago by a Vietcong booby-trap, is a more reliable guide than either.

There remains Mr. Sibnarayan Ray's international symposium *Vietnam*. The seventeen contributors include Dr. Honey, Mr. Brian Crozier and Mr. R. A. Scalapino, whose articles are sober and realistic. But some of the others speak with less authority and the volume as a whole, though it provides general support for the American case, cannot be said to carry any real weight.


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THE HEART OF HAMPSHIRE

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER and DAVID LLOYD: *Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.* 832pp. Penguin. 42s.

Professor Pevsner remarks drily in his foreword that it can safely be left to reviewers to spot shortcomings. The temptation for the reviewer to try to keep his end up with criticism is naturally strong; and it is proper to offer some—but only after he has saluted once again the amazing industry of the great series, its devotion to England, the splendidly catholic taste that informs it, the unrivalled knowledge within and behind, the infectious enthusiasm of each new venture. Professor Pevsner is tireless; and every county seems to be the occasion—for him and his colleagues—for a new and exciting exploration. In the face of this—of one of the greatest debts that this country has ever owed to one of its scholars—to concentrate on shortcomings would be merely churlish. The achievement dwarfs criticism; this book is, taken all in all, as splendid as the rest.

Hampshire, we are told at the start, is the eighth largest of the English counties. But only London has yet called forth a large quantity of descriptive matter, and *Hampshire* is the largest single volume in the series so far. Much of this length is in Mr. Lloyd's accounts of Portsmouth and Southampton, which between them run to nearly 200 pages. It is true, despite the appalling damage of the Second World War, that both of these cities are architecturally very interesting: it is right that the medieval remains of Southampton and the dockyard at Portsmouth (so tantalizing to the layman, for he is normally allowed to see little of it) should be given ample treatment. Even so the space given, for example, to Portsmouth Cathedral and the Tudor House, Southampton, seems over-generous: Mr. Lloyd has an expansive, even gossipy style, which contrasts strangely with the perky crispness of Professor Pevsner's; so, these lengthy descriptions are too much to carry in one's head and too long to consult regularly on visiting a building.

The many notes provided by Mr. Nicholas Taylor should be specially commended. Professor Pevsner is his admirable self, though there are occasional lapses below the level that he himself sets. The account of the later work at Winchester Cathedral is somewhat mechanical (one suspects that he has rather little sympathy for the Perpendicular in that form); but to counter this we have a description of the paintings at Burghclere so lucid and so perceptive that even those who know Spencer's work well must see them with new eyes.

One aspect in which Mr. Lloyd scores is as Professor Pevsner generously notes, in townscape. Thus the very real urban attractions of Alton, Andover, Lymington and Romsey are largely missed, whereas Fareham and Wickham (in Mr. Lloyd's area) are given the most leisurely exploration: they certainly deserve it; and one may enter a claim for a less dismissive treatment of the quite different attractions of Bishop's Waltham; its townscape here is very unlike that of Wickham, yet in its tight-knit, intricate way is fascinating—a matter of continual small surprises rather than the single grand gesture.

Even those who know Hampshire well are likely to make many gratifying discoveries with the help of Professor Pevsner and his colleagues. Among the truly outstanding things which they bring into the light may be mentioned the graffiti decoration of St. Agatha's, Portsmouth (to be preserved when the church is demolished), Nash's striking tower at West Cowes (so strangely prophetic of Greek Thomson), the amazingly powerful early twentieth-century ensemble of Quarr Abbey (recently described and illustrated at length in the *Architectural Review*) and the discovery of a major—if much altered—country house by Hawksmoor at South Stoneham. The attribution in this last case is due to Mr. John Harris. Professor Pevsner is generally cautious in his attributions; but he is surely right (*pace* Dr. Downes) to give Appuldurcombe to a local mason, rather than a London master; and very likely right in his hesitant gift of Serle's House, Winchester, to Archer: the resemblance to other Archeresque houses (Chettle, Finchcocks, Roehampton) is marked.

Hampshire is a county rich in Victoriana of all kinds: one might wish for a little more prominence for the work of J. D. Sedding (a photograph of one of his churches would have been welcome); but of course in this field impressions and preferences are still very much affected by personal considerations. It is something of a surprise to find Professor Pevsner apparently so respectful of the exceptionally nasty Elvetham Hall, for he has treated Teulon roughly in the past; nor will he persuade everyone that there is much to be said for the mechanical dreariness of Highclere. On postwar architecture both authors are inclined to be lenient, occasionally enthusiastic. (There are, it must be said, many good things, particularly in Southampton, though Sir Basil Spence's work at the University deserves no special emphasis.) Mr. Ll... even seems to approve of the ... able re-development of central C... port, which was lately, though ... mously, singled out by the ... Trust as an awful warning. Yet ... very (and rightly) severe on ... everything new in Portsmouth, ... has become a shocking exhibition ... wasted opportunities. In the ... it would have been fairer to give ... mild applause to the very decent ... terminal buildings of the ... Wight ferry, which seem not to ... mentioned at all. (Some good ... Anne houses have also escaped ... net—including Broughton ... Michelmersch Court and Cole... House, Winchester.)

Finally, may we not ask Profes... Pevsner to be fiercer in his ... demnation of the needless dest... tion of fine buildings? Mr. To... roundly deplores the loss of the ... Sedding vicarage and oratory at ... Clement's, Boscombe; but Profes... Pevsner finds an excuse for the ex... pected elimination of all the ... buildings in Basingstoke (few enough ... in all conscience) in the creation of ... the new town centre: planners ... should be exhorted, if necessary ... bullied, into using their wits to incor... porate the best of the old into the ... new: there are examples in Hamp... shire (Stratton Park, St. Anne's ... School, Southampton, South Stone... ham House) to show how a whole ... new visual and emotional experience ... can be created out of the tidal ... bringing together of the two. But ... alas, there is further destruction at ... Wilkins's Grange Park has now gone ... too recently for even a warning in ... the book; and in the past few years ... there has been the burning of Ha... oliffe Castle, with its collection ... matchless in England, of sculpture ... and decoration of the late Ford ... Gothic. The fire at Highcliffe was ... disastrous misfortune; most of the ... destruction is man-made.

HOARDINGS

HELLMUT RADEMACHER: *Masters of German Poster Art.* Translated by Anthony Rhodes. 140pp. Leipzig: Edition Leipzig. MR 8.80

This English-language album from East Germany reproduces nearly a hundred posters, mostly quite unpolitical, of the period 1896-1933. The selection is a little odd, since it includes a good deal of boringly commercial work and omits anything from the Bauhaus or its followers, but it none the less shows the work in this field of a number of important artists and is possibly more representative of the actual flavour of the period covered than any stricter choice could have been. Though John Heartfield's Communist election poster of 1928 is about thirty years ahead of anything else in the book there are also interesting expressionist political posters by Pechstein and Cesar Klein, as well as the expected lithographs by Käthe Kollwitz. Carl Hofer's coffee advertisement of 1911 seems unrelated to his painting, but there is an effective poster for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* by two commercial artists called Stahl and Arpke, and among the earliest examples is an excellent poster by Th. Th. Heine for the Elf Scharfrichter cabaret of which Wedekind formed part.

The twenty-six page introduction reads strangely, not least because it is set in an unfamiliar and ... leaded sans type. It makes ... high claims for some of the ... stereotyped of the participants ... Erdt, who strikes the eye ... because he is advertising ... called "Problem Cigarettes" ... —is called one of the "... masters" while Ludwig Hohlwein ... "perhaps the greatest German ... artist of all time". But perhaps ... most surprising thing is to read a ... book from eastern Europe ... "Although the profit motive ... the production of posters, it is ... only possible that they may ... artistic merit—it is essential ... they should have it." So far the ... of ordinary posters (as against ... traits of political leaders) has ... one of the distinguishing features ... the communist street scene. We may ... be on the verge of a change.

We may say that if the aim of the ... artists is primarily commercial, ... also tend to embellish life. The ... may be illusory for most people, ... is that wrong?

Deluding the consumer: is that in ... the principle on which all political ... and commercial systems ... agree?

ON THE ROCKS

ABBÉ HENRI BREUIL with the collaboration of Mary E. Boyle: *Southern Rhodesia.* The district of Victoria and other sites. Foreword by Roger Heim. 119pp. 60 plates. The Singer-Polignac Foundation through The Trianon Press. Distributed by Bernard Quaritch. £14 14s.

This luxurious publication is the fifth volume of a survey of the Rock Paintings of Southern Africa" which was one of the Abbé Breuil's main interests during the closing years of his life. Breuil had first visited a number of the rock-art sites in Southern Rhodesia in 1929, and he had taken photographs of some of them at the end of this book. But the greater part of the present volume is the result of two expeditions to the same territory in 1948 and 1950 while he was working on an extensive survey for the Government of South Africa.

All the material here collected, with the exception of the group of figures at Inpeyu Cave, is now published for the first time. As with the South African material published in the previous volumes of the series, Breuil finds that the paintings in Rhodesia were executed over several hundreds of years at different times. But he concentrates here mainly on several groups of polychrome (red and white) figures which he found in caves around Fort Victoria. He points out first of all that these paintings contain no scenes of warfare or hunting, and that the people in them are shown amusing themselves in common in various ways". He was struck especially by "their sociable, carefree attitudes", and by the fact that only a few of the figures are recognisably negroid in type whereas the majority appear to be "foreigners" to the region. He was also reminded, by stylistic and certain other affinities, of similar white figures that he had found on the Brandberg in South-West Africa ... —1,000 miles away to the west—... draws from this further evidence ... reinforces his belief in a migration ... "Nilotic" foreigners from the ... (Egypt and Crete) more than ... years ago. To the "mysterious" ... unsolved problems" raised by ... group of paintings Breuil was ... ever, unable to give any ... answers for we still know ... nothing about pre-history in ... region. The text consists largely ... Breuil's detailed description of ... painting, and the volume is illustrated ... with all his watercolour tracings. ... Thanks are due to Mrs. ... Boyle, the Abbé's close collaborator ... and to Mr. Arnold Fawcett, ... literary executor, for the ... devotion with which they are ... anously publishing the ... lection of documents ... had prepared before his death.

Fiction

TWO BY TWO

PENELOPE GILLIATT: *A State of Change.* 221pp. Secker and Warburg. 27s. 6d.
YAEL DAYAN: *Death Had Two Sons.* 191pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

The disillusioned Marxist and the persecuted Jew are two prototypes that the past twenty-five years of British history have yielded to western literature. Mrs. Gilliatt's novel is set in England and Miss Dayan's in Israel, but they share a common point of departure in the collapse of Poland in 1939. Their main characters were children when the German storm moved in on Warsaw, and both within a few days found themselves parentless. One escaped to Israel, the father, ten years later, emigrated to England.

Penelope Gilliatt's concern here, as in her first novel, is with the failings of the English social conscience. In *One by One* an outbreak of the plague was the device by which she tested her characters' fibre; in *A State of Change* the examination is conducted with less melodrama. Her heroine, Kakia, is the independent outsider who, unlike her English contemporaries, has known both Nazism and *Stalinism* and although her status is only implied she is without doubt the moral exemplar.

Kakia left Poland in 1949, angered by the hypocrisies that the regime imposed. In eastern Europe she had been a cartoonist of repute, but her drawings are predictably misunderstood by English editors: "One puts over one's point of view a lot better here if one doesn't get steamed up about it". Not until the change of political mood after Suez do they begin to be appreciated. She is taken up by Harry and Don, a doctor and a television executive (the quiet humanitarian and the glossy talker); and although she eventually settles down with Harry in unmarried comfort, their peace of mind is constantly threatened by Don's incursions into their ménage with his dazed girl friends and his harangues in favour of the swinging life.

A State of Change is a short chronicle of English moods and it stretches from 1949 to 1966; in conception not unlike a Briefing guide to postwar trends. The central relationship between Kakia and the two men provides a neat framework for their intellectual discussions and for the succession of modish figures who loom upon the narrative, are argued with then dropped; but one has very little sense of the day-to-day quality of their lives, and their emotional development seems to have been planned out in advance. Yet what the novel lacks in imaginative substance it makes up for in journalistic sophistication.

Miss Dayan is also concerned with an opposition of styles. *Death Had Two Sons* is a loaded debate between new-generation Israeli and old-generation Jew, between Daniel Kalinsky, brought up on a kibbutz, and Haim, his father, who came to Israel from Poland many years later. Haim now lies dying in a hospital in Beer-Sheba, hoping every day that Daniel will visit him. Daniel keeps watch from a building across the road but cannot bring himself to make the gesture.

Underlying their conflict is an incident of classical horror. When the Nazis came to collect Haim and his two sons at the start of the war Haim was told that he had to choose which of his sons should be spared; and Daniel was taken away. Miss Dayan turns the screw one degree further in her stories of Nazi persecution; and thus creates a drama of considerable potential. Unfortunately its effect is dispersed in unnecessary peripheral events. And Miss Dayan's style is far too prone to rhetoric.

STICKY WICKET

MICHAEL CAMPBELL: *Lord Dismiss Us.* 378pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The last speech in this long and richly talented novel comes from Carleton's father, sitting comfortably at the wheel of his Rover and driving his son home from his last term at Weatherhill. His words are trite enough, yet, coming where they do, they have the force of a blow between the eyes. "Our boarding-school system is still the best in the world."

And the young Carleton, round whom this book revolves, or dizzyingly gyrates, would probably not find his father's remark as staggering as Mr. Campbell's fascinated readers will. After all, the boy has notched up some successes in his last term. He has made a century for the first eleven, with his beloved Nicky partnering him for most of the way; he has been Second Prefect; he has received from young Eric Ashley some first-class teaching which has enabled him to get a story accepted in an adult magazine; he has taken the male lead in Weatherhill's end-of-term operetta; he has managed never to be found directly in the path of the cleansing broom wielded by the new, rather dim, headmaster and his formidable wife. He may even have got some A levels. We are not told. A levels are something that Mr. Campbell treats with total and splendid disregard.

The boy Carleton is still too young, too close to it all, for his father's complacent little summing-up to hold any quality of surprise. He has been put through the still usual upper-class British mangle—prep school at the age of seven or eight (extra Latin in Mr. Brownlow's room, on Mr. Brownlow's knee), and thence to Weatherhill perched on its windy summit, with its crazed, inbred monasticism, its scourgings, its dotty, brilliant masters in leather-elbowed sports jackets, its sticky passions—this, for ten years or so, has been his life. How can he be properly aware of its fantastic quality? How can he think of himself as one of 200 exotic fuchsias each becoming extravagantly whorled and kinked in the steam-heat and the seclusion?

But Ashley can. Ashley, the young man who teaches so brilliantly, sees the distorting effects the system can have on young emotions. He is himself an Old Weatherhillian, has been subjected to the process, and recognizes that emotional adjustment to the adult world has by now become impossible for him.

It is difficult in a brief space to do justice to this extraordinary and brilliant novel. It is funny and tragic, extravagant and yet controlled. Its characters leer and grimace and startle like gargoyles, and like gargoyles they have a compelling liveliness. The tone, a little strident, a little hysterical, lifted just clear of realism yet never allowed to bolt into fantasy, is held confidently and without faltering throughout.

UNDER AUGUSTINE'S THUMB

REX WARNER: *The Converts.* 263pp. Bodley Head. 25s.

Anyone who has read the *Confessions* of Augustine of Hippo, will know that it requires a bold imagination to attempt a portrayal, from the outside as it were, of that passionate, contradictory, deviously philosophical and profoundly learned man. This Mr. Rex Warner has done, and perhaps complete success, at least with a beautifully realized recreation of the fermenting centre, in space and time, of Europe's first great creative crisis. It was a time when empires were falling apart with the impetus which had embraced or energized them. Emerging in the west was the Catholic Church, armed with the towering intellects of Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine.

The narrative is presented through the occasional reflections of Augustine's younger friend and sometime disciple Alypius, later to become bishop of his birthplace, Thagaste in Tunisia, but at present newly arrived in Rome as a noted dispenser of justice, but with little new law. From him we learn many details of urban life in fourth-century Africa, how a cosmopolitan, to the development of Christian culture came to this region, how little of vitality there had left to offer. While all this is continually done and the regional administration, and mutual indifference of the crumbling empire to the region, there are disagreements and disputes on the second-hand mode of ... The author is limited ... perceptions and sensibility of ... Alypius, ... exasperatingly ... apologetic, ... about ... self-deprecating, ... able in his subject ... but much of the ... passion and agony of Augustine is lost. Alypius is unable to reproduce for us the brilliance, humour and energy of Augustine's conversations, but only the earnestness proper to himself. Within these limitations, tension and pace are unavoidably slackened, and at times the reflections become repetitive and vague. On the other hand, the very "negative capability" of Alypius's compassion allows him to see, perhaps more acutely than he himself realizes, into the torment of Augustine's domestic triangle. He also sees that Augustine's obsession with, and abhorence of, sex is rooted in his inescapable relationship with his saintly mother. Similarly, in spite of his friend's infatuated excuses, a slightly repulsive impression involuntarily emerges of the young Augustine's inverted narcissism in expecting to be loved, and in searching, if disappointed, for the fault in himself. The most serious flaw in this method is that the climax of revelation and conversion, seen in the dulled mirror of Alypius's mind, seems inevitably disappointing and unconvincing.

Nevertheless, it is right that these criticisms should be levelled rather at Alypius than at Mr. Warner, who has made of this character so real and representative a creature of his time that the reader can readily be seduced into accepting that these "reflections" are authentic documents.

ANSWERING BACK

NIKOLAI ARZHAK: *Govorit Moskva.* 166pp. International Literary Associates. Distributed by A. Neimanis, Munich. 14s.

Of the four stories by Yuri Daniel (*alias* Nikolai Arzhak) three are well-known. "The Hands" is the story of a simple-minded Cheka executioner, whose hands tremble for the rest of his life as a result of a practical joke played on him by his fellow-executioners — they had loaded his rifle with blank cartridges as he was about to shoot a priest; and the two amusingly satirical stories, "Moscow Calling" and "The Man from MINAP", which were denounced as "vicious anti-Soviet lampoons" by the prosecution in the Sinlavsky-Daniel trial last year.

Less known, but even more remarkable as a literary work is the last story, "The Expiation". An innocent man, Victor, is accused here by an acquaintance called Felix of having denounced him to the NKVD in 1951 as a result of which Felix spent several years in a concentration camp. Felix then takes his revenge by spreading the story that Victor is a police informer; gradually, all the latter's friends and the woman he loves abandon him; but the central theme of the story is that although Victor is personally innocent, he feels that he, somehow, shares in the "collective guilt", and the consciousness of his guilt drives him insane. The story is told with a Kafka-like intensity which inevitably recalls *The Trial*. If, in the two more famous stories, Daniel takes a boyish delight in cocking snooks at the Soviet regime, "The Expiation" reveals him as a serious writer of considerable, unsuspected depth.

Michael Joseph
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INTERNATIONAL

JULIUS BRAUNTHAL: *History of the International, 1864-1914.* Translated by Henry Collins and Kenneth Mitchell. 393pp. Nelson. £4 15s.

Dr. Braunthal's name is well known and honoured among students of the history of the Labour movement. Now in his seventy-eighth year, he has added to his long list of publications a history of international socialist organizations, of which this volume, taking the story to 1914, is the first of two. Few have better qualifications for undertaking so massive a task; for Dr. Braunthal has been actively associated with social-democratic politics since the great days of the Second International, before the First World War. The result is what we might expect: a work which, although committed, is scholarly and authoritative.

It is also very readable as an historical narrative. Dr. Braunthal packs in a formidable amount of information, but he keeps the main lines of his story so clear that even the well-informed reader will find it fresh and stimulating. Books that provide sources both of reference and enjoyment are rare enough; but Dr. Braunthal has succeeded in writing one of them.

Nevertheless it must be said that a definitive history of the First and Second Internationals awaits an author who can approach the events with a rather greater detachment than Dr. Braunthal, for all his genuine scholarship, can achieve. An Austrian social-democrat, he tries hard to be fair to the Proudhonists, anarchists, syndicalists and other ideologists "condemned by history", but he does not always succeed in holding a just balance. Moreover, he still insists on treating with the greatest reverence everything that Karl Marx ever wrote, said or did. His Marxism, indeed, is of a rather old-fashioned, pietistic variety, strangely out of tune with the present age. It leads him, at times, to produce a generalized "history", with "the people" as its hero, that will fall strangely on the ears of modern scholars, even Marxist ones. Thus, in introducing the subject of "The Counter-Revolutionary International" (i.e. the Holy Alliance of 1815), he writes:

> On 9 Thermidor the rule of the common people in France had been overthrown. The Conspiracy of the Equals was a desperate and unsuccessful attempt to restore it. After a brief transitional period of the Directorate, the *bourgeois* capitalist state was consolidated under the dictatorship of Napoleon.

This quotation comes from the earlier and weaker part of the book. Dr. Braunthal's account of the "forerunners" (beginning with Thomas Paine, the Corresponding Society and Babeuf's Conspiracy of Equals) and of the First International itself is no more than adequate. Not until he comes to the foundation of the Second International does his narrative really take wing. Here, too, the documentation thickens and the participants, through judicious quotation of their speeches and writings, become real people as well as representatives of "tendencies". As 1914 approaches, the tension mounts. The unpreparedness of the leaders of the Second International, for all their resounding declarations, to cope with the challenge of European war becomes more and more painfully evident.

Dr. Braunthal is particularly good on the great issues that divided the international socialist movement during this period: "revisionism", colonialism, participation in bourgeois governments, and the mass political strike. These he defines clearly and illustrates with excellently chosen examples, at the same time emphasizing their complexity and avoiding any simplistic classification of the protagonists into "progressives" and "reactionaries". It is interesting to note, for instance, that Edward Bernstein, the arch-revisionist, joined hands with the "left", led by Rosa Luxemburg, in advocating "the political general strike as an offensive weapon in the struggle for an equal franchise in the elections for the government of Prussia", whereas the great apostle of Marxist "orthodoxy", Karl Kautsky, supported Bebel in opposing it.

As might be expected, the German movement takes the centre of the stage, although adequate attention is given to the more "peripheral" parties, including those of the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Belgium, Hungary and Spain. It was the very strength of the German movement that caused it to suffer, in a most acute form, from "displacement of objectives". While proclaiming undying hostility to capitalism and militarism the party and trade unions adjusted themselves all too well to the society that had given them birth, and acquired an interest in self-preservation that precluded anything in the nature of a revolutionary response to even the greatest of challenges to the principles that enlisted their verbal support. As for most of the other European parties, their bankruptcy, when confronted with the brute fact of war, could be excused only to the extent that they were less powerful than their German counterpart.

The death-knell of the Second International was sounded by Victor Adler, who, at the Brussels meeting of the International Socialist Bureau, held immediately before Austria's declaration of war on Serbia, "breathed a spirit of utter passivity", saying:

> I am not here to make speeches at a public meeting but to tell you candidly that any action on our part, when hundreds of thousands are already marching towards the frontier and when we have martial law at home, is completely impossible.

Yet the International had not, as Lenin believed, committed suicide; it had simply mutilated itself. After the war it dressed its wounds and again became a power to be reckoned with, in spite of the Comintern's assertion that it was no more than a "living corpse". How this patched-up veteran attempted to cope with the even more difficult issues of the period between the First and Second World Wars will be the subject of Dr. Braunthal's second volume, which, as the work of a participant-observer, is likely to be of even greater interest than the first.

NATIONAL

K. R. MINOGUE: *Nationalism.* 168pp. Batsford. 21s.

Mr. Minogue, who lectures in political science at the London School of Economics, has the right approach to the subject of this short and workmanlike book. He does not begin, in the teutonic manner, by attempting to define a nation and to catalogue the various political phenomena that could conceivably be brought within the "nationalist" rubric. "Nationalism", he tells us almost *en passant*, "is a political movement which seeks to attain and defend an objective we may call national integrity", and "a nation as a living component of nationalism is something to be found largely in the aspirations of nationalists". One may be certain that, from a writer of Mr. Minogue's analytical capacity, the tautologies are quite deliberate, being designed to tell us something about the modes of thought of those whose political activities are inspired by "a feeling of collective grievance against foreigners".

Mr. Minogue uses the historical method. He discovers the origins of modern nationalism in the French Revolution, and then chooses Germany as an illustration of the development of the nationalist idea in Europe. He might, of course, have extended his coverage to Italy, Greece, Belgium, Poland and many other countries, but there is a limit to what can be done in a short book and he rightly prefers to give an intelligible account of one national movement rather than a collection of snippets about several. From Europe Mr. Minogue turns to the underdeveloped world in the twentieth century and has a number of sensible and perceptive things to say about the various ways in which the countries of Asia and Africa have received and used Europe's [illegible] dangerous and ambiguous export.

His chapter on "explanations of nationalism", which takes in the Marxist and psychological interpretations, is a brave attempt at *multum in parvo* which ends rather bootlessly. The lapidary quality of the style, which most of the time enables him to achieve compression without congestion, is well illustrated by the book's concluding paragraph:

> There is room for both the Sleeping Beauty and the Frankenstein's monster view of nationalism. It brings millions of people out of traditional communities into the global commerce of the modern world, and it induces a psychological climate conducive to bitter, [illegible] struggles over contested bits of territory. The good it does could all be done in other ways; but, equally, it has contributed little more than a new vocabulary to the history of political evil.

This valuably antithetical approach is characteristic of the whole work. Mr. Minogue's study is not highly original, but originality can hardly be expected in a book that sets out to be introductory. The book is, however, both informed and stimulated. The writing is clear, lively and occasionally aphoristic. Particularly good is the type of sentence that soberly illuminates a whole area of political discourse, as exemplified by the statement that Leninist language "simultaneously baffles the mind and guides the feet". A man who can write that has—as sociologists say—"internalized" his political knowledge to a remarkable degree.

A THIRD SYSTEM

JOHN W. SPANIER: *World of Politics in an Age of Revolution.* [illegible] Pall Mall Press. £3.

The study of international relations is one branch of political science in which the fashionable trend towards fragmentation has unavoidably been put into reverse. It is impossible now, if it ever was possible, to formulate a theory of international relations which does not incorporate elements of economics, law, natural science, sociology and psychology, as well as history and geography. States can no longer be regarded in their mutual relations as something akin to Leibniz's "windowless monads". Their foreign policy is determined by internal as well as external factors, and both are of an extreme diversity. Professor Spanier is right to speak of "the disappearing distinction between international and intranational politics" and to emphasize, in what is intended as a students' textbook, the domestic as well as the foreign influences which go to make up the modern state system.

He has chosen three forces to concentrate upon, all of which display the same dual aspect. They are the revolution in military technology, the nationalist and socialist revolution throughout the underdeveloped areas, and the "permanent revolution" of Communism. Each of these forces is historically unique in that its operations overspill the framework of the traditional nation-state. Military technology is closely linked with the whole complex of scientific industries, which are already beyond the capacity of all but the largest and most advanced sovereign states. Nationalism is a force which no longer bears any relation to the geographical nation, at any rate in Asia and Africa. Communism has already arrived at the supreme contradiction of having two ecumenical capitals. What Professor Spanier is therefore studying is not a static model of international relations but a state of transition in which the traditional nation-state is being superseded by a third system composed of units which are, in some cases, smaller, and in others much larger than itself.

He has achieved a remarkably lucid and well-organized account of the modern system. Although it is intended primarily for American students, and therefore relies chiefly on American experience by way of practical illustrations, it could very well serve the same purpose for British students. Indeed, some of the historical analogies will have a sharp point for readers on both sides of the Atlantic: for instance, the comparison of Indian neutralism under the shelter of American benevolence today with American neutralism under the shelter of the Royal Navy in the last century. Professor Spanier's work shows realism and pleasant irony as well as a clear grasp of history and political theory.

COLD COMFORT

ADAM BROMKE and PHILIP E. UREN (Editors): *The Communist States and the West.* 242pp. Pall Mall Press. £2 2s.

A symposium such as this on the subject of the Cold War would have been impossible ten years ago. In it a number of western political scientists—mostly Canadian, but some from the United States and one British—examine the international scene since the Second World War and find many redeeming features in it. They even find a good deal to be said for the other side, at least so far as its policy is directed from Moscow and not Peking. The twelve essays comprising the symposium are notably cautious and free from dogmatism. They form a coherent whole, and the message they convey is basically an optimistic one.

The symposium opens with a demonstration of the inadequacy of ideology, which is useful only as a means of explaining what happens, not of determining it. An analysis of Soviet policy since the war suggests that it is really only interested in security in Europe, and that Khrushchev renounced war as an instrument of policy [illegible]. The growing independence [illegible] "satellites" [illegible] across the Iron Curtain, and the Sino-Soviet schism has given rise to a new international configuration of which France and China are the rising stars. The bi-polar concentration of nuclear power remains a fact, and the two rival alliances therefore continue to exist, though with diminishing solidarity. Those members of the alliances which wish to pursue an independent line, such as Canada, Poland and France, nevertheless wish to remain within them. On the whole the Soviet Union has been more flexible than the United States (and much more flexible than China) in adjusting policy to the changing situation, particularly in relation to the underdeveloped world.

Much of these theses will be readily accepted, and none of them is sensationally new. They represent a healthy attitude of self-criticism on the part of western scholars. Only on two topics are the contributors likely to find their arguments controversial. On Germany, Mr. Peyton V. Lyon argues in favour [illegible] recognition of the G.D.R. [illegible] possible way of [illegible] On Vietnam, while Mr. William E. Bauer argues that the United States was perfectly justified in its reactions to communist aggression, Mr. Richard Lowenthal contends that the contest with the Vietcong is doomed to failure and should be abandoned. These two views are of course by no means mutually contradictory and may well represent, in combination, a position at which United States policy will one day arrive. Even Communist China, it is argued, may well retreat from its present militancy before long.

Can it then be concluded that the Cold War is approaching its end? Not yet, according to the contributors to this admirable symposium. But it may be inferred what sort of indications will finally mark the end of the Cold War. One quotation will suffice: "Each side, for quite different reasons, developed oversimplified and emotionally coloured stereotypes of the other, which obscured the real nature of the conflict." When such a sentence can be written and accepted in Russian and Chinese as well as English the end [illegible]



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and articles on comparative education, [illegible] mathematics, and educational psychology. [illegible] V. No. 18. 5/6 post free, from [illegible] Institute of Education, Old Elvet, Durham

ABOUT THE BUSH

ELSPETH HUXLEY: *Their Shining Eldorado.* A Journey through Australia. 382pp. Chatto and Windus. 42s.
J. M. FREELAND: *The Australian Pub.* 221pp. Melbourne University Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £3 10s.

Now that "everyone" goes to the Mediterranean for their holidays the tourist frontier is pushing inexorably on in search of more exclusive and exotic places, and judging by the recent flood of books about Australia it is even beginning to lap the shores of the South Seas. But even now only the grandest tourists, travel writers, for example, can afford to embark on the Antipodean circuit: the trails decorously blazed by Trollope and Froude and Dilke are nowadays being followed by a host of book-hunters with noses twitching feverishly for the queer and the quaint, and return tickets to Chelsea clutched to their breasts. Most of these reporters have been literary minnows. By comparison Mrs. Elspeth Huxley is quite a big fish.

Not that she behaves like one. One of the refreshing things about her book is that flashy generalizations lie relatively thin on the ground, and though her publishers talk hopefully of readers among "both emigrant and armchair traveller" what she has written is really neither Emigrant's Guide nor Graham Greenery, let alone the missing Australian volume to Baedeker, but a modest, rather rambling account of what happened to interest her during an unusually diligent trek around the continent.

What did interest her could be predicted from her African background: the terrain, the farming, the native people, the birds and beasts. Above all, the birds and beasts. Her preference for rural Australia is evident even in chapters headed "Adelaide" and "Melbourne", and in this respect she conforms to the pattern of literary visitors. The bush, after all, makes more exotic reading than Australian suburbia.

What distinguishes her report is that for the first time, justice has more or less been done by a visitor to what is likely to provide the country's overwhelming tourist attraction: its myriad animals of a breathtaking colourfulness and an extreme eccentricity which suggest that they must have had an Ark all to themselves, possibly the same one which carried the Jabberwocky and the Snark. Australia's best known citizen, the koala bear, is really a pretty tame and conventional specimen compared with all the mimicking birds, the Tasmanian devil, the sea-cucumber, the mallee fowl, the lung fish, the platypus and the flying fox. With such passionate naturalists as Professor "Jock" Marshall and Graham Pizzey (among others) as guides she proves an excellent publicist for this indigenous fauna—conscientious, alert, good-humoured, a professional nutsheller and potter of natural history.

Not that she entirely ignores European Australia: emigrant opinion is duly quoted; there is a sharp chapter on the union and male-dominated community of Broken Hill; the so-called Gold Coast is judiciously described as a "visual nightmare". But though she clearly likes people and politely attends to Canberra and most state capitals her heart always seems to be with the odd marsupials which hop and scurry, and the bright plumed birds, which are for ever starting up and fluttering through her pages. One suspects it was they who lured her to Australia, not the Australians. But if she incidentally makes Australians more aware of the extraordinary zoological heritage they are still dangerously squandering that will be very much to the good.

For Australians by and large do not even know their countryside as well as Mrs. Huxley now does. "We have lost the sense of belonging to our environment" (she quotes Judith Wright) "and begun to believe that the environment belongs to us." It is doubtful, despite all the Australian Wordsworths, whether European Australians ever had this sense, least of all the city slickers who have long made up the vast bulk of the population. In this respect she might fruitfully have taken her occasional comparisons with Africa farther: both continents, after all, were explored and thoroughly colonized at roughly the same time. The crucial differences, apart from climate and the British monopoly, were that the aborigines happened to be much fewer and possessed a stone-age culture which proved no match for Europe's, and that industrialization has not yet transformed African society.

Even Henry Lawson was really by outlook and choice an urban man. So are the painters whose pretty pseudo-primitives of outback and bush legend she evidently cherishes: the work of one gaily adorns her dust-jacket. And there are even words in her "glossary of Australian terms" which would baffle most (urban) Australians. The truth is that the average Australian's shining Eldorado is a pub surrounded by posh suburbs—suburbs in which he lives with a car, a *Hausfrau*, kids (of course), and an electric lawnmower. Certainly only by a much more searching look at idiosyncratic Australian suburbia (even at the expense of the Speckled Drongo and the Native Companion) could the characteristics of modern Australia be described. But Mrs. Huxley frankly disowns any claim to a balanced view, and it might have been better if the Australian wild life, which already hogs the book, had been allowed to have the lot.

Perhaps the same predilections explain why she never discovered the newly-invented Australian Camembert, why Australian politics and other metropolitan pastimes are unblushingly spurned, and why she has apparently been content to rely on disaffected British émigré doctors for her somewhat too rosy account of Australian medicine. Her preoccupations may account too for the little crop of gaffes. (She is particularly prone to getting names slightly wrong: Barron *Fields* may be excusable, but John *Stewart* Mill?) On these, as on the rare occasions when she seems to have had her leg pulled, Australian reviewers will no doubt swoop with their usual delight. But the only one of consequence noticed by this reader is the blithe assertion (p. 78) that gambling is illegal in New South Wales. The very idea is enough to rouse the inhabitants of that state to revolutionary indignation. Indeed, apart from prohibition, it is probably about the only thing that would.

The author of *The Australian Pub* is professor of architecture at the University of New South Wales, but with refreshing unacademic temerity Mr. Freeland essays a social, as well as architectural chronicle of the miscellaneous urban and rural and usually sordid, licensed premises in each state which can, at a stretch, be construed as part of the single phenomenon "pub". Though the selection of individual hostelries for detailed discussion is bound to be questioned by some loyal patrons it is (like the choice of photographs) sensible on the whole, and some fond myths about convict and smuggling origins are diligently demolished.

Not surprisingly, the author is stronger on architectural than social issues: the functions of pubs as meeting places for unions, politicians, and prostitutes and their clients (one Melbourne bar in the late nineteenth century was popularly known as "the saddling paddock") deserve closer investigation. Probably too, despite the special role of public houses in a pioneering community, the claims for the "uniqueness" of the Australian specimens are pushed a little far: there is actually a good deal in common between nineteenth-century trends in Britain and the colonies, and even today it requires no alcoholic stimulus to the imagination for an Australian (male) to stand in a squalid Belfast pub, for example, and feel very much at home.

AUSTRALIAN RIGHTS AND WRONGS

ENID CAMPBELL and HARRY WHITMORE: *Freedom in Australia.* 298pp. Methuen. £2 16s.

An incidental but important consequence of President Johnson's recent visit to Australia was that it sharply showed up the state of civil liberty in that country: the spectacle of passive demonstrators being violently manhandled by American security men and Commonwealth and state police shocked even bystanders who had no sympathy whatever with the objects of their demonstration. The latter-day antics of both Commonwealth and state book-banners have likewise aroused unprecedented public derision which the elaborate but dubious new proposals for uniform censorship seem ill-calculated to remove.

The timing therefore of *Freedom in Australia*, in which two Australian academic lawyers review these and many other aspects of individual freedom, is excellent, and their careful avoidance of axe-grinding makes their main conclusion all the more damning: that Australians have no grounds for complacency about their freedom and that some hard-won victories of the past have been eroded by both legislation and court decisions. Of course by the standards of totalitarian regimes Australian freedom still flourishes, but its safeguards compare poorly even with our own admittedly imperfect ones, and the defects ill become a country which espoused democracy and egalitarianism long before we did and which, like America, provided a haven for the religious and political minorities of Europe.

The gap between the Australian ideal of freedom and the practice of it is certainly impressive. The truth seems to be that the latter has all along failed to transcend the dictates of sectional interest. The very same working-class migrants who reinforced the convict tradition of anarchist hatred of the police also brought with them a profound apathy for forms of liberty irrelevant to their own aspirations, especially activities of concern only to small minorities. In such a milieu the organization of pressure groups for the preservation of civil liberties has naturally all along been spasmodic and weak, and would have been even feebler but for the lion-hearted initiative of individuals like the late Brian Fitzpatrick.

True, the comparison is not entirely one-sided. The Australian theatre has at least been spared the creaking stage machinery of the Lord Chamberlain's censorship, but that probably reflects more the marginal and unadventurous character of the drama down under (at any rate until recently) than any great respect for freedom of performance. Literary censorship is more to the point. Chief Justice Cockburn has had an even more enduring reign in Australia than in his own country and, for all the Australian egalitarian traditions, the quaint class prejudices implicit in his definition of obscenity (and the case law which developed from it) are still conscientiously embraced by the Australian courts. Evidently the enfranchised and literate Australian working man has never been overly concerned to demonstrate his ability—or his right—safely to digest allegedly erotic reading. And even avowed champions of the freedom to read have concentrated on the release of publications they themselves wish to read.

The frontier of permissible reading in Australia continues all the same to be pushed further and further back, and a potent stirring of public awareness can be sensed there for which *Freedom in Australia* should provide highly inflammable material. Energetic civil liberties organizations, in which men of all parties join, are already gaining strength, and they now confront not only the local backlog of past neglect, including the status of the aborigines, but also the universal new threats of twentieth-century technology, such as bugging devices, not to mention economic inequities (only touched on by the authors) and baffling issues of state security which, in Westminster and Canberra alike, defy parliamentary control.

One notable thing which emerges from Professor Campbell and Professor Whitmore's survey is that British precedents are still heeded in the south Pacific: our Ombudsman will be as closely watched there as the operation of the Obscene Publications Act.

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DONNE AND OTHERS

MARTHA WINBURN ENGLAND and JOHN SPARROW: *Hymns Unbidden*. Donne, Herbert, Blake, Emily Dickinson and the Hymnographers. 153pp. The New York Public Library. $5.

DONALD L. GUSS: *John Donne, Petrarchist*. Italianate Conceits and Love Theory in The Songs and Sonnets. 230pp. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. $7.50.

MARY CLIVE: *Jack and the Doctor*. 216pp. Macmillan. 36s.

It would be difficult to find three books, concerned with Donne, more various in motive, method and presentation than these. *Hymns Unbidden*, which discusses other "metaphysical" poets also, as well as eighteenth-century hymn-writers and their influence on Blake and Emily Dickinson, is the most stimulating. Its first item, an admirably presented and documented study by Mr. John Sparrow of the official Hymn-Book issued by the English Moravians in 1754, is of more general interest than might be imagined. for Mr. Sparrow has found there adaptations of twenty-six poems by George Herbert, ten by Crashaw and, least expected and most interesting, a rearrangement into a single poem of four *Holy Sonnets* of Donne—and an abridgement of his *Litanie*. They are not the only seventeenth-century poets who, through hymnody, were active influences on later English verse. This is the theme of the three following studies, by Mrs. England, and however surprising, it is supported with evidence that cannot be disregarded.

Mrs. England gives first an account of John Wesley's earliest Hymn-Book, published in South Carolina in 1737, the circumstances of its compilation, and its relation to earlier hymnody. Her longest study is of Charles Wesley, whom she considers Blake's "closest predecessor" in his songs for children. Blake "shares Wesley's stanza forms, rhyme words, variation of measure and tone, and subtle repetition of sound". Her claim deserves serious consideration, especially as these studies show her to be unusually responsive to effects of metre, rhythm and word-sound, and extraordinarily knowledgeable about hymns and their music. Her interpretations of Blake are less convincing, but even when her general argument is unacceptable it often carries interesting observations, such as her comments on Charles Wesley's "masterful handling of cadence" and "the real dynamite . . . in the hymnbook", or on the varied sources of Wesley hymn tunes. It is in her final study, of Emily Dickinson's reactions to Watts's hymns, that Mrs. England is most persuasive, perhaps because her case relies more on metrical and allied evidence, though she also comments interestingly on Emily Dickinson's personality and outlook.

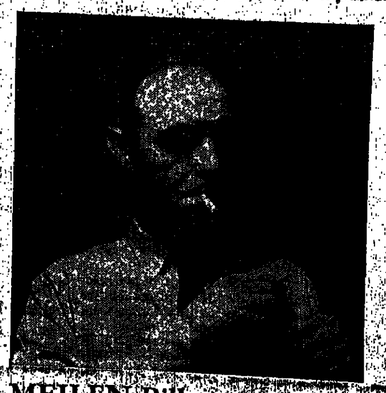
The editing of the oddly titled *Hymns Unbidden* has been less considerate than readers might expect. Mrs. England has been allowed to cite Emily Dickinson's poems merely by their number in T. M. Johnson's three-volume edition (1955). Given first-lines also, those who possess other editions could have followed Mrs. England's thesis more comfortably. The desirability of an appendix giving the Johnson numbers cited and the relevant first-lines should have been obvious, as should the need for information about the date and authenticity of Hobart Hays's drawing. The editor might also have persuaded Mrs. England to revise some of the highly metaphorical and allusive writing, and the colloquial phrasing and syntax, which mar her last two studies. What can be spoken without obscurity is not always intelligible in print; this may explain why something has gone wrong on page 133.

John Donne, Petrarchist essays to relate the "Songs and Sonnets" to "the dominant poetical tradition of Donne's time—that is, Petrarchism". Professor Guss begins with a useful account of modern reconsiderations of Petrarchism by Italian, French and English-speaking scholars, supplemented by his own explorations in Serafino and other Italian Petrarchists. After a brief survey of Wyatt and Gascoigne's "transformations" of Petrarchism, he turns to Donne's love poems. These he claims are not only written in a Petrarchist style and make sense as Petrarchism, but also shed the ambiguities which "modern critics" find in them when this is grasped. He certainly demonstrates very fully, if that were necessary, that Donne and the Petrarchists share a common stock of themes and images, but he is not so convincing when he argues that Donne regularly used them in a Petrarchist manner or mood. He makes his case most persuasively with "A Fever", but that poem hardly bears Donne's characteristic stamp. Significantly, the numerous parallels he cites seem not to resolve any puzzle in Donne's poems. Some passages from Speroni and Equicola come closest to doing so, but though they are extremely like the argument of "The Extasie", they do not help with the ambiguity in its last stanzas.

Professor Guss is rightly critical of the perverseness of the "new critics" and others, but he shares their perverse way with words; among those he uses frequently are *mythical*, by which he seems to mean "imaginary" or "imaginative"; *discrete*, which he prefers to "separate" or "unrelated" even when it fits the context less exactly; and *dramatic*, apparently meaning "concerned primarily with the mental processes". When professors of English misuse words so, what can be expected from their pupils?

The merit of Lady Mary Clive's chatty life of Donne is its illustrations. They are numerous and, with few exceptions, well chosen. It is a pity that, to illustrate Donne's London, Visscher's derivative and discredited panorama should have been preferred to its original by Norden, and that the recently discovered portrait of Donne seems to be reproduced as it looked before cleaning. However, the other illustrations compensate. Some, like the portrait of Donne's father-in-law, are reproduced for the first time; others, such as the views of Loseley and some of the portraits of Donne's friends, have appeared only in books unlikely to be possessed by admirers of Donne.

Unfortunately there is nothing to commend in the text, which concerns itself only with Donne's biography and physical environment. It presents nothing unknown to Donne specialists, and nothing new to others that is of any importance. Even those scraps will be lost on most readers, for the book is almost entirely undocumented. Its minor inaccuracies are too numerous to catalogue, and its incessant conjecture too improbable to require refutation. As a sample we may take the assertion (page 56) that Donne's letter announcing his marriage was "deliberately untruthful" in dating it "before Christmas". Presumably Lady Clive is relying on the Decree of the Ecclesiastical Court, made at the end of April, which pronounces that Donne and his wife were free from all *other* matrimonial engagements "in the month of January". It is by no means certain that the Decree intends this to date the marriage, but if so it is more probable that the Decree is in error than that Donne was lying, pointlessly, and with the certainty of discovery. Lady Clive's incidental comments on life in Elizabethan and Jacobean London read like excerpts from a humorous history of England. It is difficult to imagine what readers she had in mind, or to whom her book could be recommended.



MEILEN, Bill, Author; b. 16 Sept. 1932.
Educ: Senior Naval Approved School.
Career: Merchant Navy deckhand, fireman, salesman, lumberjack, cattle worker, longshoreman, oil-rig worker, soldier, actor.
Recreation: Rifle and pistol shooting, swimming, broadcasting, horse-riding, karate, Kabuki Theatre.
Address: Caerphilly, South Wales.
Clubs: Plaid Cymru.
Books: The Division, a description of life in a naval approved school. Being published—July.
Publisher: Panther Books, 3 Upper James St. Golden Square, London W.1.

Note: The Division will also appear as a play on Granada Television on Thursday [illegible]

A TIME FOR REJOYCING

James Joyce Today. Edited and with a preface by Thomas F. Staley. Essays on the major works. 183pp. Indiana University Press (American University Publishers Group). 45s.

Any excuse for a celebration. The twenty-eighth anniversary of *Finnegans Wake*, the first anniversary of the second and third volumes of the *Letters*. One does not read Joyce; one gets married to him. But last year the silver jubilee of his death called for something public and massive, and the symposia were loud with junketings. This gift comes a bit late, but no Joyce book is ever untimely: the wake or wedding goes on for ever. *James Joyce Today* was meant for yesterday, but "yesterday" means "yes: today". If that is not in *Finnegans Wake*, it ought to be.

What news, then, on the Joyce front? Mrs. Glasheen is reported as believing that Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker is really William Shakespeare. James S. Atherton discloses the Indebtedness of "The Dead" to—what should be a shock, but in Joyce it is either all shocks or no shocks—Bret Harte. Harte wrote a novel called *Gabriel Conroy*, and Joyce filched that name for his hero; he also filched a rhythm and a theme: "Snow. Everywhere . . . It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes, snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely. . . ." Mr. Atherton suggests that the name is an acknowledgment of a stylistic debt, an act of grace.

William Blissett, in an essay called "James Joyce in the Smithy of his Soul", deals with another kind of indebtedness—one that has received insufficient attention and calls for a book rather than a paper —namely, what Joyce owed to music, especially to opera and most especially to Wagner. In *A Portait*, Dixon whistles the *Siegfried* birdcall; in *Ulysses*, Stephen smashes the chandelier with a cry of "*Nothung!*". Joyce and his father were, we learn, reconciled after the elopement with Nora through a snatch of Alfredo's aria in *Traviata*. Mr. Blissett rightly compares *Ulysses* with *Wozzeck* ("Berg's succession of scenes, each having a deliberately imposed musical form, resembles the deliberate imposition of specially conceived styles in Joyce's episodes"). The clues to *Finnegans Wake* are musical ones, mere literary men will not see them. We hear "Ppt", and Isolde is there; HCE, as nobody has yet noted, is pure music (for use H for B natural). This is gestive and valuable essay.

Clive Hart, most notable of men, summarizes the phases of getical approach to that still tic masterpiece, and suggests new lines—Joyce's acceptance instance, of surface corruption text—induced aleatorically, the bad typing, misheard by enses, misprinting and so on entirely appropriate to a book "man's place in a fallen broken universe". Humphry Dan can be put together again, but the cracked shell that falls periences. Thus, Joyce may write "barnaboy"—a blunder since *barnac* is Swahili for "letter" but he misread his own and allowed "barnaboy" to mean "Barn" is Swedish for "child" error produces no nonsense. He also enlightens us on some of more recondite linguistic Joyce's pun-Eurish—Finnish by stance. *Kakslitoista* is Finnish *Twelve*"; why use it "twelve" (a key-number of *Wake*) is clearly meant? Joyce wants the various overtones of meaning which arise when we late the word-form to the language"—that is one possible making relevant to the context antecedent phrase is "equal to . . .") a cluster of dumpsite associations: "crack" and "crash" are probably there, also "crash".

Because of the vitality of the achievement—one that the A cans more than the British set merely continuing but growing writings by Joyce scholars is with an urge to get back to the again. This book does that more any that came out of the silver lee. All the contributors assume that they are dealing with a slithery art ("our Human Condition") and not with the inert of theses.

JOINING THE LADIES

MARGARET CROMPTON: *Shelley's Dream Women*. 301pp. Cassell.

It is not that women are attracted by rogues or artists or homosexuals as such but that they see them as a challenge, for every woman wants to change the man she loves. If Annabella Milbanke wanted to make Byron good, the women in Shelley's life wanted to get the better of his poetry. The thing that is remarkable is that they failed. Miss Crompton gives a few quotations to indicate that Shelley found time to write some poetry in the hectic years between the reign of his cousin, Harriet Grove, and that of Jane Williams—if time must be measured so—but she does not explore the situations in depth nor the characters of those involved. If only, we may feel, if only Shelley could have had the right wife (perhaps Fanny Imlay came the nearest to a Catherine Blake) or could have set up house and stayed in it with some older man who would have kept women at bay, how much wear and tear, how many disasters would have been avoided.

Meanwhile, what of them all, the "dream women" that are described in this book? One thing is sure: the more idealistic the image of the woman, the sooner she brought him down to earth by the reality. The story of Harriet may be left as it was told by Mrs. Louise Boas; Mary's complex personality needs re-examining at length though her main fault was her youth; with maturity she learnt patience too late and of the others, Cornelia Turner, Sophia Stacey, Emilia Viviani, Jane Williams, were all ships that passed in the night, if only, again, if only. Mary could have seen them so. Oddly enough it is Claire Clairmont, the flighty, who emerges from the list as providing the most stable relationship. Their tender friendship remained constant to the end. Shelley liked to have someone attractive and intelligent about the house and to take for walks when his wife was irritable in her pregnancies. At times he expressed himself in letters with a warmth that could have been misleading; but Claire knew all without demanding more: it was a quality. However reckless she may have been in her pursuit of life she paid dearly for her [illegible] of happy passion "and learnt [illegible] to want no more (*plaisir d'amour dure qu'un instant: chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie*).

Her [illegible] in the long years of [illegible] in Russia is much to be [illegible] —more of it when his [illegible] appear from the Harvard [illegible] edited by Dr. Marion Stocking, was the first to search for the volumes and the portraits and [illegible] Austria by Claire's niece [illegible] war. Miss Crompton does not follow through her studies [illegible] thoroughly as she might; there are no references to [illegible] Huscher's articles on Claire in *Keats-Shelley Bulletin*, and might have reproduced the [illegible] ing portrait of Cornelia [illegible] belonging to the family and used in a biography of [illegible] and referred to her later life in Florence where she was [illegible] set as Vernon Lee. Also, the word on Trelawny should [illegible] cern his divorces but *The North Passage*: he went out with a [illegible] not a whimper.

From 1811, when he was [illegible] from Oxford, to 1822, when he drowned, Shelley had so [illegible] by his friends (Hogg, Peacock, wives and Godwin) demanded [illegible] remorselessly). he moved every year and left in love [illegible] two suicides and the death [illegible] children were laid at his door [illegible] still wrote his poems. In his [illegible] to *Intellectual Beauty* he [illegible]

I vowed that I would [illegible]

To thee and thine: have I [illegible]

He did [illegible]

OILING THE WHEELS OF THE CAR INDUSTRY

H. A. TURNER, GARFIELD CLACK and GEOFFREY ROBERTS: *Labour Relations in the Motor Industry*. 365pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 15s.

There would be very few "don't knows" if a snap poll was taken asking people to name the most overpaid, strike-prone group of wage earners in British industry. No difficulty there, they would say: *the car workers*. In the public mind they personify Jack who's all right and to hell with the rest of you, and they certainly have a special knack of capturing the headlines: the Dagenham trouble-makers, the Cowley motor trial, the bell-ringer, the tea-break militants, to mention some of the more spectacular incidents among the 700-odd strikes in the industry during the past twenty years. It is pity that most of those who so publish subscribe to the received opinion about the industry will not be reading this outstanding and authoritative work by three Cambridge dons (one of whom, Dr. Clack, spent a year's research as a car worker). It is a startling book for the way it breaks down all the old preconceptions and diminishes the prejudices.

In the first place the economic consequences of the strikes have been small. Although B.M.C., for instance, had three strikes in the period 1946-52 compared with thirty-nine between 1960-64, the time lost through car strikes in the industry as a whole has averaged less than two hours per employee per year. This is approximately a tenth of the time lost by common cold absentees. Boldly, the authors go on to suggest that one reason why the car industry has so many strikes is because it is actually convenient for both the managements and the men to have them. There are fewer strikes when the industry goes through lean times, but they last longer. More days are lost in these periods than when the industry is enjoying a boom.

Why is this? The authors suggest, and no one can contradict them, that in "a large part of the car firms high strike incidence has apparently represented the industry's substitute for formally agreed means of dealing with recurrent labour surplus". In other words, men hold out longer during the industry's slumps because it is a device to postpone redundancies, and the managements are in no hurry to settle because the halt in production of cars they cannot immediately sell is welcome.

The book is not as bland and as reassuring as these preliminary findings might suggest. Many things are wrong with the industry, that is certain. But the authors convincingly absolve working conditions in car factories as a cause of the strikes, they do not blame automation or the monotony of conveyor belt work (though there are reasons for thinking that boredom with work does in fact play a more significant role in industrial unrest than this book concedes). The villains are: job insecurity, the labyrinthine complexity of the wages pattern coupled with intolerable fluctuations in take-home pay. Then there is this other factor:

> The elementary lesson of experience—that cars are made by people and that labour relations are a matter for specialist attention and responsibility at Board level itself—has not, at the time of writing, been absorbed by all the firms. Outstandingly there is the failure of BMC to appreciate (or its organizational incapacity to accept) the implications of the Morris-Austin merger for wage-relativities and labour relations generally, and to develop a labour policy appropriate to an integrated corporation.

This is a terrible indictment of management. In fact it is so grim that one wonders whether anything less than the recommendations of the Royal Commission on trade unions and employers' associations is capable of cutting the Gordian knot of bitterly confused attitudes and practice.

Yet, in complete contrast, the authors find at Vauxhalls what they call "a general sophistication in its treatment of labour problems" and they are able to praise this management for going out to meet new developments in the labour field rather than (as is woefully common in this country, and not just in the motor industry) resisting them until forced by industrial action to accept.

In the end this can almost be considered as a moral problem. As the book shows, it is scarcely an economic one. Since 1947 the production of cars has increased from a mere 500,000 a year to the present level of approximately 1,750,000. Far from increasing job security, this expansion has reduced it, and no one can be surprised that, if pay packets sometimes vary from £11 in one week to £27 in the following week, anguish and frustration ensue.

The authors make two main recommendations. Neither of them is a panacea though each would bring substantial improvements. In the first place (so much easier to say than to do) a completely new wage structure should be established. There should be better security and fringe benefits. Secondly, the car manufacturers should set up their own negotiating system to draw up pay agreements and set up their own grievance machinery. The book makes out a good argument that car manufacturers should cease to belong to what is already the largest employers' group in the country, the Engineering Employers' Federation, and gain a more specialized autonomy. It is also suggested that the most maligned group of all, the shop stewards, should have a higher status than they do "in general".

> The stewards' organization is under pressures that compel it towards certain responsible patterns of institutional behaviour—"responsible" at least in the sense that its leaders are obliged to balance a variety of group interests against the particular sectional claims with which they are confronted, and to bear in mind the long-term desirability of maintaining good negotiating relations with managements.

Only by improving the shop stewards' role in negotiations can the fairly recent phenomenon of the "unofficial-unofficial strike" be defeated. These are strikes which are not only against union policy as spelt out by head office but are also in defiance of the shop stewards in the factories themselves.

The final verdict on the car industry is that it has suffered grievously from "a failure of institutions". Pertinent criticisms are levelled at union organization and, of course, the Engineering Employers' Federation, of whom it is said that "its conciliation procedure is recognizably nineteenth-century in character".

It hardly needs saying that this is a meticulous and thorough investigation. Nor is it difficult to read although it suffers, like most books on industrial relations, from an intoxication with jargonized expression every bit as off-putting to the layman as the jargon of law or administration. It is to be hoped that much of this Herculean piece of research will quickly become dated—that must be the car industry's wish too. However, the prognosis remains in doubt. In the end, having muddled through so far, the industry is more than likely to muddle on from here.

NO TIGERS IN THE TANK?

RICHARD PRYKE: *Though Cowards Flinch*. 147pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 21s. (Paperback, 12s. 6d.).

P. D. HENDERSON (Editor): *Economic Growth in Britain*. 289pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

Both these books bear with different weights on our economic sickness: recurrent "stops and goes" inhibiting growth comparable with that of our chief competitors, and, despite this, an inflation outpacing price rises in competing countries, bringing our currency regularly under suspicion through imbalance of payments, with governments of both parties disgraced abroad. There all likeness between the books ends.

Mr. Pryke's *Though Cowards Flinch* is a short, shrill, angry onslaught upon the present Prime Minister, Chancellor, Cabinet and civil servants whose advice they took before committing themselves to the July, 1966, and since-prevailing "squeezes and squeezes". The author's anger seems to have arisen from his few months' service as one of the economic advisers. He is a Fabian, and his membership of the Labour Party appears to have rendered his disagreement with official policies more embittered than that of many members of the Opposition; for he was of the school, by no means confined to the extreme left in our politics, which opposes freezes, squeezes and "an incomes policy" to buttress the current exchange rate of sterling and preserve its function as a reserve currency, and which believes that expansion to the fullest practicable use of existing manpower and productive facilities will raise productivity enough to keep its competitive. He goes further, however, in plumping for letting sterling sink, in hook, in opening entry into the E.E.C., in criticizing articulation of British with American policies, and in demanding that Britain should provide a working model of democratic socialism to the world—which he does not spell out.

Mr. Pryke's disillusion with Mr. Wilson as Prime Minister, after so short a term as a temporary civil servant seems top large throughout for his pamphlet to keep its perspective. Some of his political: for example, over-all defence expenditure overseas. Devaluation both from American isolation both from American and continental Europeans, unilateral disarmament, thoroughgoing democratic socialism in action—these things can legitimately be argued, and are so, by politicians, many of them naturally have economic reasons and effects. But Mr. Pryke does himself, his fellow-economists at Cambridge, and many of his economic arguments no service by his relatively mentionless service [illegible] splinter-party pol-

[illegible] of essays by Oxford economists edited by Mr. Henderson is more rewarding, revealing and instructive. Each chapter was read by all contributors. They begin with an admirably objective analysis of our postwar "stop-go" and currency crises by the editor, in which he lays timely emphasis on the fact that in none of them can one warrantably blame our external commitments alone (save perhaps in 1957). Growth was not simply sacrificed to the balance of payments and exchange rate: "rather that the economy was allowed to expand too fast. . . In its short-term stabilization measures, the government should try to ensure that the rate of expansion of demand should be more gradual, and closer to the rate of increase in potential output." He points out, what many commentators today seem to ignore, that in each of the 1954-55, 1959-60 and 1963-64 booms "the rate of growth of output rose at a rate which could not have been sustained for long, even had balance-of-payments difficulties not arisen".

Other similarly excellent papers are on the objectives of economic policy (Mr. Paul Streeten), determinants of economic growth (Mr. W. Beckerman), the balance of payments (Mr. M. F. G. Scott), inflation (Mr. R. G. Opie, who on balance is in favour of a floating exchange rate), tax policies and growth (Mr. C. D. Foster), planning and the machinery of policy (the editor, who was chief economist at the Ministry of Aviation and a consultant to the original NED office, or "Neddy"), rich and poor nations (Mr. Streeten, a deputy director-general of economic planning in the Ministry of Oversees Development—an exhaustive and factual study) and education, training and growth (Professor John Vaizey, who makes the serious points that education claimed about one-third of the labour force with "higher qualifications" in 1960, and that productivity in education itself must be made to rise much faster if we are not to run into acute shortages of all kinds of teachers in the next ten years). This set of essays (each with further reading lists) is an admirable guidebook to the maze of diseconomies through which we seem condemned to wander. Yet it was begun in 1964, and the editor seems apologetic that it may not prove topical enough. He and his colleagues need not worry. In long-term economic and uneconomic affairs, on which "growth" depends, last-minute views and stop-press books get out of date more rapidly. *Economic Growth in Britain* should be required reading far wider circles than those of economists.

PLEASE, SIR

ERIC A. NORDLINGER: *The Working-Class Tories*. Authority, Deference and Stable Democracy. 276pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 15s.

Over the past five years it has seemed, superficially, that public opinion has been consolidating against the classical form of Conservative government. The present Prime Minister seemed to sense that he was on a winning streak five or six years ago when he began to barb his speeches with caustic references to government from the grouse moors, and to nepotism in the board rooms of Britain. It was a mood which found itself reflected, somewhat improbably, in Mr. Iain Macleod's bitter remarks about the Old Etonian "magic circle" at the time of the emergence of Sir Alec Douglas-Home as Mr. Macmillan's successor, and in the annoyance from time to time expressed by Conservative officials at party prejudice against Tory trade unionist candidates.

The mood has doubtless been sustained by a continuous barrage of criticism of the Establishment by newspapers and periodicals and television programmes, and it has led to the appearance of a Conservative Opposition in the Commons led by a politician who is as divorced from the traditional leadership techniques of the party as Mr. Wilson, in his own way, is divorced from the Socialism of George Lansbury and Keir Hardie. The Conservative Party has, over the past two or three years, virtually remodelled itself in an attempt to re-establish what it has come to believe to be its historical paramountcy. Whether this will have the desired effect—a return to rule—is still open to question.

Dr. Nordlinger's scrutiny of a fairly large number of Tory manual workers is not likely to make many hearts rejoice in Smith Square, whether in Transport House or in Conservative Central Office. Most of them are unregenerate in their prejudices. They dearly love a lord. They admire the public schools. They are extremely suspicious of Labour politicians; and (a disconcerting thought) they account for about a third of the working-class vote. Here is a Coventry car worker talking:

> The aristocratic man is more capable of taking leadership because this is something he has been trained for all his life and this is something he has been doing all his life. . . .

And another:

> I like to think that Labour men came into Parliament because they like to hear themselves talk. . . . I think it is personal power that they are looking for. And they can find it only in politics because they have no real training for other things, like business, where they might be powerful.

The atrocious Alf Garnett, in Mr. Johnny Speight's recent television series on the Conservative working class, could hardly better this. But Dr. Nordlinger's book is, of course, a completely serious work, and it does raise the question of whether Conservative leadership has not gone rather too far ahead of at least some of those who wish to be led. The author's factual findings are of great political interest, though his summarizing of the pattern of class distinction in British society now has a slightly out-of-date look. He probably underrates the influence of the meritocratic thesis upon changes in attitudes towards speech, education, and opportunities for achievement in Britain today.

And, unfortunately, towards the end of the book, the linguistic fog which bedevils so much useful sociology comes rolling over meaning. "An effective government is able to govern, taking decisive decisions when these are thought to be called for; an ineffective government is hampered as a decision-making organization by structural, constitutional or cultural impediments"; thus the author in a losing struggle to define a theory of stable democracy. Nevertheless, the work has much interest for the general reader, and will no doubt be devoured with avidity in the political research centres.

TREBLINKA



'the book for which we have been waiting—
the one that will not permit us to forget'
Bill Byrom, *Town*

Jean-François Steiner's extraordinary book
preface by Simone de Beauvoir
published today 36s Weidenfeld & Nicolson

THE WRITING GAME

RAYMOND QUENEAU'S poems and novels are like jazz sounding from a tumbril, because he knows that writing is only a game:

un jeu simple
que j'invimple
dans la mimple.

The style is what might be called Ogden Gnash, the style of a modest man who has willed himself to face annihilation in public with none of the usual heroics. It is because M. Queneau has always been aware of the possible consolations of solemnity that he has chosen to put his wisdom into the mouths of clowns, and it is because writing for him is a game that it is very far from being futile.

So far as he is concerned the writer is also a mathematician and the mathematician a bringer of harmony, a Pythagoras equipped for the modern age with a *bonte-dozeur*, with which he can clear away the slime and debris of an earth-bound empiricism. Mathematics are the structure of the human mind itself, and mathematical logic the one Science, slowly subsuming all the others. But we must admit that between this Science, and its sister Art, and Reality, there will always drift a cloud of unknowing. We cannot know Reality, we can only know the methods which the scientific and artistic communities develop to represent it. Art and Science as such are "fictif", but their practice is "factif", and if they can be applied they are "effectif": they are quite simply *jeux d'esprits*. Raymond Queneau obviously was not prepared to wait for the recent apotheosis of Lévi-Strauss and others, because he has been practising "structuralism" for thirty years or more.

His most recent novel, *Les Fleurs bleues*, whose title has been oddly changed in Barbara Wright's clever translation, derives its tension quite predictably from the relationship between art and actuality. M. Queneau has never had any time for the sociological uses of fiction, and in his brilliant first novel of 1933, *Le Chiendent*, the local newspaper with its ludicrous *faits-divers* is put properly (and plausibly) in its place, beside the lavatory. *Between Blue and Blue* makes much of the distinction between *histoire* and *actualités*, though English alas is not able to repeat the ambiguity of the first of these terms. In this book there is mud at the beginning, made from the flowers of the French title, and mud also at the end, but this time with a few frail flowers visible above it. The novel itself is an Ark, one of several symbols of shelter from the hostile elements, and so not without therapeutic as well as more narrowly hygienic qualities.

* * *

The theme of dirt and growth is central to a great deal of what Raymond Queneau has written, and extends even to the etymology he has traced for his own name, *Chêne et chien*, the title chosen for his verse autobiography. In this he talks of how he early took fright at "le mélange de l'ordure et de l'innocence /que présentait la création", and when he turns to discuss his course of psychoanalysis in the 1930s he coins an instructive Finneganism—"psychanasouillis". But what may have begun as an existential disgust has hardened over the years, at any rate in the novels, into a discreet aesthetic, for however directly M. Queneau may address us in his poetry his novels are quite abnormally secretive and "objective".

The reasons for this have a great deal to do with literary history, because M. Queneau was among the first to understand and accept the implicit challenge of Valéry and André Breton, who both dismissed the novel-form because it was banal and gratuitous. His solution, which owes much to the effect that reading Joyce had on him, was to turn the novel into poetry, by endowing it with a very rigorous and demanding structure. This procedure, paradoxically, gives the novel its own necessity while at the same time reminding us that the novel is a gratuitous form simply because it needs a structure. Thus there is a certain perversity in the blurb of *Between Blue and Blue*, when it talks about M. Queneau giving "free rein" to his fantasy, which is the very opposite of what he has in fact done. It would take a very long time and many re-readings to reveal the structure of this novel in its entirety, but a point worth making is that M. Queneau, as he has himself stressed, is a hermeneutic writer not a hermetic one: all the necessary clues are present in the text and not somewhere outside it.

Although a full interpretation is obviously out of the question one cannot resist pointing to one or two of the directions it might need to take. For example, the novel is full of mathematics, involving certain of the writer's favourite numbers. There are twenty-one chapters (as in *Le Dimanche de la vie*), the barge or Ark on which one of the two principal characters lives is No. 21 and ought therefore to be identified closely with the book itself, while the bargee is very insistent that the girl he gets to do his chores, and to whom he eventually becomes engaged, should be over twenty-one, which suggests that she needs to be equipped to extend beyond the novel, as she finally does. Of the twenty-one chapters the seventh and thirteenth are structurally unique, which is exactly what one would expect from *Le Chiendent*, where there is a similar pattern. M. Queneau has explained that he likes seven because both of his names have seven letters, while thirteen appeals to him because it denies good fortune—evidence that he is able to carry his taste for disaster over into his sums. He has also pointed out that every number is interesting in some way or other, and there are certainly many more of them in *Between Blue and Blue*, which it would be tedious to analyse. The important thing is to see that these are the conditions under which a fiction can take shape.

Raymond Queneau, as a poet, does not rely wholly on number, he also uses rhyme. These may be actual rhymes, or characters and situations which "rhyme" with one another; in either case the result is the repetition of words, phrases or events. *Between Blue and Blue* is actually one long rhyme since it depends on the mental activities of two dreamers, each of whom sustains the other, true to the book's Platonic epigraph, "a dream for a dream". At the start these two creators, Cidrolin and the Duke of Auge, are 700 years apart, but the Duke is soon striding towards the present 175 years at a time. Since this is not only the gap dividing two famous meetings of the States-General, in 1614 and 1789, but also the gap dividing the latter year from that when the novel was begun, 1964, it is clear that here we have a rhyme taken from history itself, a "hasard objectif" suggestive enough to write a book about, like the tiny coincidence that gives birth to the *Exercices de Style*. The Duke and Cidrolin finally come face to face before the Duke takes over the other's barge and returns home to his castle with it. But the plot is not circular, it is spiral, and has obvious overtones of myth; as we have seen, growth has resulted from its movement through time, reminding one that Zazie too was able to say, after her trip to Paris, "j'ai vieilli".

* * *

It is form then, not content, which reveals the preoccupations of the man in Raymond Queneau's novels. A book like *Between Blue and Blue* is what he once called, referring to Flaubert, a "texte-objet", part of the reader's natural world or *dasein*, demanding to be lent significance; the novelist limits himself to the heady role of *deus absconditus* or setter of puzzles. But just in case we were to get the wrong idea and assume that there was something essential about the significances which we are able to find in his books, M. Queneau has always known how to undermine his own structures. Long before Robbe-Grillet's india-rubbers and road-sweepers he was introducing brooms into the hands of certain favoured characters. *Between Blue and Blue* has not only a broom and a collapsing building but also an even more potent model of the necessary *vient-de-va* of the creative process, because Cidrolin spends much time painting out graffiti which have been scrawled on his fence. The words accuse him of murder but it turns out finally that he has been writing them himself. No wonder then that he should admit that painting them out again is not "real work" but a "gratuitous hobby"; for this is a neat way for M. Queneau to deflate his own intentions, reminiscent of the moment in *Zazie* when everyone and everything is described as being no more than a dream of a dream, "un délire tapé à la machine par un romancier idiot (oh! pardon)".

Yet this mockery of literature does not extend to murder, because gratuitous hobbies are important. In *Chêne et chien* there is a verse that goes:

Le refoulé noir alchimique
qui dominait les résolutions
se sublime dans l'alambic
de ces heures d'inaction

and in *Between Blue and Blue* there is an alchemist whose name looks familiar, Timolen Timolei. Like M. Queneau himself he is unable to come up with the elixir of life, but he does concoct the "poudre of projection", which is not without its uses. Thus Cidrolin defending himself against accusations of murder may well be his creator doing the same against precisely these charges that he is out to murder literature. But as he once said in connexion with *Exercices de Style* all he is really aiming at is to get rid of some of the rust, and set it moving again, like Cidrolin's barge, which is finally set free from its stagnant canal. Raymond Queneau has dedicated himself to a certain view and use of language which is far from being nihilistic. Zazie's famous phrase, what Roland Barthes calls the "clausule assassine", must be seen as a move towards a new synthesis of language, where emperors and backsides meet as equals, since this is literature and not life.

M. Queneau does not deny philosophy therefore by bringing it within popular reach. He set out in *Le Chiendent* with the intention of reducing the philosophy of Descartes to a comic strip, and in *Les Fleurs bleues* he has made a similar attempt with Leibniz. Form, having been especially created by the traditional Greek dialogue between the demotic and learned languages. Ultimately he found himself splashing about in the "post-romanesque", another reminder of an unwanted fluidity. There is a touch of philosophy in *Le Chiendent*, but Descartes, Plato and even Husserl and Heidegger, who were less well known down with charisma no doubt in those days, but it is philosophy without pomp. One of the characters, for example, Etienne Marcel, who has an on substance only once he has learned to think, is also allowed a couple of phenomenological *epochès* or reductions". This as we know is the recipe for seeing the whole world anew, but what Etienne and others have fallen on are two plastic ducks swimming round a waterproof basin, a shop-window and a large sign advertising CHIPS on a shanty café in the wastelands. Thus it is no surprise when a waitress who is also a dying transcribes some dark thoughts from Heidegger, or when a man in prison begins reflecting to himself about "l'être et le néant", and all this years before Sartre himself got round to the same set of problems.

There can be little doubt that Queneau sees the salvation of the written word as lying in the kind of synthesis to be found in *Le Chiendent*. His own great forerunner was synthetic; he has of course been writing the Encyclopédie de la Pléiade for many years now, and he has described himself sitting as a boy in the library at Le Havre, for all the world as if he were posing for Sorrieu's Didacte, reading the Encyclopédie Larousse, Volume I, A to Ane (Andrés). Linguistically what he has proposed is a "troisième frange", which will renew the traditional written language by constant borrowings from the evolving spoken language. By giving precedence to oral forms as he often does with his phonetic agglutinations -- "imefaindalastar", which the eye alone can never decode- M. Queneau has the effect demanding that the written language should never be allowed to congeal. When he invents words and neologizing is described in *Between Blue and Blue* as a privilege—it is always in accordance with the recognized laws of normal formation, so that he will appear as the servant of an objective science rather than a whimsical inventor.

"Tout bouge ici-bas" is the motto of the tinker in a poem in *Le Chien fatal*, because Raymond Queneau clearly obsessed by death. What is disconcerting about him is that he has chosen to look at it not with a sense of horror but with mild surprise. His attitudes to life and death are ambiguous and by diminishing the melodrama one he may hope to tame the other. There is a clue to his method in the person of Bebé Toulouse, the parasite of *Le Chiendent* and *Les Enfants du Limon*. Toulouse tries to make people afraid but succeeds only in making them laugh. Tragedy links with stature; he is a dwarf he finds ridiculous, and guinea-pigs sympathetic, but this one he bound to read and Queneau's own desperate assertion what is modest in size and aim. In his novels a sort of grace prevails on the most unassuming, like the clown in *Pierrot mon ami*, who is always feckless and frequently defeated in his last act is to let out a laugh.

It is impossible in the end to say whether this recommended attitude is simply the quality we traditionally demand of the Scientist or whether in the case of Raymond Queneau in the worship of knowledge as a sense of belief may not result in a personal drive for security. He does seem to have preserved a childlike accessible only along subterranean paths. The title of *Zazie dans le métro* equates the novel with the underground labyrinth, since Zazie's métro is not in fact working. Zazie visits Paris in the shape of a barge in *Le Chiendent*, the final destination in Father Taupe's novel *Le Dimanche de la vie* some to conceal a vast drainage system in fact it opens on to the Seine embankment. It would seem that we are for the dark once the pipes are running. Asked by *Le Figaro* littéraire how he would reconcile the absurdity Raymond Queneau replied "by living absurdly", and more absurdly he may well be, but he is much more intimately involved with demonic purveyors of pessimism.

RAYMOND QUENEAU: *Between Blue and Blue*. Translated from the French by Barbara Wright. 224pp. Bodley Head. 25s. *L'Instant fatal*. Préface d'Olivier de Magny. 223pp. Gallimard. 5fr.

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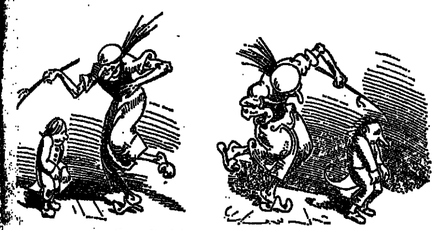
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THURSDAY MAY 25 1967

COMMON MARKET FOR JUNIORS

A TITLE such as *Three Centuries of Children's Books In Europe* suggests a more encyclopedic approach than its author, Bettina Hürlimann, in fact attempts. We seen it hoping that it will do for Europe what Harvey Darton's great classic has done for the English children's book, and supplement Paul Hazard's fascinating essay, *Les Livres, les Enfants, et les Hommes*, on national trends in writing for children; that it will throw light on what was going on, say, in France and Germany while Newbery was publishing his engaging Lilliputian volumes; on how the early nineteenth-century writer's view of the English ideal child, gorged with facts and awful examples, differed from his Latin contemporary; on what was the French equivalent of the manly, godly public schoolboy of Dean Farrar's books. All this must remain for another to pursue, somebody who has not only the vast knowledge of Harvey Darton but his scholarly detachment as well, for undisciplined enthusiasm has marred too many chronicles of children's literature. Mrs. Hürlimann's book is, on the whole, such a work, basically subjective in its approach, recalling past and present favourites, a collection of separate articles rather than an historical survey.



Dem Karl ist sonderbar zu Muthe,
Die Hexe schwingt die Zauberruthe,



Und macht durch ihre Hexerei'n
Aus Karl ein kleines Ouffeschwein.

From "The Transformation", a picture-story by Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908), for the *Münchener Bilderbogen*.

* * *

One of the most interesting points to emerge from it is in fact a corroboration of what Paul Hazard suggested, that only in the Anglo-Saxon countries is there any bulk of juvenile literature, and that of these the English contribution is far and away the greatest. How can we explain it? Superficial observation would suggest that Latins are more child-loving than the English. Take the way Italians will fuss over a child that they find travelling in the same railway carriage, pampering it with sweets and admiring chatter, and compare it with the horrified aversion of an Englishman in a like situation, trying to conceal from himself with newspapers the hateful proximity of a baby. Yet it is England that has produced not only a unique treasury of nursery rhymes, and an unparalleled nonsense literature, but also an impressive array of great authors who have been prepared to write for children—Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, Ruskin, T. S. Eliot. Discussing the superiority of the north over the south in this respect Paul Hazard said:

In the Latin countries, children are only small candidates for the career of man. Just as we see passing through the streets of Rome ten-year-old seminarists, wearing the cassock and the beaver hat, just so each of our children is rigged out with his future. The present does not count; the first years are absorbed by those that will follow; they have no value in themselves, they are useful only as preparation. . . . Among Anglo-Saxons, childhood has the right to exist, and this gives them all through life the nostalgia of a lost paradise.

* * *

Italy, it seems, has only produced two important children's books: *Cuore*, of 1886, an outburst of patriotic feeling for the new Italy, and *Pinocchio*, an astonishing work for virtually her only attempt in the field of fantasy. It is, in fact, far closer in feeling to the cheerful spirit of *Alice, Mopsa the Fairy, The Rose and the Ring*, and the other English nursery favourites, than to the melancholy and cruelty that often marred the stories of other northern European literatures in the nineteenth century. Take Hans Andersen, where the mermaid turns to foam, flowers fade, Death comes to snatch away the child, the red shoes and the feet inside them are cut from their proud owner, and the girl who treads on a loaf is gnawed by the torments of never-ending famine. Or the more matter-of-fact cruelty of Hoffmann, whom Mrs. Hürlimann considers the greatest figure in German children's literature. He not only creates the horrifying image of the "great, long, red-legg'd scissor-man" who comes to cut off Conrad's thumbs, but a mother totally indifferent to her stricken child:

"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."

* * *

That the English children's classics have been taken over by the children of Europe in the absence of a sufficient literature of their own is clear to anyone who gives even a cursory glance at a Continental bookstall. But there are two novels, one from England, the other from America, neither written primarily for children, that have sown the seeds of a whole literature of their own. Mrs. Hürlimann devotes a chapter to the "Robinsonnades" that stemmed from *Robinson Crusoe*, ground that in fact Harvey Darton has already covered more adequately, though the former has interesting information to offer about *Robinson der Jüngere*, the adaptation by Campe, and some fascinating illustrations. But perhaps her best historical chapter is on Fenimore Cooper, who, it seems, set nineteenth-century German youth ablaze. It had always seemed rather startling that Schubert, from his death-bed, was calling for more of the Leatherstocking saga. *The Last of the Mohicans* appeared in 1826, Schubert died in 1828 and thus must have been among the first of Cooper's German disciples. As with *Robinson Crusoe*, the idea of solitary men thrust upon their own resources, grappling with nature, attracted a host of writers. Mrs. Hürlimann discusses some of their work, in particular that of Karl May, a name little known in England, but so popular in Germany that his house was turned into a museum to which thousands made an annual pilgrimage.

* * *

Mrs. Hürlimann's other historical chapters include one on fairy tales, which brings in a tantalizing mention of the seventeenth-century Neapolitan Basile, of whose stories it would be interesting to hear more; a chapter on English nonsense literature; and one on picture books, from Comenius to the present day. Picture books are given five chapters of their own, and Hoffmann, Hans Andersen, Saint-Exupéry, and Jean de Brunhoff a chapter each. It is clear, therefore, with only eighteen chapters to the book a great deal has had to be omitted. The text has been translated and edited by Brian Alderson, who has rearranged the chapters to try to provide some sort of historical continuity, added foot-notes, and supplied lists of English translations which are among the most valuable features of the book. Physically, it is one of Oxford's most beautiful productions, with lavish illustrations—the book would be worth buying for these alone.

BETTINA HÜRLIMANN: *Three Centuries of Children's Books in Europe*. Translated and edited by Brian W. Alderson. Oxford University Press. 45s.

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Rosemary Sutcliff
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Poetry

SIMPLE, NOT SIMPLE-MINDED

LARGE, general anthologies of verse for the young come in different forms with varying intentions. Sometimes an undiscriminating inclusiveness throws together in a heap "old favourites" good and bad—for the mere sake of compiling an anthology. Occasionally, on the other hand, the principles behind a selection (see the *Faber Book of Children's Verse*) are rather ruthlessly intelligent and demanding: no concessions are made to the less persistent or the less perceptive. But happily more frequent than either kind now is the anthology presented with a real attempt at range and comprehensiveness, and with careful attention to format. The large poetry book for the young *ought* to contain a wide variety of poems attractively illustrated, if possible, and arranged with a sense of sequence or contrast, and an eye for novelty. *The Golden Journey* fulfils these requirements admirably.

There is surely not much need for the kind of quasi-historical, half-apologetic introduction which adorns so many children's anthologies. (Even here: "Primitive man instinctively gave form and pattern to the symbols he employed . . ." and certain poems "offer an inspiration to our young readers".) The choice of poems ought to be left to make its own effect, and such preambles cannot be read very often. This blemish apart, Miss Louise Bogan's and Mr. William Jay Smith's anthology is constantly lively and original. Their method is to mingle the old and the new, the whimsical and the grave, in a number of contrasting sections: "What is Pink?" (nonsense rhymes); "Birds, Beasts and Flowers"; "Go, Lovely Rose" (love poems); "The Dark Hills" (war poems). The categories are not watertight, or consistent. They frequently overlap. The idea has been to choose whatever poems are suggested in each case by a loosely defined theme or title, and present them in an interesting order.

The success of their selection prompts the theory that American poets may have written more naturally and easily for both children and adults at the same time, than their English counterparts (and the access of the editors to American poetry in general has been sheer gain). Emily Dickinson's refined and slightly chilling animal pieces, Wallace Stevens's sharp and quirkish colours, the lucid fancies of Edna St. Vincent Millay—all of these seem to sit here more comfortably than the "suitable" poems of W. B. Yeats, Gerard Manley Hopkins, even (dare one say it?) Christina Rossetti. The United States also seems to have bred a number of utterly unselfconscious and skilful writers of children's verse who are virtually unknown here—Barbara Howes, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, William Jay Smith himself.

These are not the only strengths of the anthology. The editors show an alert eye for the adult poem which children's anthologists have mostly missed (Hardy's "The Garden Seat", Theodore Roethke's "The Bat"). And they have an appealing aptitude for somehow pointing up, and flattering, by clever arrangement, the more conventional choices. Thus, Louis Untermeyer's "At the Well" and Richard Wilbur's "Digging for China" absorb the appearance of, again, of W. J. Turner's "Romance" ("When I was but thirteen or a . . .") and Dylan Thomas's "Fern Hill".

If *The Golden Journey* has much that will appeal, unconsciously, to all ages, Miss Rosemary Manning's selections from William Blake in *A Grain of Sand* must make more limited appeal to those older children who will appreciate mystery, sense what a symbol is, and not mistake simplicity for simple-mindedness. These are fairly rigorous demands. Blake's deceptive lucidity do deepen, for some children, to mature acquaintance; but this book perhaps only for some—those still amply justified on those grounds alone. Miss Manning (who has small Blake illustrations with discretion and appropriateness) has chosen widely and boldly from *Songs of Innocence and Experience* and the Prophetic Books, and been unafraid of potentially disturbing qualities ("The Garden of Love" and "London" are included). There is one happy omission: the Bogan and Mr. Jay Smith anthology "Laughing Song" ("When the birds and Susan and Emily/With their sweet round mouths sing Ha, Ha, He"). Miss Manning does not.

LOUISE BOGAN and WILLIAM JAY SMITH (Compilers): *The Golden Journey: Poems for Young People.* Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Evans Brothers. 18s.

WILLIAM BLAKE: *A Grain of Sand: Poems for Young Readers.* Chosen and introduced by Rosemary Manning. Engravings by William Blake. Bodley Head. 18s.

Folk and Fairy Tales—1

Older than Reading and Writing

"NOBODY really *wrote* most of the stories . . . they are older than reading and writing and arose like wild flowers before men had any education to quarrel over." Many of Andrew Lang's stories can be found in other famous collections. Yet, for anyone lucky enough to be given Andrew Lang as a child, it is his version which sticks in the mind. In so far as there can be a definitive telling of a fairy tale, time and again it is his, and the appearance of the new Longman collection, handsomely illustrated by Margery Gill, is a welcome event.

What is it that gives his books such unfailing magic? To try to isolate his charm is like distilling the dew in the morning. It cannot be taken apart. It simply exists because of itself.

There is nothing soft or sentimental about Lang's stories. They are the real thing, with no synthetic overlay to make them "suitable for children". But whereas Grimm or Perrault can be frightening or grotesque, everything that Lang ever wrote is imbued with the same feeling of sanity and good sense. It is something to do with the quality of his mind. These are tales of a kindly man, a man of humour and discrimination, and also of far-reaching knowledge and great interest in the world around him.

Perhaps it is this undertow of erudition which makes his own tales so curiously attractive. He wrote only five original fairy stories: "The Princess Nobody" (1884); "The Gold of Fairnilee" (1888); "Prince Prigio" (1889); "Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia" (1893) and "Tales of a Fairy Court" (1906). Three of these, "The Gold of Fairnilee", "The Princess Nobody" and "Tales of a Fairy Court", have now been republished in the Collins' Revivals series, with an introduction by Gillian Avery.

They are three very different stories, involving three very different kinds of fairies, but in all of them the magic is so firmly rooted in the real that it carries utter conviction. "The Gold of Fairnilee" is set in the border country which Lang himself knew as a child, and is filled with the ancient, numinous magic of Thomas the Rymer. We believe in it, because the people in the story believe in it and to them, though the gold is Roman gold, it is no less mysterious than the terrible, green-clad elves who steal away Randal all the days of his boyhood.

"The Gold of Fairnilee" is a true tale of faerie, but such is Lang's genius that the Dickie Doyle illustrations to "The Princess Nobody" and the burlesque characters of "Tales of a Fairy Court" (which contains the early adventures of Prince Prigio) are equally perfect in their own way.

The Victorians may be said to have invented the cult of childhood and many long-forgotten writers for children's books are deservedly returning to favour. But Lang is something different. There is nothing sentimentalized or emasculated in the tone of voice in which he speaks to children. He knows, none better, that details which will please them, as when the prince, in "The Princess Nobody", pays "no more attention to his brothers (the faithful Black Beetle) than if he had been an earwig", the wicked magician Zerubabelonghead, Sir Robert Holbrook's best on involving readers in poetry before they have time to shy away.

Each book contains drawings by a modern artist, somewhat uneven in quality, and written material which is also the work of teams of modern writers. Suggestions for writing, to be faced with the children, are a minimum and one useful point to be faced with the questions and suggestions for discussion" is given, revealing space, hurried or confused,



Rumer Godden & Carmen Bernos de Gasztold

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'A companion-piece to the immensely successful *Prayers from the Ark*, this is quite literally a book for all ages. Each beast—itch centipede, swallow, toad, impudent flea and fussy hen—lends his own note to the choir of homage to God. Religious writing of such simplicity and depth is rare indeed.'

Illustrated by Jean Primrose. 16s

MACMILLAN

English Language

ONLY CONNECT

HAROLD PINTER has expressed the opinion that we communicate too much, that too many people are trying to assault our minds in various ways. Bludgeoned by words, there are some who, like the hero of *The Birthday Party*, can only retreat into anguished animal cries. We *are* a supposedly literate country, and we must not only ward off words used as blows, but also employ them ourselves as a means of communication and as a release for the inner self that seeks expression.

A growing number of books on literacy and its uses published in the past ten years or so testify to the concern felt by thoughtful men that what is called a "literate society" is nonetheless to a great extent inarticulate. The concern shows itself clearly in much new thinking in English language textbooks. It is some years since A. B. Clegg in *The Excitement of Writing* attacked sterile English language exercises that daunt and inhibit the less gifted as much as they bore the more fluent. Since then the expression "creative writing" has been heard more and more insistently and in the past few months a spate of English workbooks has appeared of which those under review are only a small sample.

* * *

The ideal English language book does not exist. But then, neither does the ideal class nor the ideal teacher. In all teaching we are faced with an infinite number of imponderables. The really creative teacher will find his own material and invent his own course to suit the pack of individuals he has to call his class. Many teachers, however, must have a textbook, less to fall back on, one must hope, than to act as a springboard. The trouble with many English workbooks, no matter how good their intentions, is simply that they have not been compiled by first-rate minds. It is good that someone of David Holbrook's calibre has produced in book form the material he has used with the children he taught in C streams.

The series *I've Got to Use Words* takes its title from a painfully apt quotation from T. S. Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes*:

> But I've gotta use words when I talk to you
> If you understand, or if you don't
> That's nothing to me and nothing to you.

Mr. Holbrook's emphasis is less on the power of words as communication between human beings than on the necessity, if "inward fantasy" is to find release in verbal expression. He recognizes that C stream children are, for a variety of reasons, unlikely to become students of Eng.Lit., but that it is their right to be given the linguistic tools to enable them to be articulate. They may never read *Paradise Lost*. They may indeed never open the covers of a book when they leave school, but Mr. Holbrook has tried to give them the means of verbal communication without which they may remain frustrated, resentful and possibly anti-social.

* * *

Each book in the series begins with an anthology of poetry. Much of the material, especially in Book 1, consists of short rhymes and jingles. The first book is rather overweighted with counting-out and riddling rhymes and material drawn from the playground, such as

> Quick, quick,
> The cat's been sick.

One must appreciate the point of a read anything in verse form sufficient for some children and, even still, regarded with suspicion, readers in poetry before they have time to shy away.

Each book contains drawings by a modern artist, somewhat uneven in quality, and written material which is also the work of teams of modern writers. Suggestions for writing, to be faced with the children, are a minimum and one useful point to be faced with the questions and suggestions for discussion" is given, revealing space, hurried or confused,

and will be able to look at the pictures and written material without finding a hydra-headed monster sprouting questions at him. This approach also allows much latitude to the teacher and may well provoke him to some thought on the material and to the invention of topics other than those suggested. Each book ends with three complete short stories, among the authors of which you find T. C. Powys rubbing shoulders with Bill Naughton and D. H. Lawrence.

The only slight criticism to be made of these attractively produced books is the large amount of space given to folksongs of such dubious value as "Oh dear, what can the matter be?"; space which might have been given to some of the more meaty ballads and folk-tales. Mr. Holbrook makes the point in his "Notes for the Teacher" that children are concerned with life and death. Surely with love, loyalty, betrayal, God and the world of spirits as well? What better than such short ballads as "The Unquiet Grave", "The Outlandish Knight", "Hynd Horn", and the "Two Brothers"? Before leaving this series, it should be said that though it is designed to help children in the lowest streams of secondary schools, it is full of potential for abler children, especially in books three and four, and the fact that Mr. Holbrook has been so sparing with suggestions for work will give the enterprising teacher a chance to use the material with children of all abilities.

* * *

Starting Points is equally well presented and like Mr. Holbrook's series is offered as "a stimulus to creative writing". Two sections, "Talking Points" and "To Start You Writing", follow each poem or piece of prose, and these, though at first sight they look wordy, prove to be for the most part thoughtful, provocative and at times light-hearted. There is much to be admired in this book though its material might prove too sophisticated for lower-ability streams. Moreover, with the exception of a few (very few) poems, the prose material is mostly in the form of excerpts, whereas *I've Got to Use Words* offers complete, if short, pieces. A feeling for form and structure in writing will surely never be built into the mind of a child if the reading matter he meets is never in itself complete?

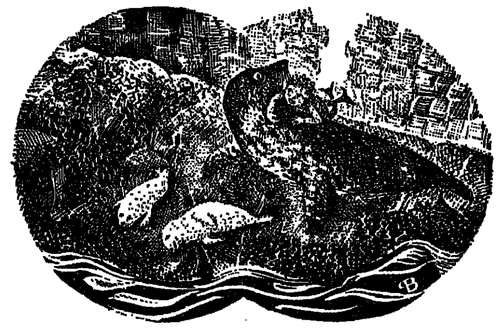
The disadvantage of the "excerpt" method is even more apparent in the series *Encounters*. In his introduction, Mr. Watts refers disparagingly to "the old fragmented course of snippets and exercises", and certainly he does recommend that the books represented should be available to the children. But what *is* his material but "snippets and exercises"? Though drawn from writers of impeccable worth, each excerpt is weighed down with a load of paralysing questions. Even the last book, *Point of Departure*, intended for school-leavers, consists of excerpts saddled with stereotyped comprehension exercises. For example (of an excerpt from *Cider with Rosie*): "How much do we learn about the cottage and its surroundings from this chapter?" Much of this dead wood could have been pruned away. The publisher might then have found it possible to use a more agreeable typeface than the uninviting small print that makes the page look like a Government White Paper. This series contains no poetry whatever, and though its material is well chosen, it is almost inconceivable to this reviewer that the author could plod his way through these books, making up exactly the same kind of comprehension exercises, and providing so few imaginative or thoughtful subjects for written work.

DAVID HOLBROOK: *I've Got to Use Words:* Four books. Illustrated. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. each.

G. P. Fox and B. A. Phythian: *Starting Points.* Photographs by Neville Cooper. Illustrated by Susan Gibson. English Universities Press. 9s. 6d.

JOHN WATTS: *Encounters.* Stages I and II, 6s. each; Stages III and IV, 6s. 6d. each (Stage IV will be published later this year). Illustrated by Sharon Smyth. Longmans.

FABER BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG



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Mrs Boston is one of the finest contemporary writers for children. The fourth of her series of stories about the ancient house of Green Knowe—*A Stranger at Green Knowe*—won her the Library Association's Carnegie Medal for an outstanding children's book. *The Sea Egg* is her latest story and shows her great gifts applied to a new theme and setting. In it she brilliantly evokes the mood of the sea and the Cornish coast in such a way that there is no difficulty in accepting the further magic of the Triton and the two boys' brief ecstatic friendship with him. Illustrated by Peter Boston. (June 1) 15s

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This charming picture alphabet book, made a century ago by *Amelia Frances Howard-Gibbon*, is now published for the first time with *Judith St. John's* account of how the manuscript was discovered. 18s 6d net



The illustrations are from *Three Centuries of Children's Books in Europe*

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE

Oxford University Press

Family Stories—1

TIGER IN YOUR HEAD

WHEN the relationship of children and adults is an author's central theme, care must be taken to make the adults convincing, rounded characters in their own right who would be really stern or concerned as the case may be, not simply role-players to push on the action. In motive, reaction and occasional denseness they must be mature enough to make the readers' identification with the hero an experience he recognizes as valid. It is all too easy to create sympathetic children and beastly adults, for plenty exist of both, but a novel for children is no place to work out a remembered resentment.

The weakness of *Red Renard* is that the adults are too bad or too good. Bushy lives on a French farm with his foster-parents who "never said a kind word to him". Their callous treatment is accounted for by the fact that they keep him for the money given them by the Public Assistance Board. Ranged alongside the farmer and his wife are the lord of the manor who hunts foxes ("Scottish" style) and his keepers. Bushy has no feeling for them: his affinities are with the wild creatures, especially the fox cub he saves, and Old Misery the poacher. His supporters are the schoolmistress and the artist-apiarist, Barmy Beaver.

The love of the homeless child for the fox he saves and then for the humans who befriend him is sensitively done. James Kirkup's translation contributes much to this effect. The fairy-tale neatness of the triumph of love over greed is less convincing; the adults are too wooden, too lacking in depth to evoke more than stock reactions from either the hero or the reader.

The father of Jonathan Hill in *Boy Beyond the Mist* is a widower, concerned with a new job and settling the practical details of the house which needs painting and repairs. He is extremely unaware of his son, although one feels that the author is trying to build up a bond of humour between them. Jonathan does the shopping and gets the meals. In a strange town and a tough school he needs comfort and understanding, yet he has no self-pity even when the gibes of his classmates are hard to bear. This may be admirable, but in this kind of study the result is less convincing. One night he walks out into the river mist which he loves and on his return through his own gate he finds himself in another house which is both similar and different, where he is a member of another family whom he knows and yet does not. In this house he is called Peter and when he is with this family he can do things which at other times are beyond him, painting, climbing a cliff, swimming. From now on something of the confidence of this ghost life comes into his actual existence. Jonathan is a fairly convincing figure in himself: his shopping bag identifies him. His introvert longing to be accepted by his class and by his teacher, who is more than usually unsympathetic to a new boy, is credible and even moving. Unfortunately the time-fantasy lacks convincing detail and one is never sure whether it is the past or the future which accompanies the present. The denouement depends on too much explanation.



From *Midway*

The difference is at once apparent in *Midway*, a quite exceptional book. The opening paragraph hints at the quality which the rest of the novel realizes:

> The splendid dream, in which Mark was galloping a horse through the sky suddenly stopped. The strands of mane between his fingers changed into sheet and instead of round, warm flanks his legs could only feel each other down the bed. As if the horse had sat down abruptly and slid him off on to the blue-gold seashore where they had been riding, he came down with a bump; then both Mark's mount and the sky-sand vanished. There was a last cry and flutter of white gulls rising and only two dingy old London pigeons, crooning away to each other on the window-sill, were left. From the clear and dazzling place where he had been Mark was back in his bedroom again.

The action of the plot is secondary to the character of the hero, Mark, the middle son of a brilliant father and artist mother who feels acutely his lack of distinction in a family full of confident articulate personalities. Mark's great gift, of which he is aware as a feeling of unease, is his ability to detect the deceitful character in the seemingly genuine, and to suffer as a result. He fears and distrusts Dr. Barth who lurks rather than lives in the flat below and hints that Mark's rudeness is the result of heightened imagination and over-anxiety. Sensing something of Mark's needs the family arrange for him to spend a holiday in a Kent oast house with his adored father, who is finishing a research paper, and a bumbly-chummy tutor called Eric. Here Mark saves his father's precious papers in a fire and successfully exposes Dr. Barth. . . . But the plot is essentially the wheelbase for a penetrating, perceptive study of a topic much loved of English teachers: "On being the middle child".

Mark's longing is "that a miracle might have taken place overnight and he would find himself completely different", someone who would catch the eye of his father, shine at lessons, impress his teachers with his competence and create the impression he gives of childish charm and muddle. He longs, too, for an ideal companion, an *alter ego* in whose company he need not be afraid and who will help him to say what he feels and to substitute for his ordered thoughts for the perverted self-expression. Suddenly the arrival of his brother is the magnificent, [illegible] called Midway, comes in response to "a certain ... kind of wanting". Now Mark's life begins to change. Midway's visits are [illegible] and uncertain but the security of his presence is real. In the end Mark sees [illegible] the farmer's family and Wag, as the woman, [illegible] accept him as he is, help him to escape from his self-pity to be alone at night with life-and-death responsibility for cows and pigeons, Mark discovers what he really wants and comes to see that his tiger is "back him all the time".

Every page of the book proves summary inadequate. The characterization is gain variation and subtlety, that attention to detail which is lacking in the other books. Barrett's success is twofold: in that the adults are wholly real in Mark's problems; his father is to help but is prevented by his normal adult preoccupations and an over-intense regard for problems themselves. (His memory.) We adopt Mark's view his father and his brother and while we can still see them as are. Then the description of imaginative child's eidetic image a poetic quality which is convincing.

In her earlier novel, *Grove*, Miss Barrett showed of visual perceptience, the combined action and feeling streets and houses; here it a remarkable degree together intuitive understanding of lightened by distinctive humour, quite apart from the adult tualizing which a book of this calls out, it will be enjoyed as a memorable story and of the deeper modes of feeling may be that of persuading read it, so strongly will their occupations be touched out.

MAY D'ALINCON: *Red Renard*. trated by Annie-Claude Versity of London Press. 13s.

ERIC HOUGHTON: *Boy Beyond the Mist*. Illustrated by Marjorie-Ann Ronald Whiting and Wheldon. 15s.

ANNE BARRETT: *Midway*. Margery Gill. Collins. 15s.

Progression of Paperbacks

KNIGHT BOOKS, the latest paperback series for the young, have so far published twelve titles as their opening half-yearly allotment and have announced the eighteen that are to follow between July and October. At first glance they have a promising look. Certainly the pictorial covers (coloured illustrations on white ground) have, nearly all, the slick, glossy over-emphatic approach too often used for adult paperbacks; the prices, too, which vary, are slightly more expensive than those of other publishers of comparable works, at either end of the list. But a more adventurous range of authors appears than we are used to seeing in any other large-scale series (save Puffin). One obvious pitfall is Elizabeth Goudge's long, elegant necromantic mystery *Linnets and Valerians*—value indeed for 5s. This is well in the Puffin class; so is Rosemary Sutcliff's retelling of the Cuchulain saga *Hound of Ulster* (which costs 3s. 6d.) and Felix Salten's emotive *Bambi*. (5s.) with its beautiful new black and white pictures by Maurice Wilson—a salutary contrast to the pervasive Disney conceptions. Five shillings will also purchase a Mary Treadgold (too, perhaps, one of her best) and a somewhat eclectic but useful non-fictional offering, *A Guide to Coarse Fishing* by Peter Stone.

Here, however, the prestige note comes to an end. Six of the opening dozen of Knight Books are a safe commercial cargo: three are by ubiquitous Miss Blyton; one American Sue Barton romances by Miss Helen Dore ston; one is a Biggles yarn of tain Johns. The same all-round policy informs the list for the der of the year. Tons is given Henry Treece, a Geoffrey Richard Parker, a Hilda *Lemon Kelly*) and by Kate *The Good Master*. But the purchaser will also be faced with of Blyton, more of Johns. Yards of these authors already pack the too many shops. How ful buyers will have the and tenacity to keep the few real prizes in lying behind the ball?

Mainly Boys—1

Oh Boys! Oh Boys!

In the best adventure stories, the exploits and excitements seem to arise quite naturally from what people are; the characters are not mere cogs in the machinery of the plot. Eilis Dillon again and again achieves this sort of excellence; and it is tempting to suggest that she is helped by her setting. In the little Irish islands she writes of, people take to the sea, and have the natural adventures of the seafarer, as part of their daily existence. Again, there is that shat severe articulation of life from the juvenile and the adult that is a feature of larger communities; and where handfuls of people live closely together, in isolation and according to restricted patterns of living, their characters ripen and grow rich. But having said all that—having made, as it were, a gesture of envy towards Miss Dillon's subject matter—one has to say that she is simply a good writer, loving and understanding people, and concerned to tell stories that are as exciting as adventure stories should be but in which the events are tied firmly to human probability.

The Cruise of the Santa Maria is one of her best. The *Santa Maria* is the last boat built by John's grandfather, unpopular because he makes no secret of his belief that he can build better than the other islanders. Even worse for the boat's reputation, she is finished by John's aunt, who is red-headed and so unlucky. John and a friend take the boat for its first sail, and a storm blows them ashore on a lonely island. Here lives an old man who has succeeded in driving his whole family away, including a beloved daughter who twenty years before had eloped with a Spanish fisherman. To prove their boat, but also moved by compassion, the boys sail to Spain with a message



From *The Whopper*

for the lost daughter. The account of the journey and of the excitements that follow when they bring the daughter home with them is beautifully done, but under the narrative thrills there is the constant and more enduring excitement of language well used, of character sympathetically examined.

A similar naturalness of adventure characteristic of B.B.'s *The Whopper*, a deceptively simple account of two midland boys' attempt to catch record-sized carp. This begins very well, with the boys first meeting at the riverside; B.B. knows exactly by what casual exploratory indirectnesses a couple of boys, laconically conversing, can enter into a deep relationship. It is "a hell of a fish" they are after, and the final battle, when it comes, lasts a whole night. The fish itself becomes a third character (the park in which it all takes place is somehow a fourth), and it is the final naturalness of the story that, with a pluce in the record books within their grasp, one of the boys is moved to return their catch to the water.

With the other two books we decline to a lower order of adventure story. It is perhaps unfair to make too much of this difference. The story which is frankly concocted, in which the plot is master and the setting and characters merely serve its ends, is a form of honourable lineage; but the difference, especially when one moves from one level to the other, has to be registered. E. W. Hildick is, in any case, a highly skilful narrator and plotmaker, one of the best now writing for children, and when he is in form it is a pleasure to observe the deft machining of his stories, his creation of cunning tangles. *Calling Questers Four* is a good example. Like an earlier hero of Mr. Hildick's in *A Boy at the Window*, Peter Braine directs the activities of his gang from his sick-bed, this time with the aid of a walkie-talkie set. Remotely controlled by Peter, they run into a little mob of boys who are putting objects on the railway line. In a flurry of errors, they are themselves mistaken for the wreckers, and their names are taken. The ingenuity with which they extricate themselves from this situation makes an excellent story, and one that without any priggishness makes various valuable points about social responsibility. Mr. Hildick is always so good that one cannot help wishing that he were better—that he would rise above the brisk formula which he uses so capably, and see what happened if he set his excellently observed but still somewhat mechanical characters free from the bright prison of his plots.

It is rather odd that so many thrillers for children should show none of that care for the inward logic of fantasy that any thriller-writer for adults watches over so lovingly. Mr. Howard in *The Secret of the Dancing Bear* is a crime novelist; taking his whole family with him to Istanbul to pick up local colour for a story he means to write, he tangles with smugglers. A knife is thrown at him, he is shot at and an attempt is made to run him over; he continues cheerfully to take his wife and children with him, unprejudiced on his detective expedition. Any young reader might be forgiven for concluding that the real villains here are Mr. Howard, for his neglect of the most obvious precautions, and the police who, in order that the Howards should stay in the centre of the picture, are made more stupid than is really tolerable.

ELLIS DILLON: *The Cruise of the Santa Maria*. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Faber and Faber. 18s.

B.B.: *The Whopper*. Illustrated by D. F. Watkins-Pitchford. Benn. 11s. 6d.

E. W. HILDICK: *Calling Questers Four*. Illustrated by Richard Rose. Brockhampton Press. 15s.

HARAY DELANEY: *The Secret of the Dancing Bear*. Illustrated by Bonar Dunlop. Methuen. 15s.

And Also . . .

[illegible] BATEMAN: *A Strange Case for* [illegible]. Constable. Young Books. 9s. 6d.

[illegible] entertainment, good-hearted [illegible], about the theft of a school [illegible] the setting being a school of quite [illegible] soundings, cheerfulness, in which the [illegible] seem to be game at the drop [illegible] of delusion. . . .

[illegible] Green: *The Hungry Hill*. Puffin. [illegible] 6d.

[illegible] by Noele Young. Puffin. [illegible] 6d.

[illegible] children of their wits [illegible] a gang of crooks. A lively ad- [illegible] for boys of nine or so [illegible] Running for the Best Aus- [illegible] Books of 1959 and [illegible] here in 1960. . . .

[illegible] SUMMERS: *Circus Boy*. [illegible] Annette Macarthur-[illegible] (Oxford Children's Library). [illegible] University Press. 7s. 6d.

Good impression of the splendours and miseries of circus life with illustrations that help the story. It was first published in 1960.

ANTHONY BUCKERIDGE: *Our Friend Jennings*. Illustrated by John Verney. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d.

Untouched by current controversies about the independent and state sectors of education Linbury Court School still flourishes. So, needless to say, does its most famous pupil, Jennings. First published in 1938.

JOHN GRIFFITHS: *Griff and Tommy*. Illustrated by Antony Lake. (Pennant Books.) Dent. 8s. 6d.

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An illustration by Charles Keeping from THE COLD FLAME

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Jessamy *BARBARA SLEIGH*
Jessamy finds a passport to 1914 and an old mystery. A skilfully told fantasy. *Illustrated* 13s 6d

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The Mary Poppins Books
P. L. TRAVERS Four titles 12s 6d each

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MICHAEL BOND Seven titles 10s 6d each

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27 titles are now available in this famous series, acclaimed on all sides by parents and teachers. The newest title is *I WISH THAT I HAD DUCK FEET* by Theo Le Sieg (8s 6d) and the key book in the whole series is the best-selling *BEGINNER BOOK DICTIONARY* (16s) by the inimitable Dr. Seuss.

The Evergreen Library

Full details will be sent on request. Books so full of interest can be so moderately priced. Ten titles in new titles in August include books by C. S. Lewis, Violet Needham, Noel Streatfeild, and others. 9s 6d each

Picture Books

Cinderella *BENI MONTRESOR*
Strictly decorative version from the illustrator of *May I Bring A Friend?* 18s

Nicholas and Kishanda
WILLIAM TULLOCH
A delightful animal story. 10s 6d

Under Nines—1

STORYLINES

AROUND six years old children respond rather well to an occasional sniff of the exotic in their literary diet, in the same way as they can often be persuaded to try strange foods. Their bulk intake slips to an all-time low in food-value, and it is obviously important that the lump of comics should be fermented with a powerful leaven. Legendary heroes, *The Jungle Book*, *Alice*, narrative poetry, can all be tackled with adult help, but there is a real need for the picture book whose text is of a quality to invite the child to read it to himself on more than one occasion—a bedside book to be remembered with affection in later years.

How lovely to have an illustrated edition of Browning's most famous poem, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and how deftly Alan Howard catches each fleeting, flashing image without ever getting bogged down. The river deep and wide, the teeming vermin, the crying babies and the scolding wives, the paunchy mayor and his feeble clerks, and the laughing, leaping children disappearing into the mountain—the little lame boy left behind has the saddest face.

There are many variants of the story of Tom Thumb; *The Diverting Adventures of Tom Thumb* is set in the days of King Arthur, and gives Merlin as the author of the midget boy. Tom is dressed by the fairies, and lives happily at home with his parents (in spite of accidents) until he is spewed into the sea by a giant and swallowed by a fish destined for the King's table. Tom becomes a great favourite at Court, and is finally knighted for his bravery in fighting a cat. Here, Barry Wilkinson makes full use of his golden opportunities—Tom riding a mouse, being bathed in a tea-cup with a thimble for water-jug, Tom gazing at his elegant reflection in a silver plate—and many more pleasures besides: surely a candidate for the Kate Greenaway award?

Felix Hoffmann, too, has made loving and imaginative pictures for a Grimm fairy tale, *The Four Clever Brothers*. The ending comes as a shock when the brothers, having saved the King's dragon-captive daughter from her precipitous rock, readily agree to accept a quarter of the kingdom each as reward instead of quarrelling over who shall have the Princess. So "they lived happily with their father for as long as it pleased God". Poor Princess: but the apple-green cunning of the eldest son, stealing eggs from under the bird in the tree, the brilliant aim of the marksman, splitting five eggs in two with a single shot, and the cun-



From *The Four Clever Brothers*

ning of the tailor's needle, stitching them up again, amply compensate for the bourgeois ending.

Eugene Fern invents a story of his own, *The King who was too Busy*, to show off lively, assured pictures of a humble but happy medieval king led astray by vaulting ambition. Each year the king conquers a new kingdom, adds a new crown to his head, and a new storey to his castle; the toppling of pride is entertainingly shown.

Alexander was a very great king. The Kings of Persia, Media, India and Brunei are all descended from him. He conquered Stamboul, Mesopotamia, Bombay, and Singapore; and when he had conquered all these he thought he had conquered all the world.

But he had forgotten China. Impressive black and white and colour illustrations convey very well the might and majesty of Alexander's army, the terror of the Emperor of China, and the resourcefulness of the small boy whose cunning fools the great warrior. The *Fooling of King Alexander* first appeared in 1930, and was well worth this handsome revival.

Something of the same [illegible] shows in Aline Glasgow's story of Liu Li-san, who lived "in a [illegible] village in the land of Old Cathay, a mountain village, where the [illegible] roars and rattles through the [illegible] months keeping [illegible] things prisoner. [illegible] mother breaks her [illegible] and his father takes [illegible] the wise man to be [illegible] set; the boy is left [illegible] all night battling with [illegible] fear of the wind. [illegible] Wind appears in person [illegible] and the boy is shown [illegible] purpose of the exercise.

Hilary Abrahams [illegible] at first a curious choice [illegible] Illustrate *How We Grew up in a Single Night*, a disarming little book written by Tolstoy for his nephews and nieces [illegible] now translated for the first time; in fact, she makes a clever job of it, suggesting easily the atmosphere of the period: breakfast clocks under glass domes and stuffy, bumpy carriage rides. Many little [illegible] young family's visit to the theatre, and although the scene enchants them [illegible] the boy and girl are more interested in the box who really open their attention. One romantic little girl.

One cannot say [illegible] is a more mundane subject, but the cheerful creature who [illegible] Eulenstein Castle in Otfried Preussler's [illegible] fantasy is quite [illegible] and only his weakness for the tempting hours of daylight [illegible] unforeseen pandemonium. [illegible] fun for boys with a taste for [illegible] ing chains and hooting owls, witty, frivolous pictures.

ROBERT BROWNING: *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. Illustrated by Alan Howard. Faber and Faber. 15s.

BARRY WILKINSON: *The Adventures of Tom Thumb*. Oxford University Press. 15s.

THE BROTHERS GRIMM: *The Clever Brothers*. Illustrated by Felix Hoffmann. Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.

EUGENE FERN: *The King who was too Busy*. World's Work. 16s.

MARYVYN SKIPPER: *The Fooling of Alexander*. Illustrated by [illegible] Chapman. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

ALINE GLASGOW: *Old Wind and Li-san*. Illustrated by Bernard [illegible] gow. World's Work. 21s.

LEO TOLSTOY: *How Vanka Grew up in a Single Night*. Translated by [illegible] Low Litvinov. Illustrated by [illegible] Abrahams. Dennis Dobson. 18s.

OTFRIED PREUSSLER: *The Little Ghost*. Translated by Anthea Bell. Illustrated by F. J. Tripp. Abelard-Schuman. 16s. [To be published June 23.]

And Also . . .

THE BROTHERS GRIMM: *Sleeping Beauty*. Illustrated by Regine Grube-Heinecke. Richard Sadler and Brown. 9s. 6d.

A bit twee and artful, Miss Grube-Heinecke's princess with her false eye-lashes and long golden hair, but the new generation will perhaps feel at home with this *opera bouffe* version of an old favourite. There are nice touches, like the black and white bishops splendidly [illegible] and mitred, conducting the nuptials.

LEON HARRIS: *The Great Picture Robbery*. Illustrated by Joseph Schindelman. Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.

Clever drawings. They look like [illegible] of the Louvre, seen through the eyes of a spirited French mouse who wears a beret and eats *trilletreuffles* and bows to the Venus de Milo instead of waving, because she has no arms to wave back. Braving the terrors of the Egyptian Rooms (all those cats and hawks) Maurice tells two thieves and alerts his friend Madame Marina in time for police to take action.

PETER HUCHEUS: *Baron Brandy's Boots*. Abelard-Schuman. 15s.

Baron Brandy is an uncouth fellow with a terrible temper; he bullies his house-hold and fleeces the tenants. When the poor cobbler turns up with a beautiful pair of boots instead of rent, the foolish Baron wears them on the wrong feet and becomes worse-tempered than ever. The cobbler's pretty daughter and her [illegible] soldier boy save the situation and the Baron smiles at last. Suitably pep-pery writing by Gerald Rose.

JAMES KRÜSS: *Florentine, Florentine on Holiday*. Illustrated by Erika Meier-Albert. Translated by Marion Koenig. Chatto and Windus. 15s. each.

Florentine is eleven years old. Her dust-jacket informs us that "Children on the Continent, where Florentine lives, already know all about her outrageous behaviour. The things she does will make your hair stand on end". She is, in fact, a tiresome little busy-body. Among other delights, she mostly crosses the roads when the lights are green because she finds it "more exciting", one longs for her to be run over; and thinks wistfully of Sophie, that much brighter *enfant terrible* of yesteryear.

SORCHE NIC LEODHAS: *Always Room for One More*. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Collancz. 12s. 6d.

There was a wee house in the heather—
'Twas a bit o' a bit and a ben—
And in it there lived all together
Lachie MacLachlan—
And his good wife,
And his barns to the number of ten.

Lachie, more generous than provident, hails every passing traveller with the cry "Always room for one more". The tune is provided at the back, and sombre, peat-smoky drawings illustrate the goings on as the poor little house gradually "dings down", but the good folk soon raise up a new one, and all goes on as before. Good propaganda for [illegible]

BENI MONTRESOR: *Cinderella*. Illustrated by the Author. Collins. 18s.

Beni Montresor designed a production of Rossini's *Cenerentola* for the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York two or three years ago, and has returned his sets into a picture book. Likely to appeal to stage-struck girls.

OLIVER POSTGATE: *Ivor's Outing*. Illustrated by Peter Firmin. Abelard-Schuman. 11s. 6d.

Ivor the engine is familiar to [illegible] viewers. This account of how [illegible] the steam and Dai Station [illegible] annual seaside outing is full of [illegible] cent fun, but it is rather long [illegible] aloud, and painful to follow [illegible] ing through it without the [illegible]

LISL WEIL: *The Fantastic Drum*. Music adapted by David [illegible] Abelard-Schuman. 15s.

Born in Vienna and now living in United States, Miss Weil [illegible] ingenious "ballet with [illegible] television, in which she [illegible] pictures to illustrate [illegible] being played simultaneously attempts she sometimes fails in [illegible] book version of *La Boutique fantasque* by printing a line or two of [illegible] on each page and drawing [illegible] atchy gay pictures to [illegible] catch the attention of [illegible] has already been to the [illegible]

Under Nines—2

Piemakers of Danby Dale

THERE is a pleasurable anticipation in coming to the latest offering of an established writer. The new Mayne, the new Sutcliff, the new Hester Burton, the new Philippa Pearce (and how rare this last has become!)—each offers a clear promise of good things, and with [illegible] consistency each redeems the promise. But there is a special pleasure in the unexpected, in the discovery of a brand-new talent or the full flowering of an ascending writer. So it is with *The Piemakers*. Helen Cresswell has in a few years established herself quietly as a sensitive and imaginative writer. Even those who were most impressed with her 'prentice work could scarcely have expected her to achieve so quickly the maturity of this remarkable book.

In even the most prolific of writers there is latent one special book, a book which derives not from thought and patience and careful research—though all these come into it—but from the writer's heart's-blood. Often the book never gets written; somehow in a long lifetime the right button is never pressed. But if, by chance or circumstance or flash of light, the book comes into being, it is a book better than the author's best. Such a book is *The Piemakers*.

So portentous an introduction may seem, not least to Miss Cresswell, a heavy sledgehammer to crack so small and appetizing a nut. *The Piemakers* is a little book. It is also gay and sparkling. It is nevertheless so singularly flawless and so firmly based in truth that it commands critical approbation. It is a funny book. It is also, in the literal as well as the colloquial sense, a good book.

We are in Danby Dale, home of master-piemakers. The Rollers of Danby Dale have made pies for generations beyond numbering, and Arthy currently holds the key to the [illegible]. There are Rollers too in Danby Dale, and when Arthy receives a commission to make a pie [illegible] literally fit for the King family [illegible] ally outweighs discretion and he [illegible] gives Uncle Crispin in the operation. Crispin is not a nice man. "As he walked his head always seemed to be several paces ahead of his legs." But the man, in fact, to sabotage the royal pie, and so he does. Arthy gives the family reputation only by [illegible] the pie and the bakehouse [illegible] disastrous and calculated accident. A second chance comes, but Arthy redeems the honour of the Rollers and of Danby Dale with a pie of stupendous magnificence.

Arthy is the dedicated craftsman, a man humbly aware that he was born to make pies. It is a clever piece of the author's to show him through the eyes of a reluctant pie-maker. The chorus of this high drama is played by Arthy's daughter Gravella. (When most disgusted with her name she finds comfort in her sex: had she been a boy she would have been christened Gravy.)



From *The Piemakers*

Gravella has aspirations towards the stage and wants to hate pies, but her Roller blood will out. "Whenever another pie was on the go she could hear her own heart treacherously thudding." The splendour of Arthy's achievements seem all the more splendid when he wins his daughter's unwilling praise. Here is the Royal pie (before the excess of pepper was discovered):

Gravella felt it was almost too much to bear.

Faintly golden, smooth and yet promising a rough, satisfying crustiness, and decorated with the Royal Coat of Arms, a slightly deeper gold, perfect as if it had been carved from stone by the chisel of a master. . . .

Gravella swallowed hard . . .

"It's beautiful!" breathed Gravella. "Oh it's beautiful!"

The Rollers discussing the technique of piemaking remind one of Pod and Homily talking about the finer points of Borrowing. There is the same practical approach touched with reverence. This is only one of the ways in which Miss Cresswell's writing resembles Mrs. Norton's. Not that it is in any way derivative. Both writers draw on a common fount of inspiration. Both treat an essentially comic (or impossible) idea with complete seriousness. Both are consistent in the use of detail, filling in the framework of their inventions as if they were masters of the Dutch school. These are, one feels, not happily fantastic imaginings but studies from the life. Above all, both command a deceptively simple prose style, writing with that perfection which is so good as to pass unnoticed.

One ventures at one's peril to make such comparisons between an established and unassailable master and a young newcomer, but the risk is worth taking. There is a warmth, a richness of humour, an inner truthfulness in *The Piemakers* which puts this apparently slight tale in the select company of books which make nonsense credible, which make the reader laugh and cry and glow warm with delight in a job exceedingly well done. If Helen Cresswell is to be judged, it must be by her peers, by Mary Norton, Eleanor Estes and a very few others who, like her, speak the authentic language of childhood.

Miss Cresswell is also the author of a slighter, but nevertheless distinguished book, *A Tide for the Captain*. This, too, is a fantasy of a special kind, but the mood here is poetic rather than comic. The old sea-captain lives with his grandson on the edge of the wilderness. Their house, forty miles inland, is called "Sea View", and the old sailor often wishes that the leaves sighing in the wind were the sounds of the sea. Then, one day, the tide comes, a green tide of grass and weeds growing to more than tropical luxuriance. Only by a wish as magical as the Captain's are the mariners saved from shipwreck in the forest. This strange story blends realism with fantasy in satisfying proportions. A little too short to realize all its fascinating implications, rather difficult for the very small children for whom it seems designed, it is still a remarkable achievement, and further evidence, if such were needed, that the creator of *The Piemakers* is a major talent in the making.

HELEN CRESSWELL: *The Piemakers*. Illustrated by V. H. Drummond. Faber and Faber. 15s. *A Tide for the Captain*. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Oliver and Boyd. 9s. 6d.

And Also . . .

JAMES ALDRIDGE: *The Flying 19*. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. 7s. 6d.

URSULA MORAY WILLIAMS: *The Cruise of the "Happy-Go-Gay"*. Illustrated by Gunvor Edwards. 9s. 6d.

JOHN PUDNEY: *The Hurtwarp Jets*. Illustrated by Feraith Eccles Williams. 9s. 6d. Hamish Hamilton.

The Antelope and Reindeer Books, of which these are admirable examples, continue to maintain a standard of professional competence and—within the limitations of price—attractive presentation. How strange, though, that, notwithstanding the high status of these authors and artists, all of whom give of their best, there seems to be in these series a kind of built-in obsolescence. They are infinitely forgettable.

ALICE FOR DIMPLED DARLINGS

Dover Books, following their facsimile volume of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*, now another Carroll facsimile, the *Nursery Alice* of 1890, twenty pictures in colour, a connoisseur's view this is an interesting piece of publishing. It is also, however, a very odd book, and needs a little explaining. When Carroll set about making "Alice" for "Children aged from Nought to Five" (to ten or so they came from "the lower classes") he was [illegible] what one might call [illegible] Victorian mind. These years had not been Carroll's strong qualities of [illegible] astringency, both had been dissolved away in a pious, genial, melancholy flux. (See Walter Greening's "Lewis Carroll and the Царь Loves Alice.") [illegible] Preface: "Surely your gladness need not be the less for the thought that you will one day see a brighter dawn than this. . . .")

But the old obsession with detail had not gone, as the printers were, once again, to know at their cost. Mr. Martin Gardner, in his introduction, recalls the story of how the first edition (10,000 copies) seemed to Carroll "too gaudy", suitable only for America. Most went overseas; nearly all have vanished. "Dover Books, though American themselves, have used not this edition for their delicately coloured illustrations, but the one which Carroll finally approved.

As for the text, the story is about a quarter of the original length; most of the verses are gone; there are one or two small additions. The notable feature, however, is the manner of presentation. A hint of its voice (at once intimate yet coy) already sounds in Carroll's preface. He is speaking of his recent wish, to be read by the youngest children of all:

To be read? Nay, not so! Say rather to be thumbed, to be cooed over, to be dog's-eared, to be rumpled, to be kissed, by the illiterate, ungrammatical, dimpled Darlings.

Poor little Dot! Don't you pity him very much? How frightened he must have been. Wasn't *that* a curious sort of present to give her? Mr. Tenniel says the screaming bird is a *Storkling* (of course you know what *that* is?) and the little white head is a *Mewseling*, isn't it little *darling*?

So the text continually runs. The odd thing is that—though "lower orders" of 10 should *not* be shown the volume—pram-aged listeners might well be lulled by familiar adult-to-infant cadences caught with an awful exactness in the kind-explanations of the former splendid lunacies of the tale.

LEWIS CARROLL: *The Nursery "Alice"*. New York: Dover Publications. London: Constable. 10s. 6d.

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The six Bullerby children hold a Children's Day for their baby sister Kerstin. Their lively games are illustrated in full colour on every page. 9s 6d

A Read Aloud Book
SIMPEY AND HIS GRANDMOTHER
Elisabeth Roberts
Full of the good things which seem to happen when a kind grandma is around. No matter what goes wrong, Grandmother is never dismayed. Illustrated 10s 6d



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Katherine Allfrey
"A delightful story, written with restraint and avoidance of sentimentality, in a spare and vivid style that is altogether satisfactory". *Times Educational Supplement* 21s



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Margaret J. Baker
A very little magic makes the stray kitten adopted by the dentist's family into a giant cat. He only wants to help, but he does rather upset things. Illustrated 12s 6d

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Paxton began his career as a gardener's boy. He introduced many rare plants to Britain, and designed the famous glass palace which housed the Great Exhibition of 1851. Illustrated 18s

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Both particularly valuable additions to the series, for they not only include the story of the men themselves, but also clear and concise histories of the wars. Each 16s



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BEARS BACK IN BUSINESS

"The admirers of Miss Baker's other series about Hannibal, the elephant, and the Teddy Bear family, will be glad to know that there is a new one . . . well up to form."—RICHARD CONDULT, *Daily Telegraph.*

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Illustrated by Daphne Rowles 15s



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Following repeated requests, the very first "Ameliaranne" story is back in print, complete with all the original colour illustrations by Susan B. Pearse 15s

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Renee Reggiani's
THE SUN TRAIN

"An excellent, topical and informing novel, recommended to all older school-attenders and near-adults."—NAOMI LEWIS, *Smith's Trade News.* "A moving novel from Italy."—*Manchester Evg. News.*

Winner of the Europa Dralon Gold Medal. 18s



Sarah Stafford Smith's
THE INK-BOTTLE CLUB

This story of a Dublin holiday fifty years ago is full of insight, humour, and atmosphere. It has strong appeal for children aged 7-12 as well as for grown-ups.

Illustrated by Anne Lynton. 16s

Coming 19th June

RENE GUILLOT's THE STRANGER FROM THE SEA, an intriguing tale about a poor fisherman's son in Genoa. *Illustrated* 15s

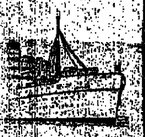
WINIFRED FINLAY's ADVENTURE IN PRAGUE, a gripping spy story set in Czechoslovakia. 16s

E. K. SETH-SMITH's JONAH AND THE CAT, a vivid historical novel set in the London of Sir Richard Whittington. *Illustrated* 15s

MOLLY WHEELER's BY SWORD OR FIRE, an exciting adventure story of a boy in Roman Britain. *Illustrated* 18s

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A new volume of stories. (Summer) 8s 6d

HARRAP BOOKS

History in Fiction—1

DARK DOINGS

HISTORICAL FICTION is a curious hybrid, as its name implies. It has attracted some of the best children's writers, enthusiasts and often fair experts in their particular field. From writers of the calibre of Rosemary Sutcliff, Walter Hodges and Henry Treece one gains not only a strong sense of past ways of life but also a feeling, comforting perhaps today when the world is being transformed at an uncomfortable pace, that human nature has not changed over the centuries.

The tree of man was never quiet;
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

Aylmer Hall and Leon Garfield contribute historical novels set in periods not far in time from our own, but owing to the odd methods we have of teaching history, probably less familiar to children than the Roman, Viking or Saxon worlds so widely explored by the writers mentioned in the first paragraph. *The Marked Man* is a first-class story, and historically unselfconscious; that is, despite the author's researches into Irish history, the book has been born of a natural gift for story-telling. A frightening episode (idiotically described in the blurb as a "madcap midnight adventure"—shades of Edna Lyall!) involves a family of four children in the fortunes of a wounded spy, at the time of the French invasion of Bantry Bay in 1796. For once the involvement of children in an adult adventure does not seem at all incredible. The plot is finely worked out down to the last detail. The dialogue is excellent, with sufficient dialect to give it an Irish flavour without drowning it in "begorrahs". Mrs. Hall's prose is a pleasure to read, sober, unassuming but always alert and sensitive, and taut enough to convey the suspense of the story.

The foreword is rather inadequate. It should have explained the Irish political situation in 1796 clearly, and given the meaning of expressions like "The Ascendancy" and "The Defenders". Few British children or indeed adults know much about the unhappy history of Ireland, and lack of explanation makes the first chapter a little difficult to follow. The book is marred by numerous irregularities of punctuation. These may well be due to poor proof-reading, to judge by the number of verbal misprints in the book.

Mr. Garfield is a difficult writer to praise highly—yet. His gift for language is remarkable and he can evoke a scene so vividly that you see, feel, hear and smell it, but his first novel,



From *Smith*

Jack Holborn, was a broken-backed story, and *Smith*, his third, suffers equally from Mr. Garfield's episodic treatment and the unlikeliness of his plot. The author's knowledge of the underworld of eighteenth-century London enables him to paint a splendidly convincing backcloth. He invents a set of characters to people his stage. They must, of course, talk and act, and so they do, in a series of episodes. Moreover, Mr. Garfield likes to give his characters typical catch-phrases, so that they are recognizable by what they say rather than by what they are. This is rather different from and not so satisfactory as Mrs. Hall's narrative method, in which the central theme is carried forward by incidents arising naturally from the way the characters themselves live and from their reaction to the situations in which they find themselves.

Mr. Garfield is fascinated by a mixture of romantic bravado and unutterable squalor that characterized eighteenth-century low life. He is moved by those who lived in it. The alleys, taverns and rat-infested dens that lay under the shadow of Newgate and the hangman's noose are brilliantly evoked, but the main attractions of Smith, the waif whose life hangs on the unique document he salvages from a murdered man, are hardly ever stir the reader's feelings. Characters are drawn in bold, Dickensian strokes, and a very heavy irony pervades the writing. Indeed, there is so much to admire that one is impatient with the weakness of the plot, especially its sentimental ending.

Mr. Garfield can usually take his readers with him into the stench and filth of late-18th-century London, scarred by the snowbound heat with the pistols of highwaymen, Lord Tom, flushed with daylight", into the dark swarming warrens of Newgate prison, and finally into the depths of the rickety old Red Lion tavern, but he cannot make them believe in the complicated plot or involve them in the fortunes of those who partake in it. This is, perhaps, a basic weakness of many of these escapist novels.

AYLMER HALL: *The Marked Man.* Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.

LEON GARFIELD: *Smith.* Illustrated by Antony Maitland. Constable Young Books. 18s.

And Also . . .

ROSEMARY WEIR: *High Courage.* Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. Faber. 18s.

An off-the-peg plot with Simon de Montfort's rebellion as a setting. A captured earl's son sent as a page to the traitor's castle; escape, with girl disguised as a boy; reunion with father in faithful peasant's hut. As history, the book is hardly fascinating, and a painstaking use of period detail fails to create any sense of the reality of life in an England dominated by rebellion.

Where Myth Meets History

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable things about the Arthurian myth is its continuingly potent appeal to the imaginative writer. In *Twilight Province*, George Finkel provides a de-mythologized account of Arthur's campaigns against the Saxons, as written by Lucius Bedwyr Marcianus (Bedivere), Christian Romano-British "prince" son of the "King" of a prosperous, sheep-farming, self-supporting villa in the north of Britain (King Mark). Bedwyr writes often in the very style of a Roman historian. He tells of the coming of Artyr to their province, suffering from concussion and loss of memory, the victim of a Saxon raid on Cornwall. He is nursed back to health by Mylan, Bedwyr's tutor, an Armenian magian stoic, and a surgeon (Merlin); and by Morgann, Bedwyr's stepmother, who is the daughter of the Chief of the Blond Isles, now allies to the Romano-British against the heathens. This queen has much secret knowledge from her people. Gwenyfer is here, and Olans (Lancelot) and Galahad and Kay, all "real-sized" with ingenuity and conviction. Cadoc of Cornwall, too, turns up in the north, searching for Artyr, his blood-brother. He identifies Artyr, and reminds him of his home and his immediate past:

But . . . since the Saxons were making free with all my family home, lighting their fires on the mosaic floors and eating their disgusting meals of seethed pork and muddy beer under what had been his boyhood rafters, he was more than content to stay with us at Turris Alba.

So Artyr is eventually chosen as Count of Britain, and leads the warband with its new cavalry against the Saxons in the series of battles which culminates in their victory at Mons Badonicus, and a long period of peace. It has to be said that the author puts all this about thirty years later than most historians, and sites Mons Badonicus between Tyne and Wear: whereas the date, site, and consequences of this British victory are still in doubt. But the transformation of Arthur's "knights" into a band of enthusiastic Roman-British soldiers, with their army jokes, their long thoughts back to the Legions, and their passionate desire to preserve all that they love in the civilized Roman way of life, is wonderfully well done. The last battle which Bedwyr has to fight is a domestic one against rebellion at his own home. It takes place among the dunes at Teesmouth. The rebel leader is killed, Artyr is fatally wounded, and Mylan and Morgann take him across the estuary to Colman the hermit, a skilled surgeon. Artyr calls for his sword, and Bedwyr tells his trumpeter to fling it aboard:

When he was waist deep he swung it strongly about his head three or four times, then let it go so that it flew towards the ship. Cadoc got his hands to it, but they must have been wet with the rain: it slipped from his grasp and dropped into the water . . .

And "that was the passing of Artyr", for:

A flurry of storm must have overwhelmed the boat, or driven it seaward. . . . But before we knew the loss of it we looked for Artyr's sword. It was gone. Strangely enough we never saw that again either.

Even in the first twenty years since these events, Bedwyr writes, legends have begun, about Artyr's "kingship", his "round table", his sword. He matter-of-factly rejects the possible reasons for these legends, but is an impressive book, in its plan and in its authentic detail.

To make a fresh work of art out of the material of ancient legend needs perhaps to be free from immediate toils of one's local and original: and to have little to gain literary tact about what has been attempted with a source work. Mr. Treece was entirely at home in the matter and manner of the Icelandic sagas. In *Swords from the West* (reviewed here in November, 1966, and now published) he showed that what confidence and skill he could use these sources he loved, observing their slender statements of fully dramatic or humorous where he would; diminishing and altering, to suit his book. *Viviand the Good* Treece has now wove together some incidents from two other sagas to make a story of the lives of Eric the Red and his son Leif the Lucky. Exiled from Norway for killing a man who cheated to his red hair and clever ways, Eric settled in Iceland, but soon drove him on to Greenland where he and his colonists made a living out of a hard land. A farer, son of a settler, tells stories of the round dish of the sun and a green land waiting in the west, and before long Leif was sailing to find his father to find his new land". This story of four generations, many voyages and troubles, is told with colour and vitality in that hard, harsh

glinting with irony, which suits it. The characters are completely alive and finely distinguished, and there is a brave sense of humanity being thicker than dogmas in the relationship between Thorhall the heathen, and the rest who are Christian.

The Hand of Apollo is a lovely, brief book, most unusual and most beautifully written, about the sack of Corinth by the Romans. Dion, son of a leader of the city, is picked out from the sad procession of slaves going down to the Roman ships, and given his freedom upon the whim of the Roman general. The outward, exciting story of his adventures before he eventually sails to find his freedom in Alexandria will please many readers; the inner one will mean more to the reader who has felt "the hand of Apollo". Dion is dedicated to the god of poetry and the story shows him learning "to give himself to creation rather than to destruction"; Apollo "chooses" him and shows a sign. The story manifests the nobility and beauty of this side of pagan belief, all the more because it contains statements of universal truth, about the ecstasy of artistic creation; the gulf between vision and achievement; and the sublimation of an accepted grief into poetic power.

GEORGE FINKEL: *Twilight Province.* Illustrated by George Tetlow. Angus and Robertson. 21s.

HENRY TREECE: *Swords from the North.* Faber and Faber. 18s. *Viviand the Good.* Decorations by William Stobbs. Bodley Head. 18s.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH: *The Hand of Apollo.* Illustrated by Robin Jacques. World's Work. 15s.

And Also . . .

C. WALTER HODGES: *The Namesake.* A Story of King Alfred. Illustrated by the Author. Puffin Books. 3s.-6d. An outstanding portrait of Alfred of Wessex, first published in 1964.

BARBARA LEONIE PICARD: *Hero Tales from the British Isles.* Illustrated by Guy Galsworthy. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d.

Some of the best-known of our folk heroes are the protagonists in these stories. The collection originally appeared in 1963.

MARY RENAULT: *The Lion in the Gateway.* Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Four Square Books. 5s.

Originally published in 1964, Mary Renault's fine story of the Persian invasion of Greece appears now in a paperback edition.

MARJORIE A. ROWLING: *Sword of Division.* Faber and Faber. 18s.

A story of Christianity and its opponents in fourth-century Rome, which includes St. Monica and St. Augustine. An ambitious theme but novelettish in conception and in writing.

HENRY TREECE: *The Windswept City.* Illustrated by Faith Jaques. Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.

The Trojan War through the eyes of a favourite boy slave of Helen's. Its simplicity somehow saves it from belittling the great epic.

STANLEY G. WATTS: *The Scop's Apprentice.* Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Macdonald. 16s.

The author has used the story of Beowulf, inserting his own hero, Wulf, apprentice bard, at points where he can be at the centre of events. He not only goes to the court of Hygelac to fetch Beowulf to deal with the monster Grendel, he even guides Beowulf to the lair, which he has previously discovered. This is to steal Beowulf's thunder in all conscience, and shows a lack of proper tact. Moreover, the general style is what might be called "pish-tushery archaic", which sorts ill with some passages of near-Saxon epic modelled on the poem itself. Yet one cannot doubt the author's devotion to his subject.

CASUALTIES OF CHANGE

THE CASUALTIES OF CHANGE offer admirable material to the historical romancer. What happened to the monks and nuns at the Dissolution? (Some of them did well enough, we know.) How did the descendants of the bowmen of Crecy and Agincourt fare when gunpowder took away their occupation? What, asks Barbara Willard, of the actors trained in Shakespeare's Globe when the Puritans closed the theatres? Miss Willard answers her question with great authority in *The Grove of Green Holly*, a story which this writer, who so often falls just short of excellence, finds entirely to her taste.

The scene is Sussex, the date 1651. The old king is dead, the young king is routed at Worcester and is hunted for his life. Surely we have been here before. But this is not to be the story of Charles's escape. The King comes briefly to Shoreham and is smuggled across the Channel. It is those left behind who occupy this story. One of them is Gregory Trundle, "a grandfather" but no "clodderer". The odd-job man in his brother's inn in Shoreham, he dreams of the past in which, losing the part of Ophelia through a breaking voice, he played the Player King before the author himself and of a future in which the King will bring back the playhouses to London. Gregory is a big character; perhaps rather too big to live comfortably within the confines of a children's novel. He needs space in which to spread himself, and he deserves closer analysis than would be appropriate in this context. It is, however, truer to accept the riches offered than to crave those withheld, and *The Grove of Green Holly* is in its own right a remarkably good book.

Miss Willard is a writer who listens attentively to her *genius loci*. The seafront at Shoreham and still more the diminishing forests of the Weald are important players in her drama. Driven from Shoreham by the sister-in-law Aunt Nags—a brilliant portrait sately the right side of caricature—and her new second husband, a Puritan of Puritans, Gregory finds his family inland and eastwards in search of refuge remembered from earlier days, a roof of leaves in the Forest Country, a grove of green holly. There he hopes, forgetting the barriers built by time, to be welcomed by the family of that Mr. Henslowe who once worked with Shakespeare. But the forest is a hard country, and the wanderers who accept very slowly and with much suffering. A bunch of the story is concerned with the struggle in the mind of Rafe, the actor's grandson and pupil, between loyalty to his grandfather and the theatre and longing to be a worker of iron with his hands. This conflict is



From *The Hawk*

worked out in the terms of an absorbing and often exciting adventure story. Miss Willard knows her Sussex and her period equally well, and shares with the reader her intense feeling for the strange forest country in the throes of an industrial revolution. Authentic as history, this is still more a convincing study of people and an investigation of motives.

Ronald Welch is Miss Willard's peer, perhaps her superior, as an historian. He cannot reach her level, and perhaps would not wish to, in the study of human problems. His characters in *The Hawk* are neatly drawn types, devised to put in motion a fine story of action and to enable the writer to pursue his obsession with military science.

For those interested in the genealogy of Mr. Welch's Careys, the hero of *The Hawk* is Harry Carey who is to become, but not in this story, the Second Earl of Aubigny and to father the Third Earl who appears in *For the King*. He is a young man in Elizabeth's England, a master of all the arts, and destined, one feels and the courtiers fear, to become a powerful figure at Court. Like all the Careys he loves action and finds plenty of it, in sea action against the Spaniards, in a duel, and, rather surprisingly, in a secret service mission. Mr. Welch has really put everything into his story, too much indeed to satisfy the canons of good story-telling.

If in narrative Mr. Welch sometimes mistakes exuberance for power, in detail he is an acknowledged master. As in all his work, he shows complete authority in the technique of destruction. His blow-by-blow accounts of action, especially the intimate artistry of swordplay, are entirely convincing and indeed profoundly interesting. Mr. Welch has the enthusiast's ability to awaken enthusiasm and readers who may care nothing at all for his rather wooden hero as a person will delight in the fine craftsmanship with which he demolishes an opponent.

However accurate their scholarship both Miss Willard and Mr. Welch are writing historical romance. Mollie Hunter, in *The Ghosts of Glencoe*, gives fictional treatment to an historical event, and one of which every detail has already been closely studied. It would be exceedingly difficult to write an imaginative novel about Glencoe, and Miss Hunter has been content to let the tragedy speak for itself. She has chosen the device of an eye-witness who is not too strong a character to get in the way of the action, although in her concern to rescue him from the effects of his involvement with the Macdonalds, she perhaps diverts too much attention from the central tragedy. This is no story for dispassionate treatment, and Miss Hunter rightly declares herself for the Macdonalds without reservation. Her portraits of the principals on both sides are brilliantly done. She is especially successful with the enigmatic Glenlyon who, by a combination of choice and fate, bears direct responsibility for the massacre. In a finely conceived epilogue the spokesman of the story meets Glenlyon behind the lines in Flanders and finds him seeking escape from the ghosts of his victims in the wine-dregs. This fine story deserves more readers than its austere format is likely to attract.

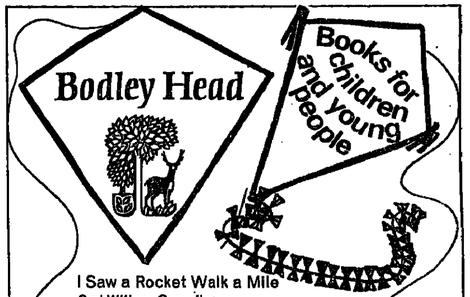
BARBARA WILLARD: *The Grove of Green Holly.* Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Constable Young Books. 16s.

RONALD WELCH: *The Hawk.* Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.

MOLLIE HUNTER: *The Ghosts of Glencoe.* Evans. 18s.

The Kate Greenaway Medal for 1966, awarded annually by the Library Association for the most distinguished work in the illustration of children's books, goes to writer and illustrator Raymond Briggs for his illustrations to *The Mother Goose Treasury* (Hamish Hamilton), a collection of traditional Mother Goose rhymes. Runners-up are Charles Keeping, for his illustrations to *Shaun and the Cart-horse* (Oxford University Press) and Doreen Roberts, for hers to *The Story of Saul the King* (Constable).

The Association is not awarding a Carnegie Medal for 1966, but one book—*The Bayeux Tapestry* (Collins) by Norman Denny and Josephine Ellner-Saskey—has been highly commended. Three other commended books are: *The Wild Horse of Samadder* (Hutchinson) by Helen Griffiths; *Thunder in the Sky* (Oxford University Press) by Kathleen Peyton; and *Marasso de Midnight* (Heinemann) by Morna Stuart.



I Saw a Rocket Walk a Mile
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Nonsense tales, chain riddles, cumulative stories and jokes make up this varied and entertaining collection gathered from traditional and contemporary sources all over the world. 18s



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Elizabeth Small is in the delightful position of being able to visit her own dolls in their dolls house, and their adventures will charm small readers. The five books about the five dolls have now been put together to make two omnibus editions.



Barry Wilkinson
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A fresh and colourful interpretation of the traditional English nursery tale of Tom, who grew no longer that his father's thumb. 15s

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Kathleen Hunt

Each of the three stories to this new Acorn Library book tells a fascinating tale on Midsummer's Eve, a time for magic and enchantment. 9s 6d

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Andrew Lang

A second selection of favourite stories chosen from Andrew Lang's Colour Fairy books by Kathleen Lines. A Nonesuch Cygnet. 35s

The Speckled Hen
Harve Zemach

The absurd situation which develops when the speckled hen lays a speckled egg is delightfully captured in the drawings to this picture book by Margot Zemach. 12s 6d

Mr Fakslmily and the Tiger
Anita Hewett

Robert Broomfield has made an amusing picture book of the story of Mr Fakslmily, who, armed with an umbrella, went into the jungle to photograph Terrible tiger. 13s 6d

Wake up, Hippopotamus! *Erlko Kishida*



Hippopotamus and Baby Hippo live in a zoo in Japan, and this gentle picture book, illustrated by Chiyoko Nakatani, tells of a busy Sunday there. 13s 6d

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The life & adventures of A. F. Mummery. "A fine biography of the great Victorian mountaineer . . . magnificent photographs"— *Naomi Lewis (Smith's Trade News)*

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HELEN BUSH'S

'Mary Anning's Treasures' (16/-), about the 19th cent. girl who found fossils at Lyme Regis, illustr. Gwyneth Cole, age 10 up. "Charming book . . . inspires one to see what one can find for oneself"— *Times. Educ. Supp.*

ERNESTINE BYRD'S

'Ice King' (15/-), life in the Arctic from the viewpoint of a polar bear, illustr. Marylin Miller, ages 8-11. "The factual details are fascinating . . . an echo of The Jungle Book"— *Western Mail*

JOYCE GARD'S

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ANDRE NORTON'S

'The X Factor' (15/-), SF adventure, age 11 up. "The third of Andre Norton's books I've reviewed, and by a long way the best . . . You live & move in a new dimension" — *John Rowe Townsend (Guardian)*

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN:

'ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE'

BY SORCHE NIC LEODHAS

A Scottish nursery ballad, illustrated in colour by Nonny Hogrogian, ages 4-8.

Caldecott Medal, 1965

GOLLANCZ

Begin at the Beginning . . .

THE BEGINNINGS of books are often taken for granted. After all, everything must have a beginning, and the adult reader settling himself into his chair may often take no more notice of the first lines of his novel than the playgoer does when shuffling a few minutes late into his seat or deciding in which hand to hold his programme. The adult reader has probably chosen his novel for its reviews, for the author's name, from a friend's recommendation. He is quite prepared to plough through several pages before the magic begins to work. The child reader, on the other hand, in most cases has not read reviews and though he may be attracted by a gay jacket, and may also be influenced by the author's name and a friend's recommendation, he is primarily affected by the first paragraph. Watch a child choosing a book in a library and see how often acceptance or rejection is determined by its beginning. What comes after does not matter if the book is never begun.

At seven or eight, and with reluctant readers often much later, children prefer books to begin at the beginning. Like the King of Hearts they would say: "Begin at the beginning and go on till you come to the end: then stop." It seems simple enough advice, but what is the true beginning of a story? A Harlem schoolboy started his own like this: "In all storys they beat around the bush before they tell you the story well I am not this story takes place in the Metropollitan Hospital. When I was born I couldn't see at first but . . . I was put at a window with other babies. . . ." This is really beginning at the beginning, and there are few modern writers who are present at the births of their characters. For this sort of opening we have to go back to Dickens. Paul Dombey is only forty-eight minutes old, for example, when we first meet him, and Oliver Twist a bare three and a half minutes. Sometimes Dickens goes back even farther, with his accounts of Chuzzlewit and Nickleby ancestors. Such leisurely openings are far too slow for modern taste.

It is, however, possible to start without beating around the bush but without going back to the delivery room. C. S. Lewis begins his Narnia books, whatever fantastic and complicated adventures may follow afterwards, in the simplest way possible: "Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy." These are the first few words of both *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and *Prince Caspian*. It is really only in *The Silver Chair* ("It was a dull autumn day and Jill Pole was crying behind the gym") that Lewis uses a different type of beginning. It is very effective. Why is Jill Pole crying? The reader is bound to want to find out.

It's the same sort of beginning that Frances Hodgson Burnett uses in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* ("Cedric himself knew nothing whatever about it"), Pauline Clarke in *The Twelve and the Genii* ("Max sat on the bare stairs below the attic, wondering whether to tell anyone"), and Mary Trendgold in *We Couldn't Leave Dinah* ("Caroline decided afterwards that the worst moment of the whole affair was when she met Thomas on the front door-step."). In all these cases the reader wonders what is going on. The *Silver Chair* beginning is only less effective in that the answer to the question is not really very important in terms of the whole book. The nasty behaviour which causes Jill's classmates to use a device to throw Jill and Eustace together, the slam of the door in the school wall and into Narnia.

Two of the Narnia books, *The Horse and his Boy* and *The Last Battle*, begin in Narnia itself, but fantasy is nearly always the better for a taking off point in reality. Lewis Carroll knew this, of course, and so did E. Nesbit and Mary Norton after him. Carroll's reality is in the character of Alice herself—she is seen only briefly in the real world—but E. Nesbit's fantasies begin in much the same way as her purely domestic stories, and everything that happens in them is rooted in the ordinary world. She is good at beginnings. The doubt about the firework fails for the Guy Fawkes celebrations at the beginning of *The Phoenix and the Carpet* is a promise of some exciting conflagration to follow, and follow it does. This, as E. Nesbit says, is the beginning of everything else, because it is the nursery carpet that is burnt, and the junk-shop magic carpet, with the strange egg uncircumcisably wrapped in it, that replaces the damaged article.

The series writer has special problems. To some extent the earlier books may dictate the beginnings of their successors. There has to be a certain amount of recapitulation. E. Nesbit, speaking as herself or as Oswald, is able to achieve this simply, whereas Mary Norton (who in *Bed Knob and Broomstick* had used the simplest of all possible starts) makes heavier weather of the problem in the Borrowers series. She achieves her feeling of authenticity all right. The stories of the Borrowers never really end; as Mrs. May says: "It's just that sometimes, at a certain point, one stops telling them." But the beginnings are not always encouraging.

The children in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Five Children and It*, and *Bed Knob and Broomstick* have all arrived at new places. Graham Greene has suggested that, for the novelist taking his first clean sheet of paper, there is a "correct" moment of experience at which to begin. For the writer for children this moment is often a moment of arrival. Mary Lennox, in one of the most memorable of all first sentences, is seen at the moment of arriving at Misselthwaite Manor; Sara Crewe on her first foggy day in London, on the way to Miss Minchin's Select Seminary; little Heidi, hot in her two dresses and woollen shawl, trudging up the mountainside to her grandfather's; John Owen returning to the Choir School at the beginning of the new term. Then there is the imminent arrival at the beginning of *The Rose and the Ring* of the wicked, brave, delightful Prince Bulbo, slayer of ten thousand giants and, in contrast, there are the tea-demanding tramp and the mushroom man, who never has any change, waiting on the door-steps at the beginnings of two of Jenifer Wayne's comedies.

These beginnings are all of the *In medias res* variety. Noel Streatfeild usually prefers the slow run in, the immediate description of the characters, their situation and family relationships. It is interesting to see exactly the same type of beginning in *The Grey Family*, first published in 1956, that she used in *Ballet Shoes* nearly twenty years earlier. "The Grey Family lived in London. The road they lived in was called Windsor Road": "The Fossil sisters lived in the Cromwell Road": *Ballet Shoes* continues in a more sophisticated way, for not only are the Fossil sisters in a rather more complicated situation but the later book is meant for a younger age group.

Most books for this age level begin simply. The authors are well aware of the need to catch the child's interest and not frighten him off. Indeed, the really dreary beginning is altogether a thing of the past. For this, we have to turn back to something like *Children of the New Forest*. But modern writers can be off-putting in far more subtle ways. The writer writing for himself alone is of course the one who produces the masterpiece, but it is easy for him to lose half his potential readers before he has finished his first page. Rosemary Sutcliff, for instance, begins *The Hound of Ulster* with a catalogue of unfamiliar proper names, which remains one of nothing so much as one of those interminable Old Testament lists: "And Jokshan begat Sheba and Dedan" &c.

Even beginnings which to an adult can seem superb—the words meaningful, the moment chosen "correct"—can deter a child. Philippa Pearce began with a simple opening to her novel *Minnow on the Say*, which rather surprisingly could be by Noel Streatfeild: "David Moss lived with his family in the last house in Jubilee Row." But *Tom's Midnight Garden*, that highly much-praised book, remains unread by at least one child for its stylish first lines: "If standing alone on the back doorstep, Tom allowed himself to weep tears, they were tears of anger." *A Dog So Small* begins equally unpromisingly, from many children's point of view: "The ping on the window woke Ben. was fast asleep." Who's he? say. Why doesn't it say what name is? Some William's beginnings are equally deterred of course. And in his case the culties and deterrents for the determined reader sometimes go beyond the beginnings.

A simpler type of obscurity the opening chapters of two recent ing novels of recent years, Carnegie Medal winner. In Porter's *Nordy Bank* and *Knockers* readers are held up by ing to sort out who the char are and what relationship they to each other. In *Nordy Bank* soon discover that Anne is the nesses' cousin, but we don't which of the six children are nesses. Similarly, in *The Knock* when the children first appear names are mentioned, and a time a good while to find out which are brother and sister. The child remains a mystery for though there is no reason why should. In both books assumptions keep cropping up meaningless eventually the puzzles are made.

Younger children usually like information first. Some readers have been known to hate steph adventures until they've found whether the heroine has curly or plaits. But with the best children's novel the real achievem is to capture the attention immediately and to convey the background information clearly without taking up the story. There is an excellent example of this in *Lions of Valerians*. Like Sheena Porter, Elizabeth Goudge begins in mid-sto Robert is giving the hackroom a resounding kick. All the children and their dog have been separately locked up. But the st hardly stands still while we discover the situation they are in, their relationships and, from the way they act to their punishment, their separate characters.

The pampered readers of have been referred to in columns before. If it is hard deliberately to spoonfeed a ten-year to make any concessions to sophisticated readers, it may be worth some more careful attention to the beginning, if the book that cursory glance at the first paragraphs, is not to be put back the shelves.

Flying Start

JOAN LLEWELYN OWEN'S *as a Career* is a sensible which will be of value not only young writers but also to the great reader. She is admirably clear and her attitude is cautious writing is a profession. There no encouragement in this book daydreams that tell them what be their "lucrative hobby".

Though few of those who feel rich to write would dream of consulting a manual on the subject might do well to turn a few Owens's book at least before they a manuscript off to a publisher's editor. Millions are not so many even so inglorious these days, but are likely to be ignorant about the facts and other financial matters. Owens offers sound advice to writers on the presentation of scripts, on contracts, expenses and and income tax. She also has a caveat against offers of outright ment on the one hand, and over-bright hopes of revenue on the other.

Apart from offering practical vice and providing useful addresses other sources of information, Owens has managed to write a readable book. Woven into the text Interviews with and statements by named practitioners in various fields. Their experiences and observations on the literary scene are both and humanizing to a book which could be dry and mentary. *Writing as a Career* recommended to anyone seriously terested in the many media for which we make verbal communication, whether he intends to be a professional writer or not.

JOAN LLEWELYN OWEN: *Writing as a Career*. Bodley Head. published on June 20th.

Family Stories—2

GIFT BEARERS

THE THREE very interesting books here have besides excellent settings a rarer quality in common —a feeling for created beauty and/or for the process of creating it artistically, that is exact, convincing and quite unsentimental.

First the thriller, the most completely successful of the three, if on relatively straightforward terms. *The Stolen Seasons*, by David Divine, is very exciting and enjoyable with some Buchanish qualities, if less subtle villainy (as in worse thrillers, you can spot the villains early on by the way they assail "infernal kids" when everyone else is baby-worshipping, so to speak). It also has the usual quota of awesomely informed, intelligent, resourceful children. Luckily these are believable too. A beautiful Roman silver dish is stolen from an archaeological dig near Hadrian's Wall. The children, by chance manage to snatch it back, and through a whole night and morning dodge the thieves over the same country they have just crossed in a successful attempt to prove an historical point. The slow Father strategical build-up justifies itself here. With their knowledge of the terrain the children can credibly succeed for so long—and the story itself can move faster because of the information the reader already has. The conviction and economy of the detail is always impressive—in the way for instance the Roman wall is set undidactically in both its historical and topographical contexts; but above all in the way the beauty of the dish comes across convincingly, movingly even, without any overwriting, justifying the love and reverence the children feel, this in turn making sense of their desperate determination to save it.



From *Maria Lupin*

The House at Spantard's Bay, by Meta Mayne Reid, is less satisfyingly taut. Aunt Cassie's accident (a classic adult-shedding gambit) leaves fifteen-year-old Amabel in charge of the decrepit Spantards' House on the south coast. She uses this time to prove her talent as an artist though useful also for the company of two younger girls and still more for that of tinker Judith. The setting again, the sea, the hills, the way the children find the responsibilities of freedom unexpectedly limiting, the creepiness of the house at night with its mysterious visitors banging on the windows after dark, these are excellently done and so is the way local hostility culminates at the dance, the Ceilidhe, from which the girls are chased home by drunken village boys. The mystery and the hostility tail off rather after this—nor does Judith ever come across quite strongly enough to fill the space allowed for her. Also, skilfully as the author mixes past and present, a final shift to fantasy sits uneasily somehow with the rest, the point it makes about Amabel's talent being made far better and less pretentiously elsewhere.

For Amabel is the main achievement here; both as the portrait of an adolescent with an adolescent's strong yet tentative emotions and still more as portrait of an artist in embryo—egocentric, ruthless, obsessional at times. One is made to feel the quality of her painting, what her eyes see, how she interprets that on paper or canvas; one can smell the paint and feel the mystical effort involved; ultimately her talent is as convincing as the beauty of the Roman dish in *The Stolen Seasons*.

In *Maria Lupin*, by Annabel Farjeon, the art is music. Maria through the teaching of an eccentric composer discovers her own great talent for the piano, solving incidentally the secret of her father's mysterious disappearance three years earlier. There is a supposed Scarlatti manuscript too, though this seems too slight and ultimately too disappointing an object to support quite as much of the plot as it does—especially from Maria's midnight climb onwards to the fight in the dark factory—though each incident is well-written and exciting in itself.

The setting is urban but again well done; Maria's house, the composer's mansion, the factory, the school, the streets are vividly, tightly observed. The adult sketches are good, too, on the whole, though fifteen-year-old Samson, the composer's companion, part-child, part-adult, is rather a conventional ex-delinquent, more plot really than character.

Maria is quite another matter. Miss Farjeon knows precisely how things feel and smell and sound to a withdrawn, imaginative ten-year-old. Here, too, is another convincingly talented child—especially in the almost casual way Maria learns of and accepts her talent. In fact there is no lush sensitivity at all, such a relief after the ranks of soul-busting junior geniuses, with hair flopping over their eyes; though this does not mean to say that feeling is not there. Maria perhaps progresses with surprising speed to playing Brahms, Schumann, and so forth, but presumably Miss Farjeon knows what she is talking about. Certainly there are no other easy answers—Maria has no spectacular success in public and the hints given about her parents' relationship before Mr. Lupin's disappearance makes one doubt that her family life will be wholly smooth after his expected return.

DAVID DIVINE: *The Stolen Seasons*. Illustrated by Jillian Willett. Macdonald. 15s.

META MAYNE REID: *The House at Spantards Bay*. Faber and Faber. 18s.

ANNABEL FARJEON: *Maria Lupin*. Illustrated by James Hunt. Abelard-Schuman. 15s.

And Also . . .

BETTY BARBE: *Barble*. Illustrated by Marcia Lane Foster. "Dent. 8s. 6d. Mother of Kitty Barne's stories of a musically endowed child determined to make the most of her gift joins Dent's series of Pennant Books. It was first published in 1952.

JOHN BLATHWAYT: *House of Shadows*. Illustrated by Laszlo Acs. Macdonald. 15s.

Romantic story about an upper-crust widow found at last (of course the house is, ought to inherit now belongs to the National Trust). Given substance by good descriptions of countryside and climate and by the lively and quite interesting relationship between Bridget and mixed-up mystic Jan (short for Janto).

H. KRAL: *Back to the Wall*. Faber and Faber. 13s.

A bed thriller, set partly on the Wall itself, this well thought out and relatively used than by David The quaintness of the original and comes across well too, as it should, through noise and then a detail of blood violence seems unpleasant decora- rather than integral to plot or character.

MARGARITA LYNCH: *Book of Beyond*. Illustrated by Susannah Holden. Dent. 10s. 6d.

A fairly conventional plot—children wander away from their new step- away in an extra dimension by means related to the magic and beautiful of the Children of Ur. The fascinating character of the old who knows how to be a good grandfather to ordinary children.

MARGARET MAHY: *The Aardvark Apartments*. Illustrated by Gerald Rose. Dobson. 8s. 6d.

Amusing, well sustained, here with some nice observations of children and of character if not enough to disguise a basically insignificant plot.

ROLAND PERTWEE: *The Islanders*. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

Three boys manage their own Robinson Crusoe-type holiday on an island in a Devon salmon river. The story, which came out originally in 1950, goes into the Oxford Children's Library.

VIRGINIA SORENSEN: *Miracles on Maple Hill*. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Brockhampton Press. 15s.

The pastoral idyll of the soothing effect of nature on the scars of family life is sung in full measure in this American story, a Newbery prize winner, about Marly and Joe, whose father has come home from prisoner-of-war camp sick and discouraged and who needs "the all-out doors" of a farm in the maple woods to restore him. The miracles are not only the resolution of the unisex described in the early chapters, but also the cycle of the seasons, from the children's first experience of a sugar camp, burgeoning spring and fruiting summer to berried autumn and stern winter, by implication more "real" than life in cities. Girls of eight and over will enjoy the story, relishing the sentiment without realizing, perhaps, that the real question is left unanswered: has this sojourn in Arden made the family not only physically fit but also able to face the problems they left behind? The taste of maple syrup pervades the book as a whole.

JOHN ROWE TOWNSEND: *Gumble's Yard*. Illustrated by Dick Hart. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d. *Wilderwhins Crescent*. Illustrated by Douglas Gresswell. Hutchinson Educational. 6s.

Mr. Townsend's two stories about the children of a poor family in a northern city are something quite out of the ordinary. *Gumble's Yard*, in which the children descend by their elders' fond foy themselves in an empty warehouse, was first published in 1961. *Wilderwhins Crescent* (1965), even stronger in characterization, finds the family reunited again in a new home on a housing estate; it appears now in "Unicorn Books", an attractive hard-cover series, edited by James Reeves.

ALISON UTTLEY: *The Country Child*. Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

This story of a girl growing up on a small farm in the quiet countryside of northern England was first published in 1931.

JENIFER WAYNE: *Someone in the Attic*. Illustrated by Margaret Palmer. Heinemann. 18s.

Enormously entertaining story, as one would expect, about a mix-up of French girls visiting an English family—one lost, one found but greedy. It is wittily written, well observed and expertly plotted with not an early detail irrelevant to the final climax. Only one of the improbabilities seems alien, and hence unacceptable—that is the central guilty secret of the Misses Pilkington and Price (more cannot be said without giving away the plot). Also greedy Louise becomes rather a bore eventually.

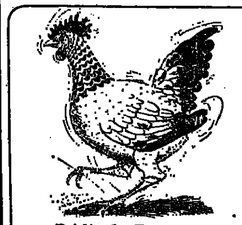
LAURA INGALLS WILDER: *By the Shores of Silver Lake*. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Puffin Books. 5s.

The fourth story of Laura and her pioneering family, this time in Dakota Territory. First published here in 1961.

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Wilderness friend by Charles Perkins
An unusual Canadian story about a boy and his St. Bernard dog. Illustrated by Elizabeth Grant. 15s

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by Vivian Grey
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Science-and fun are nicely blended when irrepressible Danny Dunn tries to help with an exhibit for a Science and Industry Fair. As always, trouble ensues. *Illustrated by Dick Hart.* **15s.**



House of Shadows

Jean Blathwayt

Bridget Farrell was lonely at Westlake Park, where her father was curator, until she unearthed a mystery about the "family" and found her new friend, Jan, involved in it. *Illustrated by Laszlo Acs.* **15s.**



The Stolen Seasons

David Divine

Three children become the sole guardians of a beautiful Roman silver dish when a gang finds it at an archaeological dig near Hadrian's Wall. *Illustrated by Jillian Willett.* **15s.**

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Folk and Fairy Tales—2

TELLING AND READING

EULALIE STEINMETZ ROSS, who has compiled *The Blue Rose*, a collection of stories for telling to children, gives some rather portentous advice on the art of story-telling. Most mothers will have their own ideas on how to "prepare children for a listening experience". However, Mrs. Ross should know what she is talking about, since she was Supervisor of Story-telling at New York Public Library. Her choice of stories is first rate. They range from traditional ones like "The Wild Swans", which qualifies for a high place in any Top Ten, and the neat humour of "Clever Grethel", here told again by Walter de la Mare in his more robust mood, to original stories by such experts as Eleanor Farjeon and Laurence Housman. There are a touching and humorous Irish romance, and an intriguing American version of "Beauty and the Beast", and a punning little tale by George Macdonald with an oddly moving climax. Altogether a most attractive collection, not only for telling, but for reading and keeping to read again.

Walk a Mile, will appeal to the child sense of humour and arouse the elders' curiosity as well. Here is original shaggy-dog story, and a modern piece of nonsense about falling out of an aeroplane, with riddles as old as the hills. A poetical tragedy of Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse has a Belgian coney part, and there are teasing stor



From *Mead Moondaughter*

In *Mead Moondaughter* there are more traditional tales, but with a difference, for these come from Iceland. Many of the characters and situations are familiar: kings, wicked stepmothers, poor men's sons making good, wishes and spells, and a recognizable Cinderella in Mead Moondaughter herself. What makes these stories unusual is their setting: the characters move in a strange land, cold and bleak and difficult, whose people know the dangers of the sea and the long darkness of winter. No wonder they believed in huge trolls who ate men, and elves in the hollow hills, and the ghosts of drowned sailors. These are fascinating and varied stories, well told by Dr. Alan Boucher. Some are no more than brief explanations of sayings or local legends, but some are complex and sophisticated, like "The Clay Bust of the Moon and South of the Sun". The drawings are by an Icelandic artist, and as attractive as the stories.

The Black Cauldron, by Lloyd Alexander, is the second book of a trilogy based on old Welsh legends. This involves the use of old Welsh names, which in large numbers can daunt the reader considerably. However, once you have sorted out Eilonwy from Ellidyr, and realized that Fflewddur Fflam is a person and Drynwyn is not, you can enjoy the story, which is exciting and well-constructed. The sharp rivalry between the main characters is effective, and there are three really spine-chilling witches, and nearly every chapter ends on a cliff-edge of suspense. Unfortunately the author tries too hard to be funny as well as dramatic, and the result is a forced flippancy out of keeping with the main theme of noble warriors and self-sacrificing heroes.

In *The High Deeds of Finn MacCool* Rosemary Sutcliff tells some of the stories of the glorious leader of the Fianna, who protected Irish shores three centuries before Saint Patrick came. Her book is pure pleasure. The style is flowingly beautiful, poetical and humorous in an Irish vein, and totally suitable to the fairy and folk-tale material. The stories are releasing in their use of unexpected magic event, within tales of ordinary chums and, starkly tragic.

Nonsense songs and stories from all over the world, collected by Carl Withers and entitled *I saw a Rocket*

without-endings from Brazil and Puerto Rico and Japan and Chile and some sinister touches as well as comic—what did "Meet-me-by Road" *look* like, do you suppose? In fact, here is universal horror nature, displayed in all its cruel artlessness.

Grimms' Other Tales, a selection from the stories that were left out of the brothers' Fairy Tales, will appeal more to curious adults than to children. The traditional elements are certainly there, but some of the nightmare effects are excessively black, and it was perhaps just as well to reject the ghosts and gibbets, blood and bones which crop up too often. Magic, of course, occurs often, but most of the happy endings are contrived in a very artificial way. For anyone interested in the roots of fairy tales it is a book worth having, sinister wood-engravings included, but not for bedtime reading for the young.

For this purpose, *The Twilight Hour* is the answer to every parent's prayer. This enormous world-wide collection of stories comes from Czechoslovakia, and has been translated by Jean Layton in a natural, straightforward style, excellent for reading aloud. There are animal fables, well-known fairy tales, classical myths, and comedy and romance and romance from every imaginable country. The book is illustrated by Stanislav Kolibal with bizarre pictures, some big and some small, and all as bright as rainbows.

EULALIE STEINMETZ ROSS (Editor): *The Blue Rose*. Illustrated by Arno. Bodley Head. 18s.

ALAN BOUCHER (Compiler): *Mead Moondaughter*. Illustrated by Karolina Larusdottir. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.

LLOYD ALEXANDER: *The Black Cauldron*. Heinemann. 21s.

ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF: *The High Deeds of Finn MacCool*. Illustrated by Michael Charlton. Bodley Head. 18s.

CARL WITHERS: *I saw a Rocket Walk a Mile*. Illustrated by John Hamilton. Bodley Head. 18s.

Grimms' Other Tales. Translated and Edited by Ruth Michaelis-Jena, Arthur Ratcliff. Illustrated by Christopher Morgan. Yoseloff. 35s.

The Twilight Hour. Retold by Jan Stanovsky and Jan Vladislav. Translated by Jean Layton. Illustrated by Marian Kocsis. Paul Hamlyn. 25s.

And Also . . .

SARAH and STEPHEN CORRIN (Editors): *Stories for Six-year-olds*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Faber and Faber. 18s.

A well-chosen and attractively presented book of stories, some traditional and some modern, some humorous and some romantic. This should please not only six-year-olds but their brothers and sisters from four to ten.

KATHLEEN HOUR: *A Midsummer Acorn*. Bodley Head. 9s. 6d. To be published on June 8.

stories are an attractive and imaginative mixture of well-known ingredients and traditional fairy tales.

GEOFFREY PALMER and NOEL POSTER: *Moonshine and Magic*. Illustrated by Raoul Priest. Odhams Books. 25s.

A collection of humorous stories from different countries. Do not be misled by the jacket's promise of "magical plots"; the whiling is often pedestrian and the stories are lively enough. Some indication of their origin is

Fantasy

OVER THE DREAM WALL

NOW THAT ARTIST Maurice Sendak has shown us, graphically, the walls of reality fading away into a fantasy forest, it seems less indelicate to look closely at the techniques used by writers of fantasy for older children in getting their heroes and heroines over the dream wall. A wardrobe, a sundial, a thirteenth hour, a rabbit-hole, a candle flame: each of these appears at the gateway of a renowned English fantasy. Barbara Sleigh, in *Jessamy*, uses a closet on the door-frame of which an Edwardian family had regularly marked its members' growth. Lonely, modern Jessamy, exploring the deserted nursery in an empty house, finds these marks and discovers that on the anniversary of the dates on which they were made she is able to enter the lives of the children who made them. Each visit to the past brings the story on a stage, but it is present-day 1967 Jessamy who solves the problem of a Book of Hours stolen in 1915 and who earns her reward from Edwardian Kitto, now in his mid-sixties. Barbara Sleigh controls her story beautifully, allowing Jessamy to link the two periods in her thoughts so that the plot, which might have been jerky, is smoothly spliced. All the major characters are sympathetically observed and Miss Brindle, caretaker in the old house, a woman who does not understand children so treats them as grown-ups, is a small triumph. This is Miss Sleigh's best book to date, humorous, confident, full of understanding and technically mature: *Jessamy* is a book which girls of nine will long remember.

In *Tobias* by Barbara C. Freeman three modern children have a supernatural experience without actually being carried away into the past. It is the past (in the shape of Tobias, servant to a seventeenth-century French alchemist, gold-greedy Miss Fiddler and the fearsome cat Filou) which comes to visit them. For Tobias, Miss Fiddler and Filou have visited the alchemist's elixir of life: through them practical, unimaginative fourteen-year-old Robert, his sister Julia, and his charming, sensitive five-year-old brother Anthony discover the story behind a picture on the staircase of their cousin Clarissa's house and an alchemist's notebook in her study. *Tobias* is a fantasy which combines sound social history with a study of character in depth: rational Robert cannot explain away Tobias and his contemporaries because their presence, in and around the house, threatens the lives of Julia and the Ant who are his responsibility; he has to realize that impressionable and imaginative people add a quality to life that he had never dreamed of, and his regeneration of Robert heals a family rift. There is terror and gentleness in this flesh-creeping story for children over ten, but the book's jacket, designed by the author, is scarcely likely to attract them.

The perils of scoffing at the fairy world are also brought home hard to Thomas the blacksmith, by poaching in the true Gaelic manner, this book is more impressive in some startling individual vignettes—there is a wonderful description of Thomas, with the aid of all the village boys and their watering-cans, fixing a hot iron rim to the smouldering wooden wheel of the warlock's carriage—than in its sum. For will children really believe—and does the author want them to—that through Thomas's power over iron and his true love for his wife not only was the sinister warlock Henry Gifford overwhelmed, but also all the witches and wizards in the whole of Scotland? Charles Keeping's fiery jacket and strong line illustrations serve to intensify the eeriness of the other-worldly forces.

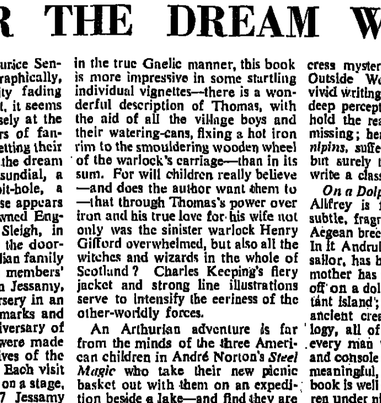
An Arthurian adventure is far from the minds of the three American children in André Norton's *Steel Magic* who take their new picnic basket out with them on an expedition beside a lake—and find they are drawn into a terrifying round of ordeals in which their only protection against an evil enemy is the steel of the picnic cutlery. They enter Avalon through the door of a decaying castle on an island in the lake, a door they cannot find again until each has accomplished a horrendous quest to bring back a lost Arthurian talisman. Greg has a fearsome land journey to retrieve Excalibur; Eric seeks Huon's silver horn over the tempestuous seas while Sara, turned into a cat in the course of her search, brings back Merlin's ring; an admirably planned, clearly written, exciting story with some magnificent illustrations by Robin Jacques.

Also from America, but in the great Tolkieh tradition, is Carol Kendall's *The Whisper of Glocken*, a triumph *manqué* because the author, so superb on scene, detail and character, is weak on story line. Mrs. Kendall has succeeded in creating a complete fantasy culture, the Minnipins, with a history, a topography, a nomenclature and social character entirely its own. Shut off in the land between the Snowdrift, Frostbite, Sunset and Sunrise Mountains, and supplied with the necessities of life by the Watercress mystery by venturing into the Outside World. Carol Kendall's vivid writing is shot with humour and deep perception, but a clear plot to hold the reader's attention is sadly missing; her earlier book, *The Minnipins*, suffered from the same fault but surely this writer will one day write a classic fantasy?

On a Dolphin's Back by Katherine Allfrey is for younger readers, a subtle, fragrant lullaby, warm as the Aegean breezes and pulsing with life. In it Andrula, whose father, a Greek sailor, has been drowned and whose mother has mourned too long, goes off on a dolphin's back to visit a distant island; on Hyria she finds the ancient creatures of Greek mythology, all of whom, for Hyria is to every man what he needs, comfort and console the lonely little girl. This meaningful, intelligent and romantic book is well within the range of children under nine.

So is Margaret Baker's *Porterhouse Major* which is rather intense at the beginning. But as soon as the magic—brewed by young Rory with the aid of his mother's lecture notes on witchcraft and a giant skull from his father's dental surgery—begins to work, the pace slackens and a relaxed, often very funny, story unfolds. The single aim of the enormous, talkative tabby-cat is to take over the role of Miss Needlepoint, the finnicky, efficient dental receptionist who works in the house. Miss Needlepoint frowns on the cat's wonderful powers over child patients but it is she, in the end, who gives Rory sound advice on how to break the spell and reduce Porterhouse to his normal, acceptable size. Shirley Hughes, illustrating, skilfully conveys the cosy domestic scene to which huge Porterhouse, sprawling splendidly around the jacket, is such an embarrassment.

Five Dolls in a House and *Five Dolls and their Friends* are omnibus volumes containing reprints of Helen Clare's penetrating and humorous microcosmic adventures of Elizabeth Small and the tenants of her dolls' house. The stories in these delightful volumes belong together and their new presentation, with the original illustrations by Cecil Leslie, is to be welcomed not as a mere reprint but as a bid for establishing the Five Dolls in the stream of outstanding works of English satirical fantasy for children.



From *Steel Magic*

BARBARA SLEIGH: *Jessamy*. Illustrated by Philip Gough. Collins. 13s. 6d.

BARBARA C. FREEMAN: *Tobias*. Faber and Faber. 18s.

MOLLIE HUNTER: *Thomas and the Warlock*. Blackie. 13s. 6d.

ANDRÉ NORTON: *Steel Magic*. Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.

CAROL KENDALL: *The Whisper of Glocken*. Illustrated by Imero Gobbato. Bodley Head. 18s.

KATHERINE ALLFREY: *On a Dolphin's Back*. Translated by Edelgard von Hurchi. Illustrated by Ingrid Schneider. Methuen. 21s.

MARGARET J. BAKER: *Porterhouse Major*. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

HELEN CLARE: *Five Dolls in a House*. *Five Dolls and their Friends*. Bodley Head. 18s. each.

And Also . . .

MARGARET J. BAKER: *Beans back in Business*. Harrap. 13s.

A third instalment in the tripping adventures of Beans, Slippers and Boots. Pauline Rowles discreetly takes over from Valerie Hodges as illustrator.

ANNE LINDSAY: *Comet in Moominland*. Translated by Elizabeth Portch. Illustrated by the author. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d.

Moomintroll and Sniff investigate a strange object, a comet. This instalment of the Moomin saga was published in 1951.

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG: *A Wrinkle in Time*. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d.

A mixture of fantasy and science fiction in the style of the man with evil eyes who can control the minds of those who look into them. Fortunately the hero has a friend who can read minds. Originally published in 1962 and was first published here in 1963.

HUGH LOFTING: *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*. 3s. 6d. *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle*. 5s. *Doctor Dolittle's Post Office*. 5s. *Doctor Dolittle's Zoo*. 3s. 6d. Illustrated by the author. Puffin Books.

A first appearance in paperback for the famous doctor. The four books here are listed in the order of their original publication by Cape between 1922 and 1926.

MARGARET LOVETT: *The Great and Terrible Quest*. Faber and Faber. 13s.

The author models her story on the medieval tales of chivalry but has less sense of audience than her forebears had. If the modern reader is to rally to the high-minded chivalrous ideal he must be gripped by a strong, clear story, whereas Miss Lovett brings him a tale of confused identity and hidden clues.

ROSEMARY MANNING: *Green Smoke*. Illustrated by Constance Marshall. Puffin Books. 3s. 6d.

Stuart and her friend the Cornish dragon (a highly literate dragon with gentle ways) first appeared in 1957.

MARGARET STOREY: *The Stone Sorcerer*. Illustrated by Charles W. Stewart. Faber and Faber. 13s. 6d.

This book, with its witches, wizards, dragons and fairies, is a step backwards in the author's development: identification with the ordinary fears and joys of childhood is her strong point; she does not need supernatural help.



Children's books

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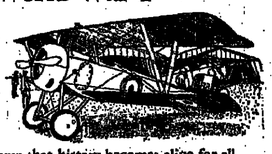
A History of Seafaring

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Richard Armstrong
This is the first of a three-volume history of seafaring. The author deals in the main with seafarers of the Ancient World: Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Phoenicians, taking the story down to the Middle Ages.

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Howard Linecar
Illustrated by Donald Green



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For younger readers



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The Leader of the Band
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The Youngest Reader

FOUR LEGS GOOD TWO LEGS BETTER

ONCE again, the publishers offer a wide selection of large, lavish picture-books. The standards of production go up and up, and so do the prices. Who buys them? Who are they designed for? They seem to cry out for the grace and space of a drawing-room, and an elegant mama to turn the pages, carefully, after tea. They are strictly for best, and may be as much loved as a party dress, but of course one can have only one, and which should one choose? Many will plump for the most sophisticated, and the two most sophisticated artists—totally different—are Brian Wildsmith and Tomi Ungerer. Wildsmith's *Birds* are of great beauty, and subtly show how different species came by their group names (a wedge of swans, a walk of snipe, a watch of nightingales); beautiful pictures to hang on the wall, but not a book. And most particularly not a child's book; to appreciate these paintings one needs to know the birds already, and at least something about their habits. But they are lovely pictures.

Tomi Ungerer has devised a fantastic firework about the man in the moon, crashing to earth on the tail of a shooting star. More of a scoop than a story, *Moon Man* involves soldiers, firemen, statesmen, scientists and generals. Moon Man is captured and locked in a cell, but as the moon wanes so does he, so he slips through the bars and hides at a fancy dress party; chased away he comes upon an ancient castle, where "for centuries" Doktor Bunsen van der Dunkel has been perfecting a spacecraft to reach the moon. Happy ending. Huge, dazzling pictures, somewhere between Osbert Lancaster and Pop Art. A splendid effort, but too rich for the under-fives, and not solid enough to satisfy the over-sixes for more than five minutes: like caviar, an expensive luxury.

Best of the rest, undoubtedly, is *The Royal Hiccups*, by those past masters Denise and Alain Trez. The hiccups belong to a small boy named Maila whose father is a rajah; all the efforts of all the people in the palace fail to stop them.

At last a man came who said there was only one sure way to cure hiccups. "The prince must know fear", he said. "We must frighten him." "Fear!" shouted the rajah angrily. "Never! The son of a rajah is never afraid!" And he sent the man away.

Maila eventually solves his own problem, with honour. If only other book-makers had a quarter of the discipline of the Trez team; text and picture faithfully reflecting the other's image; words chosen carefully to stimulate but not overreach, and pictures full of colour and movement: never so deafening as to stun the senses, and never dull. It is not only the elephants in the tale that remind one of the skill of the early Babar books.

Robert Broomfield provides well above average pictures for Anita Hewett's *Mr. Faksimily and the Tiger*. Innocent Mr. Faksimily takes his camera and his little white sunhat and his umbrella, and walks into the jungle to find a tiger to photograph. The animals are so dazed by his temerity that they forget to eat him, and his mission is safely accomplished. Children with a keen sense of the ridiculous will enjoy it very much.

Attractive pictures, again, in *Tim Mouse*. With the aid of a red balloon gallant Tim rescues a family of harvest mice trapped in the middle of a cornfield, and outwits the nasty dogs and cats. Old-fashioned, anodyne stuff, and none the less popular for that.

Nothing much happens in *A Rainbow of my Own*, but the small boy in the story has great fun chasing the rainbow, and imagining all the games he could play with it if he caught it: pretty colours.

Bears always seem to fascinate children, and both *Buzzy Bear* (now on his third set of adventures) and *Mischka the Bear* are likely to please. Mischka captures two little girls and makes them keep house for him, but clever Mascha outwits him and gets Mischka to carry them safely back to Grandmother's house. Buzzy, bored of watching Mother Bear do the household chores, finds simple amusements to while away the morning. Undemanding, but satisfactory.

Sea-lions and seals in the next two. Aunt Matilda's heart is as soft as butter cream, and everybody is very fond of her; but nobody really needs her until she stumbles across the little lost sea-lion by the shore. The foundling gets Aunt Matilda (dressed gaily but oddly in Victorian clothes) into several scrapes before the happy ending: sparkling colours. *The Sociable Seal* forces his affections upon Mr. and Mrs. Kettledrum, owners of the unsuccessful Kettledrum School of Music; they also suffer for their loyalty to their pet, but virtue is ultimately rewarded. Judy Varga's drawings are fun—simple, but full of carefully observed domestic detail.

The Dragon who liked to Spit Fire, again by Miss Varga, affords fewer opportunities for such small pleasures than the Kettledrums' suburban menage, but dragons are hard to resist, even sweet and gentle ones like Darius who would rather be a pet of the Court than a dragon at large.

More misplaced marshmallow in *Lyle, Lyle, Crocodile*: the lovable, friendly, happy crocodile who is misunderstood by nasty Mr. Grumps. The extraordinary thing is, Bernard Waber's drawings really convince—Lyle is a charming chap, keen to particular advantage on the escalator of a big department store.

By way of contrast Maurice Sendak goes to the other extreme with some scarifying pictures in *Where the Wild Things Are*. To date, Mr. Sendak's Bad Boys have been content to frolic with beasts no worse than tigers; here Max sails off to nightmare country, where fearsome things with terrible teeth and terrible eyes and terrible claws roar up at him . . . but wicked Max stares into their yellow eyes without blinking once "and they were frightened and called him the most wild thing of all and made him king of all wild things". Whew. Poor old Bellow would have had his head under the bedclothes. *Where the Wild Things Are* was given the Caldecott Medal in 1964; it was perhaps a pity to single out a book about which many parents must have legitimate doubts.

The children in Astrid Lindgren's tale are content with well-meaning but unsuitable attempts to divert their youngest sister; poor Kalle, frightened into fits, but Mother puts a stop to *that*, and little Lisa's day ends in a welter of soap. Carefree drawings of families, children and pets; good, clean fun.

Finally, *Fenella*, the adventures of a red steam-roller which misbehave and look less like a steam-roller than one would have thought possible—such expense of spirit in a waste of time.

And Also . . .

GEOFF DUNHAM: *Mudlark*. Lutterworth Press. 13s. 6d.
Gay little frolic about a mule who hankers after fame and ends up happily in a circus.

MARGARET FRISKEY: *Seven Diving Ducks*. Illustrated by Jean Morley. Brookhampton Press. 12s. 6d.
Unoriginal story about six little ducks who take to water like ducks, and their timid brother, who has to be pushed. Nice bright duckling-yellow drawings.

MAY GARELICK: *Where does the Butterfly go when it Rains?* Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. World's Work. 16s.
Rainy pictures, all in blue, and hardly more to the text than the title. "Artistic", but boring.

RUSSELL HOBAN: *Henry and the Monstrous Din*. Illustrated by Lillian Hoban. World's Work. 18s.
Jolly pictures of Henry whizzing through the air in his pyjamas clamped between the jaws of the Monstrous Din—a Heath Robinson-type noise machine conjured out of his imagination. Henry will be much envied by other small boys who like to make a noise in the early morning—his patient parents even provide breakfast at the end.

BRIAN WILDSMITH: *Birds*. Oxford University Press. 16s.

TOMI UNGERER: *Moon Man*. Whiting and Wheaton. 21s.

DENISE and ALAIN TREZ: *The Royal Hiccups*. Faber and Faber. 18s.

ANITA HEWETT: *Mr. Faksimily and the Tiger*. Illustrated by Robert Broomfield. Bodley Head. 13s. 6d.

JUDY BROOK: *Tim Mouse*. World's Work. 18s.

DON FREEMAN: *A Rainbow of my Own*. World's Work. 15s.

INGEBURG MEYER-REY: *Mischka the Bear*. Oliver and Boyd. 7s. 6d.

DOROTHY MARINO: *Buzzy Bear's Busy Day*. Brockhampton Press. 12s. 6d.

GINA RITCK-PAIGRET: *Anna Mag... the Sea-Lion*. Translated by ... Graham. Illustrated by ... Lentz. World's Work. 15s.

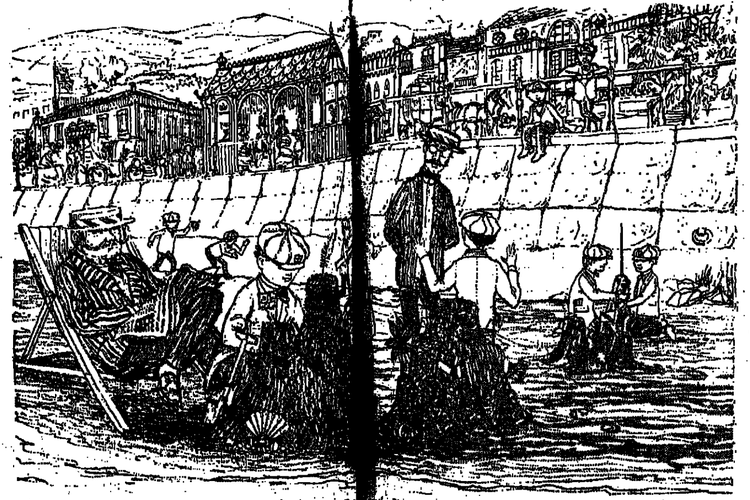
JUDY VARGA: *The Sociable Seal*. *Dragon who liked to Spit Fire*. World's Work. 13s. 6d. each.

BERNARD WABER: *Lyle, Lyle, Crocodile*. Oliver and Boyd. 15s.

MAURICE SENDAK: *Where the Wild Things Are*. Bodley Head. 18s.

ASTRID LINDGREN: *A Dog at ...* Illustrated by ... Methuen. 9s. 6d.

ERICH HÖRLE: *Fenella*. Wolfe... 21s.



ACTION BOYS

So many picture books give an impression of narcissism: smugly admiring their own beauty without a thought that it should be put to specific use; how easily to be marked by dirty fingers or torn in battle for ownership.

Two among the peacock band really look as if they want to be read: preferably by boys between the ages of four and eight. *A Penny to See the Pier* tells of the curious adventure which befell fourteen schoolboys at Shrimpton about sixty years ago, on a day trip to the seaside: not to keep adults in suspense, the pier floats away, with the boys on top. The text is brief but every word counts; the drawings are delightful and make one see in a flash what Mr. Betjeman has been on about all these years: Victorian architecture is fun. And the train, and the trunks, and the tall hats; even the sand-castles look specially lavishing.

The Gunpowder Tower, more lavish but still excellent value for money, concerns a little town in Switzerland. The Tower is now a block of flats where live, among their families, red-haired Paul and his friend Mike. The two boys play hide-and-seek in the cellar and find a secret passage—and that is almost all there is to it, but it is impossible to describe the fun of crawling along the tunnel with Paul and Mike through Herr Schaad's brilliantly involving illustrations, or bursting out, black as pitch, into Mr. Whitehead's bakery. How is it done? Individually the drawings appear almost slapdash, but they cover such a large area, and one's eyes chase over them so fast trying to keep up with the boys, the effect is totally absorbing.

For boys from four to eight, these two rollicking tales? Yes, and for almost everyone else, too.

MICHAEL O'LEARY: *A Penny to See the Pier*. Illustrated by John Haslam. Constable Young Books. 12s. 6d.

HANS P. SCHAAD: *The Gunpowder Tower*. Illustrated by the Author. Abelard Schuman. 18s.

FIRST FAVOURITES

IT is a minor marvel that two young English women, Katharine Hoskyns and Jenny Joseph, have put their heads together and produced at last the perfect small books for small children about small children. This is not to underrate Ant and Bee, or the Corkey books (splendid pint-sized adventures of a baby hedghog, by Cecilia and Jean Hinde, published by Oliver and Boyd); and it is not to forget old stalwarts like Peter Rabbit and Little Black Sambo. But these are books about real children, who go to the park, go to visit Granny, go fishing in the canal with an uncle, and generally behave exactly like children in life. Lois Lenski was the first to notice that what little children like best is to recognize themselves, and even she sometimes lets her characters grow larger than life, attempt deeds better left to grown-ups. Ruth and Martin are totally convincing; they get wet and lose their shoes, and are scolded and comforted. Their young aunt has a motor bike and she takes them out in the side-car; they explore, and find useful bits of rubbish, but they are never far from adult care. The texts are simple, carefully written, and clearly printed; the drawings are true to scale, full of interest, and never busy; the colouring is varied and exciting. There are four books so far, *Boots, Wheels, Wind* and *Water* (the last two are the new ones). They can be read in bed, taken on the bus, lent to friends at nursery school. They are meant to be used, not kept for best, and they deserve to bring their authors fame and fortune; let us hope there will be many more.

Anna also makes a welcome reappearance this season: she tends to rely on her magic uncle for entertainment, but she is engagingly presented as a sort of animated rag doll conjured, like her props, from thin air. For her mother's birthday she makes a delicious cake (strawberries, bananas, meringue and whipped cream); pink-nosed and bug-eyed in bed she sneezes away at her kind uncle so hard that things keep disappearing, but they are all brought safely back at the end. Useful detective fiction for four-year-olds.

Dick Bruna is too well-known to need introduction. His abc is presented in his usual strikingly simple style, and many old friends—apple, sailor, rabbit—are instantly recognized. One lower case letter appears opposite each drawing; your reviewer would have like to see the whole word written, instead. *Red Riding Hood* and *Snow White* are pared down versions of the old tales—cleverly done, undoubtedly, but perhaps children will still prefer the older, more romantic illustrations; to divest fairy tales of their element of magic may make them even more disturbing.

JENNY JOSEPH: *Water. Wind*. Illustrated by Katharine Hoskyns. Constable Young Books. 5s. each.

INGER and LASSE SANDBERG: *Anna's Mother has a Birthday. When Anna had a Cold*. Richard Südler and Brown. 5s. each.

DICK BRUNA: *b is for bear*. 12s. 6d. *Red Riding Hood. Snow White*. 6s. each. Methuen.

And Also . . .

JOAN WALSH ANGLUND: *What Colour is Love?* Collins. 5s.
Less dreadful than the title, because there are sunny little pictures showing the sky is blue, a leaf is green. Miss Anglund's books all seem aimed at aunts, but children may enjoy this one too.

W. AWDRY: *Main Line Engines*. Illustrated by P. and G. Edwards. Railway Series No. 21. Edmund Ward. 6s.
The latest addition to a much-loved series. Less daunting to adults than some recent instalments about old engines, and received with rapture by girls and boys from two years up.

AMELIA FRANCES HOWARD GIBBON: *An Illustrated Comic Alphabet*. Postscript by Judith St. John. Oxford University Press. 18s.
A picture alphabet book made a hundred years ago by an English lady living in Canada. She was the grand-daughter of the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, and must have left Arundel to escape the embarrassment of her mother trying to claim the title for her son (Amelia's brother) when the thirteenth Duke died. The manuscript is in the Osborne Collection of early children's books at the Toronto Public Library; its publication is mainly of interest to students (it is the earliest known Canadian picture book), although the drawings—of little folk in grown-up dress leading grown-up lives (Q was a Quaker who would not bow down, V was a Vintner, a very great Sot)—have charm.

The History of Simple Simon. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Bodley Head. 11s. 6d.
Mr. Galdone is skilful at finding exactly the right idiom for his nursery rhymes brought up to date: this will give pleasure to grandmothers and grandchildren, and many of the verses will be new to both.

TINO LE SIEC: *I Wish that I had Duck Feet*. Collins and Harvill. 8s. 6d.
Genuinely funny pictures by B. Tobey in this latest addition to the enormously successful "I can read it all by myself" Beginner Books.

LEO LIONNI: *Inch by Inch*. Dennis Dobson. 18s.
An inchworm is hardly an ideal subject for a picture book; Mr. Lionni rather directs his talent; his pictures would make a decorative frieze, but they are not a book.

CHARLES MOLIN: *The Football. The Ten Party*. Illustrated by Leslie Wood. (Dormouse Tales.) Hamish Hamilton. 5s. each.
Two more in this funny backward-looking little series about Anne's soft toys and their daring life in the nursery. ("Now you all stay being quiet until I've finished asking Cook about the tea.") No attempt is made to explain about the characters; it is rather like reading a couple of pages of Beckett, at random.

ALAN ROGERS and JACK DADD: *Gog finds a Dog*. Pitman. 7s. 6d.
A first effort by two young designers which nearly comes off. Clear pictures, plenty of action, nice large print; but the colouring is crude, the drawing overemphatic, and the final effect boring.

ANNA STANDON: *Bridle the Bantam*. Illustrated by Edward C. Standon. Constable Young Books. 13s. 6d.
Edward Standon's vivid pictures are too fierce for this dull little story about a bantam who hatches other birds' eggs.

HARVE ZEMACH: *The Speckled Hen*. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.
Rather a good traditional nonsense story, which comes from Russia, on the lines of The House that Jack Built. Witty rhyming couplets, and harum-scarum drawings of the silly peasants.

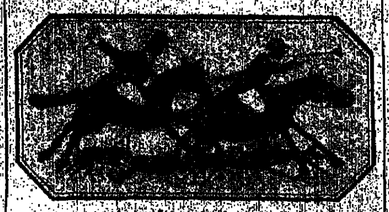
CHARLOTTE ZOLOTOW: *I Want to be Little*. Illustrated by Tony De Luna. Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.
Anyone who remembers with affection the outrageous misdeeds of Buster Brown and his dog Tige (published as huge paperbacks in the early 1900s by W. and R. Chambers, after serialization in the *New York Herald*) will be shocked to find a weedy little girl wearing his clothes, aping his expressions, and owning a dog the living shadow of Tige. Mrs. Zolotow will be haunted by Buster: he always has his revenge.

John Burningham's

HARQUIN
THE FOX WHO WENT DOWN TO THE VALLEY

Living on a hilltop with his family, safe from the squire's huntsmen, Harquin the fox longs to go down to the valley where danger and plump chickens lurk. One night, defying his father's orders, he sneaks down into the village and is spotted by the gamekeeper. Harquin must act quickly to save his family from the hounds.

The charm of the story, the vitality and humour of the hunt pictures, and scenes like that patterned on flowing shapes spread across the pages, make this John Burningham's finest picture-book to date.



10½"×8¾" 32pp 16s September FOR AGES 2-7

BRIM'S VALLEY
Michael Gaunt

When a fierce gale blows through Brim's valley one night, it brings trouble to the whole animal community and particular danger to two little guinea-pigs—Leap and Wilkie. Only an act of tremendous bravery by Brim can save his friends from disaster.

Illustrated by Stuart Tresilian.

LCS 128pp 16s October FOR AGES 6-9

UNCLE AND THE TREACLE TROUBLE
J. P. Martin



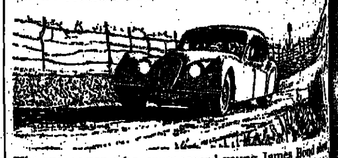
"First-rate nonsense in the style of Lear and Carroll," wrote the *Manx Statesman* of *Uncle and the Dandelion*. This new book, the fourth in the saga of Uncle the benevolent millionaire elephant, is fantasia in the finest tradition.

After the failure of the vile gas-attack by the Badfort crowd, Uncle and his followers are feeling triumphant but a little tired. They are alerted by the Old Monkey's warning that Beaver Haterman and his gang are preparing to sabotage the gigantic mural depicting Uncle and his good works, which is being painted on the wall of Homeward by the well-known artist Waldoyenson Smeare. Sleepy Sam, a fat but efficient watchman who sleeps in a wheelbarrow, is hired to guard the masterpiece. Meanwhile, Uncle's generous efforts to help Jimmy Linseed to set up a shop on Lonely Tower land him heavily into the Treacle Troubles—a sticky sort of trouble that offers Beaver Haterman the chance for sweet revenge.

Illustrated by Quentin Blake.

DS 160pp 15s November FOR AGES 7-12

003½: THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES BOND JUNIOR
R. D. Mascott



The one person who never teased young James Bond about his famous uncle ('I think I'll call you 003½, like the housemaster) was old Mrs Frame of Hazeley Hall, the estate next to his parents' cottage. She gave him a key to the walled garden and the run of the bothy in it: it was to be a secret between them, and he was to keep his treasures and his as he pleased there. But then Mrs Frame died during the summer term, and when James returned home, he found the whole place had been sold to an eccentric recluse, Mr Merck. James's chance to recover his precious possessions came when both his parents have to fly to Africa, leaving him in the care of Mrs Raggles from the village.

Undeterred by Mr Merck's wire fences and fierce dogs, he begins to trespass and makes an unexpected ally in his investigation—small, dirty, tow-headed, ship-jilting Shirley. He soon finds out that very strange and sinister things are going on in Hazeley Hall . . . Could there be any connection between the recent bullion robbery and the odd activities in Hazeley Hall? If so, this is surely a matter for adult intervention: the police, Commander Conningtower of Naval Intelligence, the villagers. But they all have their own hidden grown-up reasons for not wanting to be involved. So James is forced to struggle on alone. Soon he is caught up in a thrilling adventure which calls for the same brand of courage and resourcefulness that made his uncle famous.

Illustrated by Christopher Chamberlain.

FS 128pp 16s October FOR AGES 7-12

TILL EULENSPIEGEL and PUSS IN BOOTS
re-told by Erich Kästner
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY WALTER TRIER
TRANSLATED BY RICHARD AND CLARA WINSTON

These are enchanting retellings of two classic stories by one of the world's finest children's authors. Generation after generation of readers and listeners of all age groups find repeated delight in the adventures of the mischievous clown, Till Eulenspiegel, and the clever cat who worked miracles to gain a kingdom for his master. While all the charm and loved familiarity of the tales is preserved, Erich Kästner's freshly imaginative text and the brilliantly original illustrations by Walter Trier make them an increased pleasure.

Each 10½"×7½" 48pp & 40pp 18s October FOR AGES 5-9

PERRAULT'S FAIRY TALES
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY JANUSZ GRABIANSKI
NEW TRANSLATION BY ANNE CARTER

The seventeenth-century French scholar Charles Perrault (1628-1703) published the very first collection of fairy tales for children. It was a small book, containing some of the world's best stories—one drawn from Chaucer, some so old that their origins had been lost. Included were 'Cinderella', 'Puss in Boots', 'Tom Thumb' and 'The Sleeping Beauty'. Rapidly it gained popularity on the Continent and overseas, and was translated into many languages. The Grimm brothers and fairy-tale tellers since have drawn freely from Perrault.

This edition includes three verse tales which appeared in the original collection, rendered into prose. This lively new translation by Anne Carter skilfully retains the traditional baroque flavour of the master's original.

FS 224pp 30s September FOR AGES 8-9



Jan Pienkowski's
ANNIE, BRIDGET AND CHARLIE

Some of the brightest and most original pieces of contemporary design are being produced in London by a young Polish designer, Jan Pienkowski. His new idea is an alphabet, based on a collection of gay Victorian limericks and illustrated with enchanting nursery-rhyme children in magnificent colour. (Whether it's A, for little Annie (who lives on a farm with her granny), baking enormous cakes and pies in a pantomime kitchen; or R, for rude Master Rick (who once gave his sister a kick), dancing a war-dance in a flowing head-dress of red and gold feathers, the letters of the ABC have never been interpreted with more freshness and animation. He has restored the fun to fundamentals in a way which will delight as many of the older generation as of the new.

9½"×9" 44pp 21s October FOR AGES 3-11

JACKDAWS

This autumn, four titles on the work of famous scientists mark the beginning of a great expansion in the range and scope of *Jackdaws* publications. Using the same format of facsimiles and exhibits in an attractive, durable folder, these new *Jackdaws* will present the facts about great scientific discoveries in a way new to popular science publishing.

Outlining the state of knowledge before the scientific breakthrough, then presenting the scientists' own experimental notes and other key material, each of these *Jackdaws* will enable readers to share in the exciting process of discovery. Additional material will show the effects and application of the discovery in contemporary life.

Next year, the *Jackdaw* series will expand still further to include foreign language teaching, geography, and many other subjects of interest to schools and the general reader.

SCIENCE JACKDAWS
General Editor: Gerald Lesch
S1 Newton and Gravitation by Colin Ronan
S2 The Discovery of the Galaxies by Colin Ronan
S3 Pasteur and the Germ Theory by J. K. Crellin
S4 Darwin and the Evolution of the Species by J. K. Crellin

HISTORY JACKDAWS
41 Hadrian's Wall by David Jones
42 The Russian Revolution by Antony Cash
43 The Great Exhibition 1851 by John Langdon-Davies
45 The Merchant Adventurers by Sheila Lewenhak
46 Caxton and the Early Printers by Sylvie Nicholls
47 The Development of Writing by Carol Donoughue
53 Elizabeth I by John Langdon-Davies

Publication dates to be announced

Each 13"×8" Science 12s 6d, History 11s 6d EDUCATION

Soldiers and Armies

ERNEST E. TUCKER



A panoramic history of soldiers and soldiering from ancient times to the present. The author puts the emphasis throughout on the typical individual soldier in the different periods treated—his attitude towards fighting, the weapons he used, the type of uniform he wore, and the conditions under which he fought. Illustrated. *25s.*

A is for Anatomy *MARGARET COSGROVE*

Describes the anatomy of the human body and how it works. An admirable book for art students as well as a valuable addition to school libraries. Illustrated with 2-colour diagrams throughout. *15s.*

Instruments of Processional Music

LILLA FOX

Includes chapters on the brass and silver bands, a section on the early days of the brass band movement in mining villages and other industrial communities in the north, and on the earliest instruments played in town bands in the Middle Ages. *June. 15s.*

And All Things Nice *ELIZABETH K. COOPER*

The stories of various sweets and condiments, where they come from and how they are harvested and readied for use. Illustrated. *July. 15s.*

The Mudlark *GEOFF DUNHAM*

A new picture story book for the very young which describes the unusual adventures of a young mule at the Zoo. Beautifully illustrated throughout with 2-colour illustrations. *June. 13/6*

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE SERIES

A new series that sets out to excite the interest of young readers who are beginning to experiment in science on their own. The books provide: a wide and progressive range of experiments that can be easily and safely conducted, using readily obtainable materials; a clear step-by-step exposition of the experiments which lead to a comprehensive understanding of the principles behind each subject; and a large number of excellent, clear diagrams. *July. 18s.*

Practical Electricity and Magnetism *Rudolf Graf*

Experimental Chemistry *Morris Gorran*

and coming in the Autumn

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Over 120 illustrations including 50 in full-colour. *August. 25s.*

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LUTTERWORTH PRESS, 4 BOUVERIE ST., E.C.4.

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VERA FERRA-MIKURA

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48 pages/10" × 8"/12s. 6d.

"A find. . . . In the best tradition of continental dead-pan humour. There is a sublime inevitability about this nonsense." *Junior Bookshelf.*

Arlans Christian Andersen Award Honour book.

INGER and LASSE SANDBERG

When Anna had a Cold

Anna's Mother has a Birthday

32 pages/9" × 4½"/5s. 6d. each

The two latest titles in the Little Crown Series. "Gay and unusually imaginative." *The Times Educational Supplement.* "Children from three years upwards will love these books." *Nursery Journal.* . . . written on the earlier titles in the Little Crown books.

the Brothers GRIMM

Sleeping Beauty

The Animal Band

32 pages/10" × 7½"/7s. 6d. each

Sleeping Beauty is most decoratively illustrated, while the drawings in *The Animal Band* are the kind to pore over, adding to the enchanting touch of good luke after another." *Junior Bookshelf.*

Richard Sadler & Brown Ltd 142 Old Street London EC1

Animal Stories

MAN AND BEAST

ANIMALS so often show us up for what we are: nowhere more than in our story-telling about them. Anthropomorphism itself is a kind of human self-conceit, softened by wistfulness. And what about the human characters who appear subordinately in animal fiction?

Towering up on the jackets of two new books are bears, each dwarfing the figure of a boy beside it. But from the neck of one bear runs a cord into the hand of the small but very competent-looking boy. In spite of the bear's name in the title, *Gentle Ben* by Walt Morey is really the boy's story: he wins the heart of a brown bear in Alaska, on more than one occasion saving its life. The book includes much on brown bears and their habits, also on the thrills of commercial salmon fishing and poaching: a thoroughly good read. But there is a touch of vulgarity—not without pathos—in the boy's relationship with the bear: he is "struck to his very heart with joy at the thought of arousing such love and devotion in what would be the biggest bear in the whole world".

In *Ice King*, by Ernestine N. Byrd, the polar bear, Atu, is befriended by an Eskimo boy only for a short time in his cubhood. His story is told circumstantially and respectfully. His contacts with the Eskimos bring him grief: first, they kill his parents; later, full grown, he loses to Eskimo hunters his mate, Tonda—herself a touching, often funny study in ursine femininity. From the hunters he steals back a pelt to fondle it, mourn over it, then at last to commit it to the sea: "Done. Finished." No doubt at least partly a human interpretation of animal grief; but noble.

A Zebra Came to Drink, by Arthur Catherall, includes man among the African predatory species ranged against the young zebra and her newly born foal. The story of the zebras' survival convinces, and holds the attention. Indeed, it grips it even too painfully: the scurry from tight corner to tight corner and the special horrors of Nature's Grand Guignol leave the reader nervously exhausted.

Among the more unusual books is *The Kingfishers* by Karel Novy. This is from Czechoslovakia, with illustrations of a melting beauty of colour and form reminiscent of chinoiserie. The text is less successful. It is charitable to suppose that something has evaporated in translation, when a nestling can ask: "Oh, why are there such nasty birds in the world, Mummy?" The story is told in a thorough-going anthropomorphic tradition now out of fashion here except for very young readers. Even birds "earn a living", and the caged eagle-owl points a human moral when he becomes "dull and stupid, like anyone who has lost his freedom for a long time, like any slave". Accept all this, and the story



From *Mattie*

becomes engaging enough, set in a countryside of forests, fields, rivers and water-mills, with the two kingfishers as its heroes, like innocent peasants, hardworking and harried. The clue to the tone is given in the interesting Author's Note. This relates the story to the author's childhood experience not only of wild life but of folk-tale and fairy-tale: in fairy-tales, which used to make my eyes grow wide with wonder and excitement, all things behave like living creatures endowed with speech: a pigeon or a stag can speak, just the same as a cloud, just the same as a woodman or a peasant.

With horses and dogs, the reader enters the thick of animal-human relationships, of course. *Pancho* by Dorian Williams is the story of the author's purchase of a mystery horse, a splendid creature with a spellbinding pair of "great brown honest eyes". The ease and style of the accomplished raconteur may well overcome certain readers' resistance to horsiness, hunting and the rest. Besides, the author maintains rather endearingly that "whatever the papers say, there are some very nice people who go hunting".

Mattie: the Story of a Hedgehog, by G. D. Griffiths, is unmistakably very good. It may well create no sensation, for it is a quiet book; but of its kind it is better in every respect than some Carnegie winners have been. The writing has admirable restraint and attitude; the young hedgehogs, for instance, were "about the size of pin cushions, and had blunt, undeveloped snouts. They had no prickles and they were a naked greyish-white in colour. Their eyes were closed under wrinkled brows." Mattie is one of these young hedgehogs, and her adventures and bereavements—sometimes by men, who can be spontaneously cruel—are recounted with the same almost poetic exactitude and with a kind of humble tenderness.

WALT MOREY: *Gentle Ben*, Illustrated by John Schoenherr. Dent. 15s.

ERNESTINE N. BYRD: *Ice King*. Illustrated by Marilyn Miller. 6Gs. 15s.

ARTHUR CATHERALL: *A Zebra Came to Drink*. Illustrated by Edward Osmond. Dent. 16s.

KAREL NOVY: *The Kingfishers*. Translated by Peter Avis and Jitka Vavrochová. Illustrated by Martin Hauk. Brockhampton Press. 15s.

DORIAN WILLIAMS: *Pancho*. Illustrated by Owen Ward. Dent. 16s.

G. D. GRIFFITHS: *Mattie: the Story of a Hedgehog*. Illustrated by Ida Wrigley. World's Work. 16s.

And Also . . .

FRANCIS DICKIE: *Husky of the Musketies*. Illustrated by Ambrus. Dent. 16s.

A collection of stories mainly about dogs in British Columbia, in the hearty rolling-tough tradition of Jack London's tales. The author writes without distinction but with great authenticity and impact.

LYND WARD: *Nic of the Woods*. Illustrated. World's Work. 21s.

A dog story in a wild setting, but much younger children. Nic is a puppy who loses himself in bear-frequented forests. He turns up safely at last with an aversion henceforth to anything large in a fur coat.

Family Stories—3

Growing Up

EVERYONE knows the kind of story which *should* interest boys of eleven and over; very few authors write them convincingly because the formula — toughness-with-idealism, sensitive-mixed-upness - with - soundsense—demands much in terms of plot. The reactions of boys to unusual situations are difficult to verbalize; their speech patterns are not easily imitated without the dialogue becoming arch. The distinguished authors are those who can write unstilted dialogue between children and their parents.

All this makes Miss Clewes's achievement in *A Boy like Walt* more commendable. Her archetypal hero is easily recognized, a bright young grammar schoolboy living away from home, saving to buy a motorbike and looking to be a knight-errant of the road so as to win favour in the eyes of Norma, the daughter of the chief piano mind at the garage. His ambitions are matched by his skill but not by his scrupulousness. Trevor, a younger responsible living with his parents, admires Walt and yet is disturbed by him. Trevor's Auntie B. is the strong middle character, a most sympathetic creation and a foil to Trevor's houseproud mother and easy-going father, who are all too surely drawn. The climax comes when Walt uses Trevor to help him to "borrow" a car in which a child is hiding. The rescue of the child and flow they face the consequences are strikingly done. The dialogue contributes much to the dramatic effect.

This Know Pottery is about pottery as a craft and potters as special people. A central mystery—why Philip Ruddock's mother hates the craft which her father practised with distinction and her son learns with ease when two young potters reopen the disused workshop—is solved after the passage of enough time to establish the new pottery as a going concern and to lay the ghosts of the past. This is chronicle rather than plot; the interest lies in the descriptions of the craft.

Reg in *The Min-min* is a young tough whom neither father nor schoolmaster can control. His sister Sylvie is beginning to look beyond the cramped, uneasy life her family leads in the settlers' camp on the Australian railroad, and when Reg is finally threatened with "an institution" they leave home to cross the desert to the home of the Tucker family. The descriptive matter has all the attractive menace of the Australian landscape, yet the actual flight of the children is less gripping than one expects. The min-min, the will o' the wisp light in the desert, is an inconstant symbol in every way, and the illustrations are wholly incompatible with the text. The inevitable resolution is not unlikable, however. Sylvie returns to look after the family, Reg faces institution with increased self-confidence.

Background colour is splashed lavishly and to good effect in *Sun Train*, which brings town peasants north to work and Aguta and her family the north with superstitious dread but are forced by to move to Turin, where apartment house makes no pa for the family goat and the the people are as confusing a new life. The contrast of the cultures is the centre of the which is written with great humour.

DOROTHY CLEWES: *A Boy Like Walt*. Collins. 15s.

JOYCE GARD: *This Know Pottery*. Blackwell. 16s.

MAVIS THORPE CLARK: *The Min-min*. Illustrated by Geneviève Angus and Robertson. 21s.

RENÉE RICCIANI: *The Sun Train*. Harrap. 18s.

And Also . . .

KATHARINE STEWART: *Stuart-in-the-Past*. Illustrated by David Knight. Oliver and Boyd. 15s. 6d.

The treasure in this story is hoarded in the peat bogs of Wester Ross and discovered by a group of Edinburgh schoolchildren with two French penfriends who go there to dig a water pipe track. The tale never takes fire. The short snappy incidents, the strained dialogue and cardboard villains give it the unreal air of a film soporific.

E. C. SYKMAN: *Elfie on the Warpath*. Macmillan. 16s.

A girls' story in a period piece (the time is 1943) they will adopt eleven-year-old Elfie, the tomboy middle child of a wealthy family whose high-spirited her the despair of all adults and brothers. A rumbustious succession practical jokes, the all-or-nothing and hate, a humorous appreciation the folly of grown-ups in general the young give this book a certain unevenness. It may remain a collector's piece.

JEAN WEBSTER: *Daddy-Long-Legs*. Illustrated by Jean Webster and Fairbairn. Dent. 18s.

The secret of Judy Abbott's success with succeeding generations of girls is looked into once again in the Lewis's foreword to the new Children's Illustrated Classics edition.

Children in Other Countries

FIT TO SURVIVE

IT is not altogether out of place to compare Ivan Southall's Australian novel *To the Wild Sky* with a more optimistic *Lord of the Flies*. It is not, certainly, the same terrible, cosmic parable but in its different way it is pointing to much the same truth about humanity: that we survive not through external circumstances but because of whatever qualities we can dredge out of ourselves.

To the Wild Sky concerns a group of six children, aged from eleven to fourteen or so, who set out to fly to the outback home of one of them for a birthday weekend. On the way, the pilot suffers a heart attack and dies, leaving them in a small, bumpy aircraft in rapidly worsening weather conditions and many miles from help. These children are not the super-youths of most adventure stories, and sickness, snobbishness and discomfort have already brought out the worst in most of them before the real crisis occurs. Yet somehow they pull themselves together. Gerald, the rich boy whose birthday it is, has some rudimentary notions of flying, and manages to keep them up. The account of their blind flight into nowhere is one of the most gripping sections of the book. The others sit in silence, tense, sympathetic, occasionally critical, while he fights for control, his emotions running a gamut of terror, triumph and humility to utter, dedicated concentration. Gerald's ordeal in the plane is a tour de force by any standards, and his reaction when it is over, sulky and withdrawn, is utterly convincing.

Gerald has achieved a crash landing on a deserted beach. The children lose everything but their lives and have no idea where they are. They have to find food and water, and some kind of shelter from the sun. But their knowledge is pitifully inadequate and they waste precious time cavilling among themselves. They have to bury the dead pilot, and oddly enough it is this, when they have done arguing about how and where, and what to say over the grave, that brings them together and gives them some sense of common purpose. They grow visibly, while still remaining children. They have been through a terrible experience in the plane and it is this, more than their physical predicament, which has shaken them. Little by little their natural optimism reasserts itself, they begin to feel a certain gusto for the Robinson Crusoe aspect of things. But the most frightening thing of all is still the overwhelming consciousness that all this is real. That they have to go it alone, with no ready-mixed, grown-up world to fall back on. Most important of all: they have to get on with one another.

What makes *To the Wild Sky* such an outstanding book is that never for one moment does Ivan Southall forget that he is dealing with children. It is not the actual physical happenings, brilliant though these are, which give it such conviction, but the mental attitudes. The way even the older ones can seriously spend time and energy on things which, to an adult, would seem inessential, like marking out imaginary rooms of a house on the sand. Such things to them fulfil the same needs as those expressed by the solitary district officer dressing solemnly for dinner in the bush. They have a childish sense of priorities, and yet from one moment to the next each of them can shoot suddenly far ahead into adulthood, and just as quickly back again. This is a book in which children will recognize themselves, but one in which adults may find it disconcerting to recognize their children.

IVAN SOUTHALL: *To the Wild Sky*. Illustrated by Jennifer Tuckwell. Angus and Robertson. 18s.

And Also . . .

ROLLO ARNOLD: *The Freedom of Arikl*. Illustrated by Nancy Parker. Angus and Robertson. 16s.

A New Zealand setting for a good book about a sheep farming family which belongs in the world of *Swallows and Amazons*. The children are well drawn and the mystery well thought out. Can be readily recommended.

FRED BAXTER: *All that Money*. Illustrated. Angus and Robertson. 16s.

Lively and informative story about the lives of people living in a remote farming valley in the Australian bush. It has a slender but plausible plot about two children and a suspected bank robbery which turns out to have been nothing of the kind, pleasantly written and quite unpretentiously readable.

ALEXIS BROWN: *Schooner on the Rocks*. Illustrated by Jenifer Armour. Dennis Dobson. 16s.

A highly entertaining and very well-written story about a small Mediterranean island. It has an endearing moment on the first page when orphaned David is being packed off to Spain to live with yet another Aunt. "The Staffordshire Aunt was in tears as she waved goodbye at London airport. David . . . was terrified she'd change her mind at the last moment." Ungrateful little beast—how true!

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

THE NON-FICTIONAL presenting of a foreign, primitive or bygone way of life to the young is no task for the anxious. Those bright, neat, factual books—Ali's Home in Arabia, Gina Girl of Italy—how can they help but over-tidy, over-simplify the picture? How should the typical Master Arabia be selected—the Master Britain, even? Yet in children's fiction the cautious politeness seems no longer obligatory. There are cracks and dust and contrasts: no whitewash is on the coals. Even so, there is another embarrassment can rise out of books on peoples where two sets of cultures, ancient and western-contemporary, still prevail. What diverts the reader with quaintness may well enrage another.

Of all the stories here, *Riot*, an interesting and complex novel, is the one that crosses the old-new line most completely. The Jamaican author Andrew Salkey has already written three books with a Kingston setting, each from a boy's-eye view. Their themes were, in turn, hurricane and earthquake and drought—straightforward disaster dramas. The present book has a much more difficult subject—the attempt of two ambitious men to form a union in a depressed working district. One of these idealists is Cross-Jon, an ex-seaman cabinet-maker, an authoritative, passionate, a natural hero-figure. The other is his fellow ex-seaman, Martin Manson, a cultured and thoughtful, now chief engineer at the Kingston Refinery. Gerald, Manson's son, is a very lurking grammar-school boy with his new Raleigh bike, his two crazy schoolboy chums, and through his not-too-amused observation that the reader gets most of the pathos, terror, excitement and despair of the situation that touches both his father and the real people in the town. When the new Brogue factory fails to present its promises to give work to the many unemployed, Martin and Crossman try to organize a token strike. But rebel elements are impatient, rioting starts, tempers are fired, there are deaths, Cross-Jon is imprisoned. Yet the book is not actually timed and dated. Andrew Salkey's drawings are, perhaps, slightly sentimental, but they cannot help their air of caricature and this is unlucky for their serious and moving context.

Antipodean native history takes a different path from that of the West Indies. *Mathinna's People* compellingly traces a sombre chapter of the old Tasmanian past. Apart from Tasman's fleeting early visit, the first waves of explorers to trouble the peaceful island people came in the eighteenth century. The accessible east coast was soon overrun. But tribes in the forests and hills of the west remained hidden until the British hastily settled the place as a convict colony to prevent any similar action from Napoleon. A Conciliator was appointed to persuade the harried natives to move from their violated grounds to a small northern island. This man was George Arthur Robinson, whose diaries form the basis of the book. Tricked or pushed into the bleak "reserve", made to wear European clothes, deprived of occupation, the wretched natives did not long survive. A pretty little girl, daughter of the last of the western chiefs, was taken for a while to live at Government House with the Franklins; she is the Mathinna of the title. Nan Chauncy reconstructs this tale of a lost golden age, as she sees it, from the view of several generations of island dwellers: it is a strange and haunting story.

Koto and the Lagoon, for slightly younger readers, has the quality of presenting entirely recognizable children in a bygone African tribal setting. In this delightful book Koto, a well-brought-up little boy, lives with his formidable grandmother in a coastal village near to a great lagoon; here, one day, he finds a curious newcomer, a little girl who has made a home in a tall, deserted anthill. This is Wa, an orphan, born in the south, the other side of the great Ashanti forest belt. Sold as a slave she has run away, and has stopped at last after many weeks' wandering. Koto, puzzled, moved, shocked, almost hypnotized by the saucy, pathetic waif, brings her food and companionship, yet worries because he is breaking so many laws. But two illuminating acts solve his mounting difficulties. He learns (and shares) the old priest's secret control of the lagoon: his grandmother decides that the girl is the returned spirit of one of her own drowned childhood friends. Tribal beliefs can be bent to human needs.

The gracefully written *Mogo's Flute* has also some pleasing points of relevance to any child's experience. Mogo, a Kikuyu boy in Kenya, is delicate (therefore under an evil spell, or *thahu*). "Poor Mogo", he is called. No one asks him to hoe or weed, or to do hard tasks. As for his gift of playing the flute—"What good is that to him?" grumbles his father. "The tune it blows goes into the air and vanishes—it neither sprouts bananas nor breeds goats." Mogo decides to go to the old wise man in the forest to ask advice. "Everyone has a *thahu*", he is told. "That is life. You must learn to master it." And he bids the boy find the answer to a riddle. A series of events, some moving, some humorous, bring him a change in his reputation. Finally, he lures back the whole village herd of goats, which vanished during a violent storm. Ah, says father, That flute playing of his, that is not so useless after all. Yes, yes, the flute is not an idle instrument after all. The flute was also the answer to the riddle. Of course (the wise man comments) "it's a different thing for each person".

Narni of the Desert (in the Antelope series) is a simply written story for six to eight year olds, about a little Bushman boy in the Kalahari desert. Lamenting that he is still too young to be a hunter, he finds and tethers a large old tortoise: to the reader's great relief, however, the creature escapes. Then, with an older boy, he fights a splendid eland, retraces alone the wind-blurred track and summons the men to bring their poisoned arrows. So he wins his promotion. A conventional character, really.

ANDREW SALKEY: *Riot*. Oxford University Press. 15s.

NAN CHAUNCY: *Mathinna's People*. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Oxford University Press. 15s.

GERALDINE KAYE: *Koto and the Lagoon*. Illustrated by Joanna Stubbs. André Deutsch. 16s.

HILDA VAN STOCKUM: *Mogo's Flute*. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Constable Young Books. 13s. 6d.

GWEN WESTWAY: *Narni of the Desert*. Illustrated by Peter Warner. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

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Children's Book Survey, The Times Literary Supplement 1966

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Under Nines—3

Unfamiliar Places

CHILDREN GOING to live in a strange place experience not only the excitement of exploring unfamiliar territory but also the pleasures—and agonies—of meeting new people and making new friends. If the places and friends they have left have been much loved there is also the wretchedness of missing them. The proportions of joy and misery in the settling-in period vary with the circumstances and with the child.

For the heroine of *Myeko's Gift*, whose family has emigrated from Japan to California, the proportion of misery is very great. But because her American school-fellows find her as strange as she finds them there is adjustment on both sides.

At first Myeko longs for Japan and her old way of life. Later, wanting to become wholly American, she spurns everything Japanese, but the American children have now developed a friendly curiosity towards her and keep demanding to know more about her country. Typical of this period is a kite-flying episode which ends with all the boys wanting to make fish kites like hers in preference to the ones they can buy in the supermarket. In the end Myeko comes to realize that she would be wrong to try to throw off her whole Japanese heritage. Not only can she retain much of it while still being American but she can even make a valuable contribution to her new environment because of it.

This is quite an advanced concept for children under ten, but it is assimilable in this charming story. The reader has no difficulty in entering into Myeko's feelings, strange though they may be. Neither author nor illustrator is Japanese, but both have succeeded in communicating a convincingly oriental outlook.

The tragic circumstance of her parents' death in a road accident forces Emma, the heroine of *The High House*, to make an adjustment even greater than Myeko's. She is separated from her brother and taken to live with an aunt in Edinburgh. The aunt, an artist, lives in a studio flat at the top of a dilapidated tenement house in the old town, which is as different as it can be from the modern house in the garden suburb where she has previously lived. The slapdash aunt is equally different from her own mother. The Scottish school, with boys and the cane, is also a shock. In the end Emma becomes reconciled—perhaps a little too facilely—to all these things and chooses to stay with this aunt rather than rejoin her brother with another.

The narrator is the thirteen-year-old heroine herself, and the language is appropriately juvenile, but the contents seem aimed at a rather older readership than the other books in this group, making it more suitable for those children of secondary school age who are not very fluent at reading.

Like Myeko and Emma, Mossy Trotter has also recently moved to a new environment, though the change in his case is far less catastrophic—merely from London to the country, and successful readjustment is immediate and complete. His new home opens on to a common, a place of bliss for the town-bred child, though, characteristically, it is the rubbish dump that provides his seventh heaven. Other pleasures come from riding in his grandfather's sports car and playing in forbidden tar. The prospects of being page at a wedding and of having his tonsils out fill him with gloom. It is all very much like real life.

The author's greatest talent is in characterization. Mossy, his family and his friends are lively, lifelike people whom one would like to know. Even the prim Miss Silkin, whom one would prefer not to know, is a joy on paper. It is a pity they are let down by smudgy, unattractive illustrations.

The move from town to country is also that made by the children in *The Gypsy Tree*. Unfortunately they hardly have time to appreciate the countryside before it is covered up with new houses. Each wave of building is in turn resented and then the resentment forgotten as the children of the new occupants are absorbed into the gang. In the end the countryside has disappeared, but the children sentimentally and unconvincingly persuade the townsfolk to incorporate a little wildness in every garden.

This is a very American book, which might serve to show what life is like on the other side of the Atlantic, if only the English child can understand the unfamiliar vocabulary and grammar. The accepted attitudes are quite different from English ones. The casual felling of the tree of the title is met with unsympathetic indifference by the American parents. In this country there would almost certainly have been a preservation order on the tree and its removal would have led to a public outcry.

Judith and Caroline's move to Dublin in *The Ink-bottle Club* is for the summer holidays only. Their grandmother runs a hotel school, where, with four cousins and four other children, they hold a holiday club. Grown-up "distinguished visitors" are invited to tell them stories and these are incorporated in the book. The date is 1913 and period charm comes through more strongly than Irishness. Most of the heroes and heroines have distinct personalities, but ten is really too many to feel for deeply, and the book suffers from the lack of one predominant character. It is, nevertheless, entertaining in a rather placid way.

KAY HAUDAARD: *Myeko's Gift*. Illustrated by Dora Tornel. Abelard-Schuman. 16s.
HONOR ARUNDEL: *The High House*. Illustrated by Eileen Armitage. Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR: *Mossy Trotter*. Illustrated by Lazlo Acs. Chatto and Windus. 16s.
ETHEL COLLIER: *The Gypsy Tree*. Illustrated by Peter Warner. (Reindeer Books.) Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.
SARAH STAFFORD SMITH: *The Ink-bottle Club*. Illustrated by Anne Linton. Harrap. 16s.

And Also . . .

MARY COCKETT: *Strange Valley*. Illustrated by Mary Dinsdale. Oliver and Boyd. 9s.
Mrs. Cockett's latest book is lifted out of the run of well-manicured, well-produced, undemanding stories for nice and ten-year-olds by its country background, the lovely and even now little-known Manifold Valley in the line of hills that divides West Riding Derbyshire and Staffordshire. She and her illustrator have caught the feeling of the place in this quiet holiday story of two children discovering the river's secrets.
LAVINIA DERWENT: *Mapperton on the Farm*. Illustrated by Dorothy Clark. Burke. 9s. 6d.
Mapperton (this is no Christian name!), the engaging Glasgow messenger-boy, and two other urchins, one of them a near-delinquent orphan, are given an unexpected holiday on a farm. The incredibly kind farmer and his wife (ages 19 and 20) and the down-and-outs who present themselves eventually adopt the orphan. Chaste making but predictable adventures of the pull-boosts kind abound.
BARBARA TREVOR: *Follow Me, Leader*. Illustrated by Reginald Gray. Oliver and Boyd. 7s. 6d.
A sleepy vicarage Yorkshire parish in which two young children are left to their own devices is the setting for this story of a search for a missing boy. Their uncle is in France by air-car-ferry, all rather naively described. Despite their tender years and lack of French their article leaves them to exploit alone, and unaided they track down a spy. Fortunately they hand over the job of actually arresting the spy to the police, but credulity has already been strained too far.
HANS PETERSEN: *Elfie Seeks Adventure*. Translated by Irene Bishop. Illustrated by Stig Söderström. Burke. 9s. 6d.
Swedish Lisa, her mother and young sister, have come to live in a village on a fjord. Though a foot deformity at first sets her apart from the other children, she makes a few friends, gets into various kinds of mischief, and rescues a boy from drowning. Not up to this author's usual standard, largely because Lisa has not the attractive personality of Ulla Peter or Magnus.
MARGARET WOODS: *Dog It a Fair*. Illustrated by Peter Warner. Oliver and Boyd. 12s 6d.
The story, again, benefits from its solid village background, against which the Harvest Festival, the local Mop, and a search for a lost dog and a gang of local thieves are seen as landmarks in the continuing pattern of country life. Mrs. Woods is good at catching the flavour of the child's outdoor world and the

The Child's Bible

THESE THREE BOOKS are alike in that they all have illustrations which are brightly coloured and of the primitive kind so favoured in children's religious books today. These do not appeal to every taste, but if one tries them on a cross-section of the readers for whom they are intended, they seem to meet with general favour. Those familiar with previous volumes in the Burns and Oates "The Bible for Children" will know what to expect. The text of these two volumes is theologically neutral, so that they may be read without offence by Protestant as well as Catholic, but there are one or two expressions which jar on the reader ("At last God said to Moses: 'This is the limit'") and words are put into Pilate's mouth ("Your Roman Law decrees that only the Roman governor can have a man executed") which clearly belong to the Jewish priests. These are small details, but a very little care could have avoided undignified or inaccurate expressions.

The *Bible for Young Christians* is an excellent introduction to the ideas of the Old Testament, though it is possible that the illustrations and the text will appeal to quite different age groups. The early stories are told in a way which keeps their poetry but reconciles them with modern knowledge, and the interspersal of psalms as commentary on this or that story is an attractive and meaningful way of presenting them. The editorial comment is good, and any young reader who has worked through the book will have his mind prepared for a deeper study of the Bible when he is older. In so short a book there has to be selection and compression, and this leads to occasional oddities of statement, as on page twenty-four where God apparently gives Noah seven days to build the ark. But the faults are few and far outweighed by the merits, while readers unfamiliar with the Grail translation of the Psalms used in the text will find it simple, dignified and attractive.

HAMISH SWANSTON: *Moses Receives God's Law. Jesus Dies to Save Us*. Volumes 3 and 9 of "The Bible for Children". Illustrated by Enzo Probst. Burns and Oates. Hard back 10s. 6d. each. Paperback 3s. 6d. each.
A.-M. CHAGNIAC and ROSEMARY HARRINGTON: *Bible for Young Christians*. Volume I. The Old Testament. Illustrated by Jacques Lenzelt, Geoffrey Chapman. 21s.

And Also . . .

BARBARA TAYLOR (Editor): *Children's Stories of the Bible from the Old Testament. Children's Stories of Jesus from the New Testament*. Illustrated. Odhams Books. 11s. 6d. each.
These two volumes in the never-ending series of children's books of Bible stories are better than most in the admirable clarity of the type and the value given for money. The stories are competently told, and the editor has included the stories of the lesser prophets, which most books of this kind shirk. The illustrations are realistic and so drawn that every character is given its own individuality, and this should help to make the stories come alive to young readers.

New editions that will be welcomed by another generation of young readers and also by children's libraries as replacements (for copies already on most library shelves) are three of Agnes Allen's popular illustrated surveys: *The Story of the Book*; *The Story of Clothes*; and *The Story of Sculpture*. All are published by Faber and Faber at 21s. each and appeared originally in 1952, 1953 and 1958.



LET'S-READ-AND-FIND-OUT SCIENCE BOOKS

Big Tracks, Little Tracks *Franklyn M. Branley*
Follow Your Nose *Paul Showers*
My Hands *Ali*
Your Skin and Mine *Paul Show*

Four new titles in this popular series of introductions, expertly planned, text and illustrated for children of 4-8. This series encourages a child to have a spirit of enquiry and investigation and to make his own discoveries. Each book is illustrated in full colours throughout. 20 titles are now available. *Each book is illustrated in full colours throughout.*

LOOKING AT OTHER COUNTRIES

Looking at Italy *Rupert Mo*

This volume in a new series for young readers is of a very high standard. The text is necessarily compressed for, in its short length it covers the regional geography, people, art, sport, education and history of Italy. Despite the compression, the text is accurate and up to date. But it is the first-class photographic illustrations, nearly all in colour, that make the book so attractive. Intelligent nine-year-olds will not only read it with pleasure while those several years older will still get a great deal from it, particularly if they were visiting Italy on holiday with school or family. *Parents may also find it useful.* The Times Educational Supplement

Already published: Looking at Holland. 12s 6d net: *To be published:* Looking at Norway (29 June, 13s net), Looking at Greece (September, 15s net).

THE LANDS AND PEOPLES SERIES

The Land and People of Poland *Joan Cha*
The Land and People of Morocco *Rupert Mo*

The most recent titles in this popular series which now covers 43 countries, all illustrated with a map and 15 plates. They are that unusual thing—readable books about other countries. . . . the descriptions are vivid whether you are a historian or just wanting to know about other people; you will welcome all these books. TEACHERS WORLD

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

Under Nines—4

Bridges and Rusks

SPECIFICALLY designed to help children from the school reader, on one bank, to the full-scale children's novel on the other, bridge books have a very real role to play. The back of the Reindeer jackets are quite blunt about their purpose. They are to "instil in children the habit of reading". With their bright jackets, clear print, limited length and carefully chosen subject matter and vocabulary, they certainly encourage children who might otherwise be dabbling in comics and annuals to tackle real books. By definition, anyone reading a bridge book is still finding reading a bit of an effort. The child has got to feel that that effort has been worth while.

It is not enough for the books to improve his reading facility, to help him to reach the greater riches on the far bank. Ideally, like the best of children's fiction, each one should offer him experiences he would never otherwise have had and friends he would not otherwise have known, as an American critic defined it.

This is perhaps a tall order for a book that may be of fewer than ten thousand words, but it must be attempted if a bridge book is not to be boring. And boredom must be avoided at all costs. An Antelope reader who is bored and does not get to the end of the book may well feel himself a failure. His confidence will have been shaken. It may be weeks before he reads again in out-of-school hours anything more demanding than *Treasure*.

The least rewarding of the books in the present batch is the one that on the surface might be thought to be the most exciting—*The Helicopter Children*. The subject seems to have everything. Helicopters are up to date, their air-sea rescue work is dramatic, and the threat that this particular unit is to be moved means that the children can become involved by organizing a petition, and so on. The trouble is that neither ideas nor characters are fully realized. The children seem to stand on the edge of the subject matter—though six-year-old Mark, with his mouth hovering near his mouth in moments of crisis, nearly comes alive. The book is not helped by the illustrations which reduce all characters to caricatures.

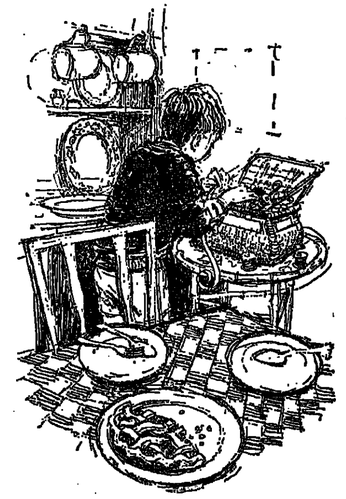
Old Chairs to Mend is also guilty of the charge of being boring. Noel Streatfeild, in admirably attempting to get off the beaten track, seriously misjudges her audience. The book is really an exercise in nostalgia for things that are dying out: caning chairs, knife-grinding, busking, pie-bald horses. The trouble is that children of this age are not really interested in nostalgia, nor in details of how to cane a chair. The admiring exclamations of young Emma and Paul ring a little hollowly.

Timothy and Tinker tells of Timothy's introduction of a puppy into his family without asking permission first. It is possible to return the dog, and everything depends on Tinker's behaviour. Non-dog-loving parents of children who plead for puppies may wish for Tinker to be promptly returned, but of course he is not. He manages to win all hearts and everything ends happily. Yet the book makes its own point that pets affect everyone in the family and need constant attention from their young owners.

Pets again in Barbara Willard's *The Pet Club*, like *Timothy and Tinker* attractively illustrated by Lynette Hemmant. Four children, unable to have pets of their own in their flats in a converted house, form a pet club and rashly put up a notice "BRING YOUR UNWANTED PETS HERE". What they want is members for their club. What they get is an abandoned donkey. But happy endings seem to be inevitable in this type of book. The slightly irascible landlord hates the sound and smell of a motor mower. Moreover, his friend has just invented some patient donkey boots. All is rather surprisingly well. The story is a small one but fully realized; the reader's effort will have been well worth while.

The two new books by Prudence Andrew are both good ones, never for one moment boring. *The Christmas Card* has the biggest theme of any of these books. It is about a boy who was abandoned in a telephone box as a tiny baby, and brought up in a children's home. It is the story, moving but never sentimental, of his attempt to find someone to belong to. "'I'd never had a Christmas card before', he said. 'I'd never had an auntie.'"

Dan's journey to his auntie is full of contemporary details: doing a ton on the back of a motor-bike, sheltering in an all-night launderette, drinking coffee in a cellar with beat music booming.



From *Mr. Morgan's Marrow*

The atmosphere of *Mr. Morgan's Marrow* is quite different and even more vivid. At the beginning David is high up on the Welsh hills, collecting manure and looking down on his village, with the slag heaps towering over it like black pyramids. But of course this is no story of Aberfan. It is only a prize marrow which disappears ("It's the subsidence, see") down a hole on the very morning of the annual show. All the same, through the details and the rhythms of the Welsh voices, we are made to feel that this matters.

Some fragments remain after reading a stack of these bridge books—a few friends made, a new experience or two, some words of wisdom, a little information, some wisps of atmosphere, and a few bright details ("a sheep's skull with a harebell growing through one of the eye-holes"). Reindeers claim to form a child's first library, but these are really books for the school and the public library to buy, not parents. Few of them stand re-reading. They are rusks for children to bite on, to train their jaws for the richer, tougher reading that lies ahead. But it is good that the best are good rusks, which nourish as they train.

DENISE HILL: *The Helicopter Children*. Illustrated by Fereith Eccles Williams. (Pied Piper.) Methuen. 12s. 6d.
NOEL STREATFEILD: *Old Chairs to Mend*. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. (Antelope.) Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.
JENNY SEED: *Timothy and Tinker*. Illustrated by Lynette Hemmant. (Antelope.) Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.
BARBARA WILLARD: *The Pet Club*. Illustrated by Lynette Hemmant. (Antelope.) Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.
PRUDENCE ANDREW: *The Christmas Card*. Illustrated by Mary Russon. (Reindeer.) Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.
PRUDENCE ANDREW: *Mr. Morgan's Marrow*. Illustrated by Janet Duchesne. (Antelope.) Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

And Also . . .

CONSTANCE M. WHITE: *The Bus Seekers*. Illustrated by Roger Payne. Oliver and Boyd. 9s. 6d.
Nothing very new in this story for seven and eight-year-olds—a hunt for a lost dog is helped by Mike's hobby of collecting bus numbers and Emma's love of drawings—but it is lively, well written and true to life, a good addition for the primary school class library.

FUN FOR BABIES

EILEEN COLWELL'S third story collection in the Young Puffin series, *Time for a Story*, is for very young tots indeed. It contains a pleasing medley of little tales, each only a page or two long, and there are some verses, some party games and some finger-plays which would be fun for babies who were too young to be interested by the stories. Most of the stories are gathered from very sources, but there are a few favourite old friends like "The Red Hen" and "The Elves and the Shoemaker". There is a nice little story for a very young play-group, which features a small child on a potty.

Mary Kate and the Jumble Bear is a pleasant everyday story which has a good length for reading aloud to a young child. Mary Kate, who is about five, has a happy home life and, out of this simple material, Helen Morgan has spun another collection of anecdotes filled with the very detailed description of familiar things which particularly appeal to little girls.

Simpey and his Grandmother have good fun together when he stays in her house. Simpey is six and his grandmother is large and jolly and full of energy and bright ideas, though perhaps a parent, reading these tales aloud would feel that having a pig to stay was a bit of grandparental irresponsibility. It is a pity that the attractive drawings do not always tally with the text—Simpey, who is said to be "round as a butter-ball", is pictured as quite a slim little boy; the pig, too, is rather unconvincing.

EILEEN COLWELL: *Time for a Story*. Illustrated by Charlotte Hough. (Young Puffin Original.) Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.
HELEN MORGAN: *Mary Kate and the Jumble Bear*. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.
ELISABETH ROBERTS: *Simpey and his Grandmother*. Illustrated by Judith Trevelyan. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

And Also . . .

RUTH AINSWORTH: *The Ten Tales of Shallover*. Illustrated by Antony Maitland. (Young Puffin.) Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.
The stories that Shallover the cat told to the other animals in Mrs. Candy's garden were first published in 1961.
LESLA BURO: *How John Caught the Sea Horse. The Penguin who Couldn't Paddle*. Illustrated by Edward Standon. (Young Puffins.) Penguin Books. 3s. each.
Both these collections of stories are published in Penguins' Initial Teaching Alphabet edition, and are welcome additions to the growing amount of good reading material for young children available in it.

Elleston Trevor
Mole's Castle
The Wizard of the Wood
Badger's Moon
(Re-issues)
'These books are fashioned of the sort of stuff that endures' Whitefriar Talking 18s each

Noel Streatfeild
Before Confirmation
'A book long overdue . . . I am delighted with it'—
Canon T. H. Pugh, Chaplain to H.M. The Queen, Senior Chaplain to the Butlin Organization. 10s 6d

Mabel Esther Allan
It Started in Madeira
The story of a pursuit which begins in Madeira and ends in the foggy back streets of Liverpool. 18s

Lloyd Alexander
The Black Cauldron
The second book in a trilogy based on Celtic legends. 21s

John Wingate D.S.C.
Full Fathom Five
A Submariner Sinclair Story. 'Gripping and adventurous . . . a delight to read.' 18s September Uffa Fox

Patrick Duggan
The Golden Horseshoe
A story based on an Irish Legend. By the author of The Travelling Boy 16s

Susan Skinner
Sparrows and Bouins
A fantasy about the contrasted 'invented' race of Bouins and the suburban world of the Sparrow children. 16s

Jenifer Wayne
Someone in the Attic
A new comedy of family life by a leading writer in the field. 18s

John Grierson
Heroes of the Polar Skies
A thrilling and informative account of polar exploration from the air. 21s

HEINEMANN

Mattie: The Story of a Hedgehog
G. D. GRIFFITHS 16/-
"The five-year life, and death, of a garden hedgehog, beautifully told and illustrated. Factual, not whimsical—no humanised thoughts or speech—this piece of observation could well become a tiny classic of hedgehog biography." *Naomi Lewis*
Illustrated by Elsie Wrigley

Elizabethan Poetry Award Competition 15/-
A selection of poems which won awards in the first Poetry Contest held by the *Elizabethan* magazine.
"I am amazed at the assurance, the resourcefulness, the imaginative quality of these poems . . ." —*From the Introduction by James Reeves*

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MARY MCBURNEY GREEN

Whether it is running or reading the young child finds difficult, this book, with its sparkling pictures and clear large type, will be an encouragement to try and try and try again until that, too, is easy to do. 15/-
Illustrated by Len Gittleman

In the Woods, in the Meadow, in the Sky
AILEEN FISHER
The sights and sounds of the outdoors come alive in this bright collection of poems that present a fresh view of the world of nature. 15/-
Illustrated by Margot Tomes

The Hand of Apollo
ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
The brilliance and shadow of ancient Greece irradiate this thoughtfully written story about a young Corinthian torn between the gods of destruction and creation.
Illustrated by Robin Jacques 15/-
A complete list will be sent on request
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3 VILLAGE WAY, BECKENHAM Bac. 7799

A FEW GOOD ONES

*Ian Cornwall's
HUNTER'S HALF MOON
A novel of the Old Stone Age: It really happened, or something very like it. This is the first junior book by Ian Cornwall since his *Making of Man* won the Carnegie Medal in 1960, and is also illustrated by Marjorie Maitland Howard
18s net

F George Kay on SHIPS
Norman Wymer on TIMBER
are two additions to the well-known *IT'S MADE LIKE THIS BOOKS, for the boy or girl going into industry (70% do). Full of pictures and a good text. "First-class study material for secondary children and may well help in the choice of careers", said the *School Librarian*. Previous titles: *Roads, Glass, Steel, Rubber, Carpets, Pottery.* Ea 11s 6d net

L Hugh Newman's
CREATE A BUTTERFLY GARDEN
A new outdoor hobby outlined by this well-known naturalist and broadcaster: how to attract, feed and even tame these lovely (and diminishing) creatures in town and country. Lovely pictures.
25s net

Boleslaw Cynk
COMPETITIVE PATIENCE GAMES
New games, new procedures, improved solutions of known games, with the emphasis on competitive play for two or more. From the publishers of the classic Dalton's *The Complete Patience Book.* (12s 6d) Many diagrams.
18s net

*Pat Huxford's
PRIMER OF SAILING
A novel introduction, entirely in pictures and captions, to small boat handling by an instructor of the Central Council of Physical Recreation. 15s net

*D St P Barnard's
IT'S ALL DONE BY NUMBERS
An introduction to the fascination of numbers, from two and two to computerization, by *Brainteaser* of *The Observer*. 15s net

*L J Ludovici's
SEEING NEAR AND SEEING FAR
The world of microscopes and telescopes, with many plates, including satellite moon close-ups.
18s net

And, of course, those recent best-selling favourites: *THE SHELL BOOK OF HOW CARS WORK, many colour plates, and a magnificent bargain at 15s; and the *Grigsons' **SHAPES AND STORIES**, a book about painters and pictures, lavishly illustrated in colour. 30s

Teachers will be interested in:
Juliette Alvin's **MUSIC THERAPY** by the founder of the Society for Music Therapy (36s); Diana Spearman's **ANIMAL ANTHOLOGY** a fine collection of writings about every kind of animal (25s), royalties to the Fauna Preservation Society; Sydney Northcote's **BYRD TO BRITTEN**, a survey of English song (30s); Denis Wright's **SCORING FOR BRASS BAND** (30s); and Paul Salver's **ART OF TRANSLATING POETRY** (15s) all have been recently published.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN BAKER
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All books listed cloth boards. Those asterisked on the LCG list.

Mainly Boys—2

COMPUTERISED THRILLS

In a recent article in the Sunday press, a distinguished psychologist suggested that the distance between humans and computers is fast diminishing; that men are becoming more like machines, and machines like men. It will be for us, he says, to build into the functional organisms of the future the qualities which will make that future tolerable. We must build-in not only high executive capability, but also the tenderer reactions which will ensure that the machines continue to put up with man. We shall build-in compassion, so that they may keep us as pets; creativity, so that the world shall not die in a sterile vacuum; love, charity and perception, so that the new Eden may be populated by creatures made in the image of what is best in man.

This is a Frankenstein concept, whether fantasy or reality we don't yet know for sure. Already there are signs of a readiness to rely on a formula instead of on a human, flexible response. It is useful to have a computer to discern multiple authorship in the Pauline epistles, to play an unconquerable game of draughts or chess; less necessary, perhaps, to elicit the translation of a Chinese poem or to write original computer poetry; disastrous to suppose that, fed with a few crude instructions, the machine will produce masterly fiction for the young.

Yet three out of the seven books reviewed below read as if the authors had believed that a handful of ingredients such as Treasure, Revenge, Romance, Hero, Villain, Historical Setting, Local Colour, mixed in the right proportions and strung along an arbitrarily chosen story-line might result in a masterpiece. This isn't, unfortunately, what happens. Computers can, to some extent, substitute for human industry, but not for human perception and feeling, not for the imaginative jump which tells a real writer how real human beings feel and think and act in an imagined situation. Without this any book remains no more than the sum of its parts, a pedestrian account of facts related to each other only by a sequence of time, and, in the case of the first three books mentioned, unredeemed by any felicity of arrangement or expression.

These three books all deal with treasure, and are set in the last century: the first two have the Australian gold rush as their background. In *Fight for Gold* we are invited to follow the fortunes of the Murray family, in particular those of the two Murray boys, travelling with their parents to Ballarat. On the way they rescue a solitary girl, badly in need of care and protection, and on arrival become involved in some of the many skirmishes and fights with other diggers and with the troopers, in their endeavour to get rich quickly. The events themselves are not improbable; it was not, after all, a settled life. But they are uninteresting because they have no roots in or bearing on, the characters of the people involved, who, like the figures in a shooting booth, move stiffly across a panoramic backcloth, never altering their attitudes, held permanently in a different plane from the scene behind.

Equally unconvincing is *Quest for Nuggets* by Robert Bateman, which tells the story of Bill Wallace and Reuben from their first meeting on board a ship from England bound for Australia to Bill's return months later, with just enough gold for his Emma's wedding ring. Here again melodramatic events follow each other with breathless rapidity; the Red Queen herself hardly moved faster to achieve so little. Only a little better is *Hidden Treasure in the Wild West* by Oren Arnold; this is a play, because it is basically a sound idea to retell the stories, part fantasy part folk-lore, which have grown up around the idea of treasure discovered or deliberately hidden somewhere in the West and then irretrievably lost, still to be searched for in the hands of a real story-teller this might have been a winner; it fails because Mr. Arnold lacks the art of compelling the attention of his reader.

Halfway to being good, but somehow no more than halfway, is a different sort of adventure. *The Big Wheel*, by Robert Lawson, describes the building of the great Ferris wheel, the first of its kind, named for its inventor, for the World Exhibition in Chicago in 1893. This story from true life is linked with the story of Conn, a young Irish émigré, his struggle to establish himself in the new world, and his mild romance. The narrative is quite pleasant and the pace leisurely; perhaps one of the troubles about this book is that everyone is too nice, the outlines a little woolly, no strong emotions either delineated or aroused. Although it is streets better than any of the three preceding volumes, it is still a machine product.

Finally three "custom built" books; no one of them a work of genius, but each with the hallmark of genuine ability. Tom Jones, the first person narrator and hero of *The Ann and Hope Mutiny*, orphaned at the age of fifteen, is both fascinated and frightened by the character of Mr. Swanson, a semi-nautical man who formerly lodged with Tom's mother in the east coast town of New Bedford in the United States, more than a hundred years ago. Tom's self-appointed guardian, the local minister, undertakes a voyage to the South Seas in order that he may convert the cannibal islanders to Christianity; Tom accompanies him and so does Mr. Swanson, bound on a mysterious mission which he refuses to explain. Although the events which make up the story, kidnapping, revenge, the search for treasure, are as remote from the real lives of most of us as those in the former books, in this case Christopher Webb has written about real people, reacting in a real way to their environment, and it is this, and not only that certain situations and characters recall the earlier work, which puts it into a class worthy of comparison with *Treasure Island*.

Next, a story set in Australia again in the middle of the last century. *The River and the Road*, by Judith Wright, is the story of the three Markham children. There is a mystery in the small town near Sydney, in which they live; the doctor has a secret visitor, a stranger is hiding in the cliffs above the river, Mr. Markham's big knife is missing. Emily, the eldest child, is tied to the domestic tasks which her mother thinks proper for a young lady's education, but Max, whose lame foot prevents him from joining in the activities of his more extraverted brother George, finds himself half unwillingly involved in the end of a story of injustice and revenge which had begun many years before. The book ends with a crisis of real excitement; and the characters of the three children are excellent; each is an individual who acts in a normal and credible way, and through whose behaviour the narrative unfolds. In this story, too, the sense of period is felt, though never obtruded.

Lastly a book of quite a different character. *Wilderness Friend*, by Charles Perkins, is the account of the relationship between a boy and his dog. Molly is a puppy when she first comes to alleviate the boredom Charlie suffers as his broken leg heals; by the end of the book she is a full-grown St. Bernard. The association has not been without troubles; Molly suffers from the vicissitudes of public opinion, sometimes being regarded as a heroine, sometimes as a menace, by the other inhabitants of the small north Canadian town where Charlie lives. He is forced, reluctantly, first to let her lodge with the local Mountie, a friend of his, and later to make the much harder decision to send her away to the remote country, knowing that he will never see her again. As the story progresses, Charlie himself grows from a boy to the beginnings of young manhood. He learns to take responsibility; the writing is without sentimentality but it has feeling; it rings true. These last three books prove to one reader at least that what is written to suit a conscientious author with judgment and sensitivity will evoke a genuine and grateful response and an interest to read more; what is turned out to formula does not.



From *Wilderness Friend*

DENYS BURROWS: *Fight for Gold!* Illustrated. Angus and Robertson 18s.

ROBERT BATEMAN: *Quest for Nuggets.* Illustrated. Ronald Whiting and Wheaton. 18s.

OREN ARNOLD: *Hidden Treasure in the Wild West.* Illustrated by Ann Grifalconi and with photographs. Abelard-Schuman. 16s.

ROBERT LAWSON: *The Great Wheel.* Illustrated by the Author. Angus and Robertson. 18s.

CHRISTOPHER WEBB: *The Ann and Hope Mutiny.* Illustrated by William Stobbs. Macdonald. 15s.

JUDITH WRIGHT: *The River and the Road.* Illustrated. Angus and Robertson. 18s.

CHARLES PERKINS: *Wilderness Friend.* Illustrated by Elisabeth Grant. Constable. 15s.

Tales of Mystery

Prose anthologies can earn their keep by bringing to light what might have lingered in obscurity, or by representing a strong point of view; or by illustrating an historical process, a line of development. Among the collections of detective and ghost stories to hand, Roger Lancelyn Green's is of the last kind; Kathleen Lines's bears the impression of her own strong personality and clear judgment; Charles Molin's (the pseudonym conceals a name very famous indeed in another literary sphere) is idiosyncratic in the extreme. There is a gallimaufry of Victoriana, bugaboos from Man, Brahminee spooks, Oscar Wilde's sentimentality and Saki's acid fun. All good stuff, with one common characteristic: they are to the editor's taste.

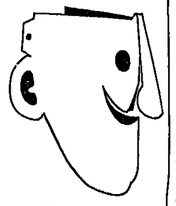
Miss Lines, too, chooses from what she likes, but with a firmer touch, and a finer judgment. She chooses some real live ghost stories, which as always are not only less exciting but less reassuring, than the fictions. Of the latter she has a few novelties, including one from that master of the icy touch, Mrs. Boston, some forgotten masterpieces, and a clutch of old favourites to set as touchstones for the rest.

Mr. Green adds to Dent's Illustrated Classics a scholarly survey of the detective in fiction, from M. Dupin to Lord Peter Wimsey. His choice is impeccable, his introduction brief and provocative. He enjoys the support of some masterly drawings, mostly in line, by the distinguished young artist Ian Ribbons. Plenty of young readers, and their fathers, will want to own and keep this rewarding book.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN (Editor): *Ten Tales of Detection.* Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. Dent. 18s.

KATHLEEN LINES (Compiler): *The House of the Nightmare.* And Other Eerie Tales. Bodley Head. 21s. [To be published on June 8.]

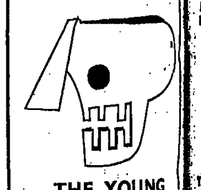
CHARLES MOLIN (Editor): *Ghosts, Spooks and Spectres.* Hamish Hamilton. 18s. [To be published on June 15.]



EXPLORING PUPPETRY
By Stuart and Patricia Robinson. Offers in a most comprehensive and fully illustrated book an introduction to the creation of puppets (each made, often from bits of junk) and their use. Sources of materials and further information are amply listed. Publication 2nd June; 42s net.

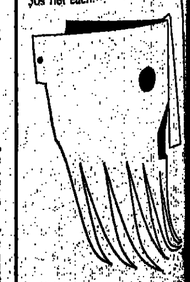
HANDBUILT POTTERY
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WORKING IN WOOD
Both by Fritz Waller. Translated from the German. The staff of a leading training college have collaborated with the translator in presenting instructions in a manner suitable for English use. Very fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams.
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MONEY WISE
By Gilda Lundy. Advice on money management—and how to get sensible advice on this head—that manages to smuggle in a good deal of guidance about common sense in everyday life which boys know they ought but are too proud or shy to ask for in other words, it cuffles the mariners by stealth. 15s net.

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Translated from the Danish by Eileen Amos

'In outline a dark story; but it is so well written (and translated by Eileen Amos), so full of the child's delight in growing up, and fear of it, so rich in characters and in the enchantments as well as the anguish of life in a poor Indian village, that the effect is curiously the reverse of dark.' *The Guardian* 15/- *net*

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Bushy, a little French boy, was unloved, neglected and unhappy until Red Renard the fox cub came into his life. This moving story tells how Bushy rears Red Renard in secret, saving him from the hazards of the countryside. 15/- *net*

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Point Way bookseller

Write for our catalogue

Point Way Books for Young People



From *Rain Comes to Yamboorah*

THOUGH there is almost nowhere left to explore for the first time, there is no lack of wild and savage country still where real adventure can rear its head because man has to pit himself against the forces of nature, and can grow naturally without the artifice necessary in the conventional story set in more civilized parts of the world.

In *Jungle Rescue* we are in India, in tropical forests where the man-eating tiger still lies in wait, and A. R. Channel tells the story of the Hindu orphan boy Chandra, whose courage and tenacity bring him through some terrifying experiences. Chandra has young sisters and brothers dependent on him; he has only one possession, a buffalo cow, and he joins a construction company working in the jungle to earn some money. A man-eating tiger is only one of the menaces he meets; he rescues the boss of the camp when he is attacked by a gang of Pathans, and in the end returns to his village and his family rewarded and respected. This is an exciting story full of the sights and sounds of jungle and river, and the modest young hero is an attractive character.

Something of the same feeling of close identity between a boy and the land he lives in informs *Rain Comes to Yamboorah*. This is the third book in a series about a boy on an isolated cattle station in outback Australia. It has an extraordinarily strong atmosphere. The author describes conditions in the early 1930s, and indeed today, in the dry, burning heart of Australia, and his characters are based on real people, just as his setting is in every detail authentic. One can vividly see the old dog-man Kanga with his team of dogs, the boy with his colt Roany, the aboriginal girls who help in the kitchen, the limitless distances and the violence of the rain when it breaks. The drawings by Robert Hales enhance the intense mood of action set in the brooding stillness of the heat.

Lion Adventure is just that—adventures with African man-eating lions, the most dangerous of which is the huge Black Mane. The heroes of this story are Hal and Roger Hunt, some of whose adventures in capturing animals for the world's zoos have already been chronicled in other stories by Willard Price. Almost more alarming than the lions is the journey Hal and Roger make in a balloon which takes them over the icy peak of Kilimanjaro, and through deadly and numerous hazards. It is a very tall story indeed, but it carries one on at a gallop, imparting a lot of information by the way.

With *Indestructible Jones* we are with a gay and indomitable young sailor in World War II. David Jones had begun by being a pacifist, but having entered the Navy he becomes gradually convinced of the rightness of the cause for which Britain is fighting. After that nothing can stop David, who gets into the thick of some famous naval events, including Dunkirk, of which there is a graphic account. David's prowess at swimming enables him to track down and tackle a saboteur who is fixing explosives to a warship; and his quick wits and resource make him the leader in various dangerous enterprises. His friend, Petty Officer Bott, a character always quoting Shakespeare, makes a good foil to David. Though, of course, the "indestructible" Jones is a fiction, he has the true spirit of the Navy, and there must surely be lots of boys who will enjoy his adventures, far though they are from the world of Carnaby Street and the alleged ethos of contemporary youth.

A. R. CHANNEL: *Jungle Rescue.* Illustrated by D. Watkins-Pitchford. Donald Dobson. 15s.

REGINALD OTTLEY: *Rain Comes to Yamboorah.* André Deutsch. 15s.

WILLARD PRICE: *Lion Adventure.* Illustrated by Pat Marriott. Cape. 16s.

SIDWELL STYLES: *Indestructible Jones.* Faber and Faber. 16s.

And Also . . .

GUNTER MARTELL: *Hit and Run.* Translated from the German by Dorothy Long. Abelard-Schuman. 15s.
This must be one the dullest spy stories ever written. Though the author's mystery stories are said to be most popular with young people in his native Germany, this confection of a young journalist, an old professor, space research and secret agents, is utterly grey. It proceeds at a snail's pace and with awful deliberation succeeds in making neither the characters nor the plot in the least interesting.

LAURENCE MEYNELL: *Shadow in the Sun.* Hamish Hamilton. 16s.
A young journalist from an English town goes on a holiday to a Mediterranean island, Madella. Being a journalist, of course he keeps his eyes open, and tracks down some strange characters and a sinister plot connected with drug smuggling. This is a light and easily told story, with interest just about enough to carry it on but no more than that.

WALLACE NICHOLS: *The Blue Scarf Mystery.* Illustrated by Douglas Bisset. Dennis Dobson. 15s.
A brother and sister, orphaned by a car accident, are dispatched to Cornwall to live with a crusty grandfather, Mr. Carveth. But they never arrive because they are kidnapped off the Cornish Riviera Express. Though this story appears to hold some promise despite its utterly conventional opening, it becomes so far-fetched and implausible that one cannot take it seriously, and in fiction of this kind, when belief goes out, the cause is lost.

OLAF RUHEN: *Corcoran's the Name.* Angus and Robertson. 16s.
Paddy, the young hero, is sixteen when he sets out from his family's farm for Queensland, then travels over Australia as a cattle drover. This is the author's first book for young readers, and it combines exciting action with authentic detail in the right proportions.

A CONQUERED WORLD

OF ALL science-fiction writers today—and he is near the top of this perilous tree—John Christopher is closest to the Wells tradition. His method, like that of the master, is to assume a scientific fact and then to interpret it in terms of real live people in a convincing setting. To date he has written for an adult audience, but in *The White Mountains* he addresses himself to children. At least he chooses young principals for his story, but he follows his thesis through to its resolution with the same hard logic he would apply to his books for adults. Indeed most of his admirers would take it without comment, but for the ill-drawn, inaccurate, conventionally horrific jacket with which the publisher has unaccountably handicapped it.

The White Mountains starts quietly. We are apparently living in a medieval English village community, poor but reasonably happy. The boys are waiting for some kind of puberty ceremony called Capping. But—and if this were the film it so strongly deserves to become, how dramatically the camera would make the point—the boys play in the ruins of a bygone civilization where a rusting plate among the debris reads "DANGER 6,600 VOLTS". This is not the past but the future. A world devastated by interplanetary war has slipped back into a feudal rustic society presided over by apparently benevolent "Tripods". Every year, in an atmosphere of festivity, the young men and women are "capped". A metal cap is fixed for ever on their heads, through which the masters of the world pass the impulses which will keep each member of the state unobtrusively in his place. Those few on whom the operation does not "take" become Vagrants, outcast wanderers who are treated with kindly contempt by the conformists.

Most novels of this kind are admirable in idea rather than in performance, and some of the adventures of Will and his friends in their flight from the Tripods to join a resistance movement in the Alps are conventional enough. There are nevertheless memorable moments throughout and some excellent invention. In France the runaways pick up an eccentric genius called Beanpole (anglicized from Jean-Paul) who is set fair to reinvent the lost discoveries of the past, from spectacles to steam-power, and with him, his disturbingly powerful chapter, the traverse the devastated miles of Paris. A remarkable story, somewhat abruptly concluded—one feels that the author's quota of words ran out unexpectedly—it belongs to the school of science-fiction which puts philosophy before technology and is not afraid of telling an exciting story.

Space Winners—an American story of the kind in which Heinlein is the master—is also much concerned with philosophy, so much that at times, while one follows the argument with some difficulty, the action becomes obscured. Gordon R. Dickson, a new writer to this country, has written a thoughtful and original story.

Nearly always, in stories of the future, the super-scientists who are the principal actors fail to convince. Jim, Ellen and Kurt, who out of some millions of students are chosen to study the working of the "Galactic Federation of the Aliens" are masters of debate and would no doubt qualify for "University Challenge", but at no stage in their adventures do they become impressive as people. This is a difficulty built into the structure of science-fiction, and it is hard to see how any writer can solve it and still enable his hero to be interesting and intelligible to ordinary readers.

Although it is not always easy to understand where the story is going, there are memorable episodes in *Space Winners*. Most of these are concerned with an endearing thing from outer space called—for short—Peep. This small creature, who looks like an oversized squirrel, has the strength of ten and a heart a little less than pure. Peep is the humans' mentor, and potentially their executioner, in a highly complicated exercise designed to test whether the three children are fit to inherit space. They qualify, but only just.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER: *The White Mountains.* Hamish Hamilton. 16s.
GORDON R. DICKSON: *Space Winners.* Faber and Faber. 16s.

And Also . . .

HUGH WALTERS: *Spaceship to Saturn.* Faber and Faber. 16s.
Once again Chris Godfrey and his friends tread the cliché-littered path to the stars. This time hypothermia and telepathy are called in to make the long voyage to Saturn practicable. Spectacularly bad writing somehow adds to the fascination of an irresistibly readable tale.



The Marsh KING
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WESTERN MORNING NEWS: 'Published to Bell's impeccable standard, an added attraction is its price—10s. 6d.'
Cr.8vo. 96 pages. Numerous diagrams. 10s. 6d. *net*

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PETER PAN

300,000 copies of this famous edition of Barrie's play have been sold. In good, large type and with Alice B. Woodward's immaculate colour illustrations, the story is retold from the play by DANIEL O'CONNOR.
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BELL

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK WORLD IN AUSTRALIA

From a Correspondent

SINCE 1945 great progress has been made in the world of children's books. More people believe that it matters what a child reads. There have been immense improvements in book production. More and better writers are prepared to use their skill for children's delight. And children are no longer seen to reign supreme in a world entirely their own, in which adults are stupid intruders, but they take their place and play their appropriate part in the real world of people. This general situation is clearly reflected in Australian books for children, especially during the past ten years.

When it is considered that about three-quarters of the Australian population live in the six capital cities, it is surprising perhaps that outdoor life should be the predominant theme in children's stories. Probably only 30 per cent of Australians have ever seen a kangaroo in the wild. Yet most of the best writers for children use country backgrounds. Eleanor Spence shows children coming to terms with themselves and their surroundings, as in *Lilypilly Hill*, where a middle-class family from late nineteenth-century London settles in very different circumstances in the Australian bush. Nan Chauncy is well known for her superb evocation of Tasmania's west coast. Her stories show her understanding of the unpredictable twists of life, as in *The Roaring Forty*, and *Mathinna's People* (reviewed on page 445). Ivan Southall explores in *Hills End* the question of how children would cope with disaster if no adults were present, a theme he pursues in *Ash Road* and *To the Wild Sky* (also reviewed on page 445). Young people who accept the affluent society as normal are seen in H. F. Brinsmead's thoughtful *Pastures of the Blue Crane*.

Conservation of native flora and fauna has been a theme in Australian books for children since the last century. Need for care with fires is stressed, as it must be, generally in the form of showing how one of the characters makes a fire, properly or not. Colin Thiele's *February Dragon* and Ivan Southall's *Ash Road* involve their characters in disastrous bush-fires. Nan Chauncy in *Tiger In the Bush* shows how visiting scientists are prevented from finding the rare Tasmanian tiger in case they wish to remove it to a zoo. Patricia Wrightson's *The Crooked Snake* tells of children who ensure the safety of a piece of bushland. These themes are not of course the main purpose of the books, which are all good stories in their own right.

Life on properties, sheep stations, or in country towns is seen in Joan Phipson's many books, which show great love for her part of New South Wales, and vividly evoke the country, its small towns far from Sydney, its homesteads and paddocks. She takes the reader into the heart of country life.

Many writers deal with the aborigines. Probably the best is Patricia Wrightson's *The Rocks of Honey*, which poses the question, but not openly, and certainly not didactically, of how the aborigines are to take their place in present-day life. Some authors show the effect of white and dark races on each other. Nan Chauncy's *Tangara* poignantly uses a trick of time or a dream to show the fate of the last of the Tasmanian aborigines. Mary Durack's *The Courteous Savage* is a straightforward telling of the meeting of white and dark in Western Australia, friendly at first, and then hostile as the original inhabitants are driven from their hunting grounds. Kylie Tennant's *All the Proud Tribesmen* also in its different way deals with the problems of different peoples living together. Strangely, few writers have put immigrants in their books. (There have been a million and a half immigrants since 1945.) This may come in the next generation, but by then they will be pioneer stories, not tales of first-hand difficulties.

Of the stories with city backgrounds, the best are L. H. Evers's *The Racketty Street Gang*, a not impossible story of a German immigrant boy (one of the exceptions) and other lads in and around Sydney Harbour; Patricia Wrightson's *Down to Earth*, science fiction set in Elizabeth Bay, Sydney; and Eleanor Spence's *The Green Laurel*, which also has immigrant families. Each of these books is well written, and has a plausible story with vividly realized characters. Each book moreover has an inner core which can be noticed or not, as the reader pleases.

Publishing of children's books has vastly improved in both quantity and in quality. There are the overseas based houses, some of which have Australian branches, for example Oxford, Longmans, Heinemann. There are also Australian houses, for example Cheshire, which has developed its own individual and very pleasant style. Angus and Robertson have the first children's book editor in Australia, and other publishers of children's books, such as Jacaranda and Lansdowne, also have their own identifiable styles of production.

For some inexplicable reason no good picture book has appeared so far. Good authors exist, good illustrators, such as Noela Young, to name only one, and good publishers, but they have not so far successfully combined their resources. Irene Gough's *The Golden Lamb*, with illustrations by Joy Murray, is perhaps the most natural and promising, though it is a long way from a Wildsmith.

Among other factors which have led to the improvement of children's books, one of the most important is the growth of children's libraries following the implementation in each state of the various Library Acts, which were passed between 1939 and 1951. Perhaps 70 per cent of the population now has access to a municipal library, or library service of some sort. These libraries, like municipal libraries everywhere, are extremely short of funds to do their job properly. However, their influence is being felt, especially because of the fairly general acceptance among children's librarians of high standards of book selection for children. As in other countries, the existence of standards encourages publishers to produce better books, and also encourages the best writers to write. It is true to say that a book which could have been accepted twenty years ago might not now get past the publisher's reader.

The Children's Library Section (C.L.S.) of the Library Association of Australia (L.A.A.) is working very actively in the battle for better libraries and books for children. There is, however, a desperate shortage of children's librarians, trained or not, in all states. The C.L.S. was instrumental in achieving the six months' visit of Professor S. I. Fenwick, from the Graduate Library School, Chicago University, in 1964. In 1966 appeared the Fenwick report, *School and Children's Libraries in Australia*. Also in 1966 came *Standards and Objectives for School Libraries*, composed by a committee of the C.L.S. These two publications have caused much comment and considerable activity, though it is too soon to judge their hoped-for effect. Standards for municipal children's libraries are being prepared.

School libraries are progressing only slowly. In all states initial finance for a school library has to be provided by parents' organizations, and this money is matched by the various states in their different ways. Provision is meagre in many cases. There is a struggle to gain acceptance for the view that a library is part of the essential equipment of a school, and should be provided by the state education departments.

A School Libraries Section of the L.A.A. was formed in 1966. It is not unlikely that the two existing School Library Associations, in Victoria and in N.S.W., may be merged in this new section. Both these associations have produced useful journals, with articles and reviews (*Australian School Librarian* and *The Teacher-Librarian*).

Since 1945, when the Children's Book Council movement began in Sydney, there is now a C.B.C. in each state. These are voluntary bodies, and the composition of their councils varies from state to state, as does the work they do. Under present arrangements the federal body, the Australian Children's Book Council, gives an award each year to the best Australian book for children published during the year. This year's winner, Ivan Southall's *Ash Road*, attracted also a Commonwealth Literary Fund Award of $500. Books are submitted by their publishers. There is also an award for picture books, but as the award is not made unless there is a suitable book the picture book award has been given only three times.

Some of the Children's Book Councils have produced valuable book lists, as in Victoria. N.S.W. produces a reviewing journal. Each council arranges an annual display of books for Children's Book Week, in the capital cities; some send books on boxes on temporary loan to country districts, arrange lectures, meetings with notable authors, and other similar activities.

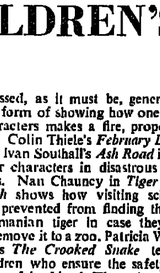
Prompt, regular and reliable reviewing of children's books is a problem. Australian books are reviewed in overseas journals, British and American, but these often seem to approve hearty adventure stories set in some wild land which might well be the moon, but is labelled Australia. It is as if there were a story set in the wildest English Midlands, Coventry perhaps, where some twentieth-century children track down to its lair in Berkswell a real wolf and cubs. There are some Australian reviews, mainly in the *Australian Book Review* at intervals, and also in A.B.R.'s annual *Children's Book and Educational Supplement*. There are also some valuable annotated lists, in particular one produced by the Public Library of South Australia.

At the moment there is talk of setting up an Australian Centre for Children's Books, which might engage in central ordering, cataloguing, and reviewing of books, or at least in reviewing. But this is a long story and has not yet got much farther than the typewriter.

Preliminary investigations are being made into the possibility of compiling a standard catalogue of recommended books, for use in Australian school and children's libraries, and of producing a regular reviewing journal, with Australian readers in mind. You may ask how Australian needs differ from those in Britain or the United States. All these countries will wish to have in their libraries the best books from home and overseas, including translations. They will all hope to avoid poor quality work. But each will have its own domestic needs, good, competently written works which appeal to local readers, but which are preferable for home consumption and not for export. Holiday stories often come into this category. In fact no country should export other than its best books.

Progress is being made. The children's book world is certainly not sleeping here below.

News from Abelard-Schuman



THE GUNPOWDER TOWER

written and illustrated by Hans P. Schaad

A handsome picture book, in full colour, which tells how Mike and Paul solve the centuries-old secret of the Gunpowder Tower in which they live, and thus become the heroes of the town.

Ages 5 up. 18s

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An attractive retelling of this well-known ballet story with gay and amusing pictures and many musical excerpts. "... an ingenious integration of three art forms." *Teachers World*

Ages 5 up 16s

FAIRY TALES OF LUDWIG BECHSTEIN

Illustrated by Irene Schreiber

The first English-language selection of these classic German stories. Illustrated in full colour throughout, this will make a handsome addition to fairy tale collections.

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James Reeves, *illustrated by Edward Ardizzone*

"What a joy it is to have a book of fifty stories written and illustrated by masters of their arts. This book is lifted right above the level of the common run by the sheer skill and artistry of James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone. The traditional characters and situations are given new life and the magic of the telling more than equals the magic of the stories." *Junior Bookshelf*.

Ages 8 up. 25s

MYEKO'S GIFT

Kay Haugaard, *illustrated by Dora Team*

... tells how a Japanese child tries to adjust herself to America, American ways and American schoolchildren ... her efforts to fit in to her new environment make touching, and in the end, happy reading." *Punch*

Ages 9 up 16s

MARIA LUPIN

Annabel Farjeon, *illustrated by James Hunt*

Bored and ill at ease in Maria is frustrated with home and with school until she meets Samson and Aunt Abraham, and finds she has a talent for music. Her efforts to come to terms with herself and her mother are sympathetically described in this sensitively written book.

Ages 9 up 15s

LAND OF THE MAYAS

Carlston Beals, *illustrated with photographs*

Profusely illustrated, this account of the Mayas and their descendants is both informative and fascinating. Their past achievements in the arts and sciences are contrasted with the life of the people today.

Ages 12 up 25s

Young Gentlefolk and Others

NEITHER of Mrs. Ewing's two moral short-long stories now reprinted is widely known today. This is surprising, for *A Great Emergency* (1874) in particular must be one of the liveliest, most entertaining that she wrote. As a family story it could frequently pass for a Nesbit; as a schoolboy yarn, it has moments of pure Talbot Baines Reed (the show-off new boy being led on, for instance). It is this boy, Charlie, who relates:

The day I was nine years old, Rupert came into the nursery holding up his handsome head with the dignified air which became him so well, that I had more than once tried to put it on myself before the nursery looking-glass, and said to me, "You are quite old enough now, Charlie, to learn what to do whatever happens, so every half-holiday when I am not playing cricket, I'll teach you presence of mind and the cucumber frame, if you're interested."

But there is little opportunity to use the skill. Rupert and Charlie (since widowed mother is rather poor) go to the old town grammar school. It has a very mixed lot of boys, sons of "gentlemen, tradesmen and farmers". Since some of them were "so very dirty and had such horrid habits," Rupert draws up a code of honour, governing manners, clothes and such. "*Is* a carrier a gentleman?" they ask their anguished mother. Of course not." she replies. But then, the Johnson's father was not that kind of carrier. He owned many canal boats and barges.

And it is with his friend Fred Johnson, tall, slow, a masterful expressionless storyteller, that Charlie plans to run away, to *look* for emergencies. They start on a barge; the kindly master finds them, sends a note to their parents, and lets them meanwhile finish the round trip. Once in London, they slip off to the docks and try to stow away in a ship; "I thought you was swells", a boy remarks when they ask where to buy cheap food; "We are gentlemen", our heroes explain; "but we are going in search of adventure." The wise barge-master knows where to look, and they are soon discovered. Fred is indeed rather glad. But Charlie feels the thrill of the vessel about to leave, and goes with real regret. Yet what does he find at home but a fire, in which sister Henriette and Rupert have heroically saved baby Cecil?

A witty and skilful tale. As for those shamelessly feudal attitudes of child who can see them as social history (was life really lived like this?) is gaining a bonus outside the author's already generous intent.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING: *A Great Emergency* and *A Very Ill-behaved Family*. Introduction by Gillian Avery. Gollancz. 15s.

Choosers' Choice

THE DAYS when it was hard to find enough help in choosing books for children now seem very far away indeed. Today everyone lends a hand, and as Marcus Crouch says in the new edition of *Choosing for Children* (Library Association, 40s.), his compilation of Carnegie Medal-winning books and their authors from 1936 on: "There may have been only a small revolution in the writing of books for children in the past thirty years, but there has been a major revolution in the approach to them."

In that revolution librarians, and particularly, of course, children's librarians, have been in the van and they still make the best guides. The brief, annotated list, published annually by Coventry City Libraries, of the *Best Children's Books* of the preceding year is a good example of the help most libraries now regularly provide. The Coventry list for 1966 (price 4d.) is now available.

Books for your Children (Volume 2, Number 3, 7s.) is an independent quarterly publication edited and published by Anne Wood from 95 Allerton Road, Bywater, Surrey. A kind of consumer association for intelligent parents, its strong point is that it concerns itself with the whole of books and reading in child development generally and not exclusively with reading lists or reviews of new books.

In *Literature and the Young Child* (Longmans, 9s. 6d.) Joan Cass provides pounds for parents, teachers and all those interested in children reading common sense about books for the young. The bibliography at the end gives in an excellent list for all those library members and their friends who have not got much further than Alice and Milne.

History in Fiction—2

ESCAPES FROM THE PAST

THE FASHION in the historical tale has changed dramatically since those romantic novels about émigré French aristocrats, Cavaliers, and Jacobites that we used to devour and weep over in the 1900s. They have come much nearer our own time; they eschew the aristocracy and espouse the proletariat. Of the four books reviewed here, one concerns itself with oppressed settlers in Skye, another with Luddites, and a third with a group of northouse orphans who emigrate to Australia.

Allan Campbell McLean's *A Sound of Trumpets*, a sequel to his earlier *Ribbon of Fire*, deals with the miseries of the tenant farmers of Skye, driven to violence by the cruel and extortionate demands of the factor who is in charge during the young heiress's minority.

"If the rent is not paid, it is ruin for you, black ruin. Cattle pointed, fodder seized—aye, and every bit o' gear to be found in a house. Every bit, mind. Meal, chests, bed, bedding, tables, chairs, spinning-wheels — everything you can put a name to."

The reader is whipped into hatred for the savage factor, his creature Seamus Slonnach, and the obese and treacherous inn-keeper ("The girth on him was something terrible. His tailor must have been a good hand for the cloth of his trousers was taking fearful punishment with that monster of a belly straining against it."). Boys will enjoy all the bloodshed and violence, but one fancies girls will feel the lack of a romantic figure to hero-worship, as their mothers hero-worshipped D. K. Broster's Highland gentlemen. Mr. McLean provides us with nobody of heroic stature to counter-balance his villains; only an adolescent boy and the ruthless Lachlann Ban who comes back to Skye to fight his friends' battles for them. And in the end the battles are won not by any heroism on the part of the islanders but by a *deus ex machina* in the shape of a lawyer who advises the principal characters to cut their losses and emigrate to America. It is an exciting story, but it fails to warm the reader.

Phyllis Bentley's *Ned Carver in Danger* also concludes with emigration. She writes about Luddites, from the point of view of a thirteen-year-old Yorkshire boy who hears his workmates denouncing the new machinery that is going to take away their livelihood, and follows them when they go out to smash the cropping frames which the mill-owner is bringing to his works. The trouble about using this sort of theme in a novel for the young is that authors feel bound to insert a proviso that violence is wrong. Mr. McLean allows his characters to proceed from one violent act to another without comment until the end, when his lawyer points out that this is doing their cause no good and that they had better betake themselves to America where there will be more room for their energy. Miss Bentley on the other hand reminds her readers frequently that evil means should never be employed, even for good ends. Children old enough to be interested in the problems discussed in this book may feel resentful at the way they are lectured. It is an informative work with plenty of local colour, but in spite of the plotting and the machine wrecking, rather a tame one.

Eleanor Spence in *The Switherby Pilgrims*, on the other hand, is both exciting and warm-hearted. Miss Arabella Braithwaite, faced with the problem of ten orphans in a village which has just been devastated by a typhus epidemic, decides very boldly to emigrate with them to New South Wales. The author skates rather lightly over their experiences on the five-month journey in a convict ship; too lightly perhaps for those who know something about conditions in sailing ships of the 1820s, and her story only becomes really gripping when they reach Australia. Here they are given a grant of land in the heart of the bush. They find themselves, after an exhausting journey, standing in a precipitous territory, all cliffs and ledges and lush undergrowth, and realize that out of this they have to carve not only a shelter for themselves but also a farm and cultivated fields. But they contrive it, Miss-abella, her ten children, the oldest of whom is only thirteen, and the convict who has been allotted to help them. There are no cheating *Swiss Family Robinson* strokes of good fortune but only grinding hard work, and in the end we see them securely established. The only flaw in the book is the episode of the evil father who tries to steal away one of the orphans. He comes to a violent end, but one that is not very convincingly narrated.

The Perrely Plight by Peter John Stephens is a novel about nineteenth-century Puritan New England. The author, one infers, became deeply interested in this background, and invented a rather contrived story to accompany it. The descriptions of the village and its characters are interesting; there is, in particular, a malevolent old grandmother who spits into the fire and barks out remarks like "Indifferent, downright backelidin' heathen reprobates, who've no call to raise their voices beyond a squeak". But the plot, though complicated, fails to hold the reader's interest.

ALLAN CAMPBELL MCLEAN: *A Sound of Trumpets*. Collins. 15s.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY: *Ned Carver in Danger*. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Macdonald. 15s.

ELEANOR SPENCE: *The Switherby Pilgrims*. Illustrated by Corinna Gray. Oxford University Press. 15s.

PETER JOHN STEPHENS: *The Perrely Plight*. Illustrated by R. D. Rice. Constable Young Books. 15s.

Balance Sheets

MADELEINE POLLAND, much the most competent of these three writers, chooses a purely fictional form for her story of Father Matteo Ricci, the first Christian missionary to enter China and, on the authority of this book, among the most admirable. Father Ricci was admitted to the conventional qualifications for mission work—strength, endurance, faith—one much rarer and more precious, humility. Miss Polland tells the story of his first mission to Siuching where, under the gentle patronage of a most humane and philosophical mandarin, he excites derision, hatred, and finally respect. This is no success story. There are no mass conversions. The Jesuit's one convert is a dying man. But Father Ricci achieves something more permanent than conversion: he builds a bridge between east and west.

The story of this remarkable man is set alongside that of a charming fictional hero, the priest's servant who has a rather conventionally mysterious origin. The invention here may be a little thin, but Miss Polland's craftsmanship keeps the action taut and the setting convincing. The theme underlying her book is the conflict between convention and liberalism. It is illustrated by the missionary himself, so far in advance of his superiors in Rome in the breadth and tolerance of his mind, and in the equally enlightened Mandarin. There is an echo of it too in the charming figure of the Mandarin's niece, who rebels, not in vain, against a society which condemns women to be at best tyrants of their enclosed households.

About half a century before Father Ricci sailed for China another remarkable man born out of due time took ship to the west. This was Cabeza de Vaca, the hero of Maia Rodrigan's *Odyssey of Courage*. This Spanish gentleman followed in the wake of the Conquistadors and tried, by humanity and love, to undo some of the ills done in the Emperor's name. He took part first in a disastrous attempt to occupy and explore Florida, out of which only he and three companions survived to journey across North America to the Californian seaboard. Later he went as Governor to the remote settlement of Asuncion in Paraguay, where his liberal views ran directly counter to the wishes of the settlers. Discredited and sick, he returned, like Columbus, in chains to be judged by the people he had served.

Miss Rodman puts this strange and unfamiliar story into semi-fictional form, mixing quotations from Cabeza de Vaca's own writings and from other contemporary authorities with highly unconvincing invented dialogue. So fine a theme deserves more consistently firm treatment, and one wishes that the author had not tried to give it a spurious gilding. It is nevertheless good to have in accessible form, and within the reach of young readers, the story of so noble and enlightened a hero.

Cabeza de Vaca served the king who a few years before had commissioned Magellan's voyage round the world. This is a well-documented adventure, and it was a good idea of George Sanderlin's to retell the story mainly in excerpts from Pigafetta's journal and from other sources. The selection of these in *First Around the World* is admirable. Alas, the restrained, dignified manner of the ancient chroniclers shows up glaringly the editor's grossly overwritten narrative. If Magellan comes out of this book as a wise, strong, forward-looking commander it is small thanks to the editor.

MADELEINE POLLAND: *Mission to Cathay*. Illustrated by Peter Landa. World's Work. 21s.

MAIA RODMAN: *Odyssey of Courage. The story of Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca*. Illustrated by Alvin Smith. Burns Oates. 18s.

GEORGE SANDERLIN: *First Around the World*. A Journal of Magellan's Voyage. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE ROSE

CHAULET, Georges:
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TIME OUT OF MIND

ONCE, in the high and far off times, O best beloved, when the world was very much younger than it is now, there was a period we call prehistory which is a happy hunting ground for adventure stories about primitive tribes and sabre-tooth tigers and such. Some are first-rate yarns and some, although not necessarily the same ones, are based soundly on known scientific fact. All the same there is surely something questionable, both artistically and educationally, in a picture of Cro-Magnon man and his like which credits them with the resourcefulness of Boy Scouts and the self-confidence of Stalky & Co.

As novels both Ian Cornwall's *Hunter's Half-Moon*, set in prehistoric Europe, and James O. Harvey's *The Gorge of Shadows*, which belongs in North America, are highly readable and even exciting. Both have their moments of tragedy and their lessons in loyalty and the duties of friendship. But the fault in both is perhaps that the characters are too articulate, too well-developed for conviction.

This is particularly true of *Hunter's Half-Moon*. In point of scholarship it is probably the better book. The story concerns the confrontation between two types of primitive man: the Neanderthal and the more advanced Cro-Magnon men. It describes their initial suspicions of one another, mistakes and misunderstandings and groping advances towards cooperation, culminating in a mighty mammoth hunt where all join forces for mutual advantage. It is not entirely Dr. Cornwall's fault if the whole is deeply and ineradicably imbued with the reasonable breath of twentieth-century humanism.

The Gorge of Shadows is considerably more numinous. Here the conflict is between the young and old of the tribe, the old, stubborn Hunt Chief and the rebellious youth who challenges his superstitious rule. It is a better novel because it has more drama and also because the physical trappings are less of an end in themselves and we feel acutely the crowding pressure of ancient awe on the minds of men.

IAN W. CORNWALL: *Hunter's Half-Moon*. Illustrated by Marjorie Maitland Howard. John Baker. 18s.

JAMES O. HARVEY: *The Gorge of Shadows*. André Deutsch. 16s.

Tenochtitlan And All That

APART from the classic fact that a Pepecatepetl is the place to boil a kettle, English education is curiously silent on the subject of the southern Americas. Aztec, Toltec, Inca and Maya are names that seem equally remote in time and space, remote and indistinguishable. And the sad thing is that a book about one of these tends only to confuse us further about the rest.

The Miracle of the Talking Jungle by Ruth Bartlett is about the Aztecs and tells a charming story of how a boy and his tame parrot, Pratty-tatta, bring about the downfall of a force of invading Spaniards. There is plenty of local colour and the book is enhanced by stylized yet oddly lively illustrations based on Aztec art.

For slightly older readers is *Revolt Against the Rain God* by Edmund S. Whitman, an archaeologist who has worked on Maya sites. It is an imaginative story about the inhabitants of a fictitious Maya city named Paxil and offers a plausible theory of why the Mayas may have deserted their ancient splendid cities and vanished into the jungle.

Mr. Whitman is an excellent storyteller and in this tale of temple intrigue and the literal sacrifice of human victims to the rain god he brings his characters and their surroundings vividly to life. It is strange, too, how a chance reference to the drinking of hot chocolate can make the most exotic scenes suddenly domestic and reassuring.

RUTH BARTLETT: *The Miracle of the Talking Jungle*. Illustrated by Blair Lent. D. Van Nostrand. 22s.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN: *Revolt against the Rain God*. World's Work. 12s.

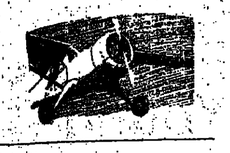
Twilight Province *George Finkel*



Britain in Roman times is the setting of this memorable story. 'A brilliant historical novel, full of exciting incident and vividly accurate detail of daily life in an obscure period.' *Times Educational Supplement*. Illus. Ages 11-14 (boys esp.). 21s.

To the Wild Sky *Ivan Southall*

Six children in an aeroplane, lost in the wild sky. How will they each react to panic? 'Urgent, vivid and powerful ... There is magic driving through it.'—*The Teacher*. Illus. Ages 11-14. 18s.



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'I wish ...' sighed Margaret. And in walked Liza, the wish cat, who at once disrupted the whole household, as only a Siamese cat can. An amusing, true-to-life tale, with drawings and photographs. Ages 7-10. 15s.

The Great Wheel *Robert Lawson*

Conn was an Irish lad who followed his fortune to the west. At the Chicago Fair in 1893 he helped build W. G. Ferris's great wheel. This American story of classic quality is illustrated by the author. Ages 10-15. 18s.

Angus and Robertson

Non-Fiction—1

World of Tom Jones

DUNCAN TAYLOR has assembled in *Fielding's England* a wealth of illustrative material on the things one really wants to know about the first half of the eighteenth century. The development of the novel affords him fuller detail of contemporary life than did the literary forms he used in his earlier books in the "Living in England" series. He takes the experiences of characters like Tom Jones, Moll Flanders and Parson Adams as a framework, with Fielding's observations as a magistrate, and on his Lisbon voyage, to describe life in town, country and at sea, childhood and home life, the Church and divisions of society, entertainment and crime. He can present quotation excellently, with enough explanation for the modern reader, without sacrificing the authentic flavour.

The author makes full use of the many survivals from his period, institutions like Sotheby's and houses like Blenheim (which he describes in detail, appending a list of houses to be visited in many parts of England). His use of recent newspaper reports for comparisons was less wise, since these, like the many stills from the film *Tom Jones*, will date what should become a standard reference work. Indeed, apart from costume and occasional background, there seems no other purpose in the stills than to popularize the book, surely unnecessary when the intriguing facts and contemporary illustrations speak for themselves.

The book succeeds in its aim to be not only "a guide book", with its five-page index and dates for the student of history, literature or drama, but "a travel book" in time, with all the inherent fascination of that genre. Though there is no bibliography, standard works of reference such as those by Trevelyan and Dorothy George appear in the footnotes. A pity that new fashions are sometimes stressed to the point of inaccuracy: buttons, for instance, were scarcely "an unusual fastening device", having been used on men's doublets since at least 1600.

DUNCAN TAYLOR: *Fielding's England*. Illustrated. Dennis Dobson. 21s.

Warriors on the Move

IN a slim volume like *Vikings at Home and Abroad*, D. R. Barker cannot attempt a complete history. Instead, using the most recent archaeological evidence supported by the underlying truths of the Sagas, he selects enough to present a balanced, interesting account of the Vikings' way of life. He differentiates between the three main groups of Norsemen, sketches in the chief areas of their raids and settlements as far west as America and as far north and east as Russia and Constantinople. The many photographs and maps are supplemented by John Lathey's lively modern drawings.

The Anglo-Saxons and Franks raided by the Vikings saw them as dirty, cruel savages; it is only too clear from a study of the Crusades that the people of the Near East and the Palestinian Muslims had abundant reason to regard Western Christendom in the same light. Anthony Kerr has produced a useful handbook to the course of the main Crusades, briefly summarizing later struggles in Europe to the fall of Constantinople. It is a corrective to some more lively works, considering carefully the political, religious and social background, the principles involved, and such matters as tactics and equipment, life in Outremer, the Military Orders and the effect of the Crusades on Europe. Modern parallels are evoked, numbers are realistic, and there is a full index, though no bibliography. (Perhaps because, as he indicates in the text, the last word lies with Runciman.) Points are numbered, the footnotes (of which there is a surfeit) range far beyond the immediate subject, and there are many technical and imaginative two-colour drawings, unfortunately less usefully annotated.

Nevertheless, Anthony West's *All About the Crusades*, published as long ago as 1954 in America, presents a better picture, for all its unacknowledged omissions, the most obvious being the Fifth, Sixth and Children's Crusades and the Templars and Hospitallers. In its dramatic way it often conveys more detail and makes clearer the principles involved. There is a feeling of the period, many Northern soldiers in the unfamiliar scented East, their first sight of great stone cities like Antioch or the impregnable fortress of Jerusalem, dust, heat and flies, the sense of discouragement and fear, even the wild excitement leading to the savageries of victory. The people, including minor characters like Peter the Hermit, are given space to establish themselves. It is, of course, an oversimplification, but on the whole a fair balance of interest is maintained among the army chiefs. Unlike many of its series, it has an index.

In *Crusaders*, Gerard Bell also provides a realistic bibliography for his age of reader which includes good historical novels on the period. His approach (in the narrower compass of the same St. George's Library series as the Vikings) is visual, and the many photographs and prints are supplemented not only by John Lathey's drawings but, unhappily, by Edwardian imaginative reconstructions. The book deals chiefly with the background of the fighting, the Military Orders, arms, castles, strategy and geography, for which the historians have less space. Where others deal mainly with the Holy Land, Mr. Bell finishes with Lepanto. Unfortunately, besides common small inexactitudes, there is a lack of balance of historical facts, the Third Crusade, for instance, becoming the heroic story of Richard I alone. Moreover an irritating, because unexplained, habit of the St. George's Library here breaks out on every page, the use of capitals for each occurrence of a word mentioned in the glossary-index. With all its faults, however, the book is helpful for reference.

D. R. BARKER: *Vikings at Home and Abroad*. Edward Arnold. 25s.
ANTHONY C. KERR: *The Crusades*. Illustrated. Exeter: A. Wheaton. 7s. 6d.
ANTHONY WEST: *All About the Crusades*. Illustrated by Carl Rose. Nelson. 15s.
GERARD BELL: *Crusaders*. Illustrated by John Lathey. Bodley Head. 15s.

CELTS, SAXONS, NORMANS

RALPH ARNOLD admits that he has done no original research for his *Social History of England* from 55 B.C. to A.D. 1215. Moreover, he has no original ideas. This history is, as it were, a synthesis composed from standard secondary authorities (which are listed in the bibliography). It begins with the Celts, before the Roman conquest, and treats the subject "social history" very widely, to include political and constitutional history as a traditional framework into which is fitted information about social customs, art, architecture and intellectual and religious developments. In spite of its shortcomings, this is a fascinating book, which should serve as an aperitif, giving readers an appetite for more scholarly studies.

The book is illustrated with eighty-four plates and six sketch maps and has an index. It is on the whole accurate, although many of the dates in the lists of the Anglo-Saxon kings on page 110 do not correspond with those in the *Handbook of British Chronology* published by the Royal Historical Society (1961), and Bede did not, as Mr. Arnold asserts, write a (separate) Life of Benedict Biscop (Benedict's life is included in the *History of the Abbots of Wearmouth*).

Mr. Arnold writes "with the young reader in mind", presumably the sixth-form student, since it would be an exceptional child who could benefit from such a detailed and technical book before that stage. But even the "young reader" would have profited from scholarly captions to illustrations or at least a definitive list of them. No size is given for the objects illustrated, and the present whereabouts of many are not indicated; a list of acknowledgements for permission to reproduce photographs and illustrations enables the reader to find where most of the objects are, but he is left to discover for himself that the Celtic druidical calendar found at Coligny in France is now in the Palais des Arts at Lyons, and that King Canute's charter of 1018 is owned by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter Cathedral. Nor is the place given of the field ridges illustrated on page 140. Such omissions of location limit the application of the claim in Dame Kitty Anderson's foreword that the book opens up possibilities of "something to go and see for oneself perhaps on holiday".

However, the very fact that Mr. Arnold is not an academic gives his work a clear, objective perspective and an engaging sense of wonder at the panorama of the past. Mr. Arnold has a sense of humour: he tells the story of St. Godric, whose mother insisted on accompanying him to Rome barefoot, so that he had to carry her most of the way home; "with this exhausting experience behind him, he retired to a hermitage". Some sections of the book are well presented. There is, for example, an excellent account of Anglo-Saxon culture in which the literary evidence of Beowulf is put in juxtaposition with the archaeological evidence of Sutton Hoo. On the whole Mr. Arnold's style is very readable, except that he is too fond of clichés ("the thin end of the wedge", "a bolt from the blue", "the sinews of war", "cheek by jowl", "to kill two birds with one stone", &c.) and colloquialisms ("the business of sanctuary", "the happy go lucky Celts", the Germans' "silly passion for fighting", "a drama-packed year", "high-minded poetry", "too clever by half", &c.).

Mr. Arnold successfully engages his readers' attention by drawing parallels between past and present and by references to modern events and literature. He points out that the scratch plough still in use in Italy is like that used by the ancient Celts. He comments on the Nazis' use of Tacitus's *Germania* for their racial theories. And he refers to Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* and Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*. However, in places his attempt to give distant history a modern relevance leads him to statements which have an anachronistic ring. For example, he refers to the Celtic "import-export trade", to "Frisian ports" in the fifth century, to "Mercian political institutions" and Anglo-Saxon "ministers of state". Perhaps this tendency to anachronism, if not ignorance of European history, accounts for the reference to "French political institutions" and to "France" in the eleventh century, when the Capetians had hardly begun the laborious creation of the French monarchy.

The subject-matter of the book, as well as its style and presentation, has shortcomings. Social history here (as in some other modern works) appears as antiquarianism in a new guise. It lacks causal connexions and does not associate facts sufficiently with trends of historical development; sometimes Mr. Arnold states a fact but does not draw the necessary conclusions. For example, he mentions that the Celts minted coins imitating Macedonian coinage. Next he describes the white horse at Uffington. But he does not point out that the design of the white horse probably ultimately derived from a Macedonian stater. Again, in his treatment of Scandinavian influence in English social structure after the Danish invasions, he does not mention the jury of presentment as in Danelaw, though he does mention it when discussing Henry II's legal reforms. His failure to draw historical conclusions is evident in a number of contexts. For example, having described the Sutton Hoo ship burial, he does not use it as historical evidence demonstrating the wide cultural connexions of the East Anglian royal house, and though he mentions the introduction into England of the Cistercian order, he does not say that the Cistercians were responsible for the "monasticization" of the north or that they became wool growers on a commercial scale.

Moreover, Mr. Arnold treats some important subjects too briefly, dealing with some historical problems too superficially, and omits others altogether. Proportionately, the space devoted to Bede is too short. The treatment of the problem of Anglo-Saxon continuity after the Norman Conquest is inadequate. Mr. Arnold does not remark that the transference of sees to more important places, a feature of the Anglo-Norman ecclesiastical reformation, had begun before the Conquest. Nor does he emphasize the importance of the Anglo-Saxon literary revival and survival after the Conquest (witness Coleman's *Life of St. Wulfstan*, the Peterborough Chronicle, and the expansion and continuation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in a Latin version at Worcester). And he does not apparently appreciate the Anglo-Saxons' achievements in book illustration: he does not mention their styles had influenced Norman artists before the Conquest and makes no reference to their tradition of line drawing which survived until nearly the end of the thirteenth century. He entirely omits the problem of Jutish culture in the settlement period, and though he cites Asser's *Life of King Alfred* he does not refer to the doubts cast on its authenticity.

Finally, there is a tendency to treat England in isolation from the Continent (this may account for the cursory treatment of the Anglo-Saxons' Continental missions in the eighth century and of the crusades). Although Mr. Arnold's own claims for his book are unpretentious, it has seemed worthwhile to treat it in some detail because it is likely to be widely read.

RALPH ARNOLD: *A Social History of England*. 55 B.C. to A.D. 1215. Constable Young Books. 13s. 6d.

BURSTING THE BONDS

AUDREY CAMMIADE'S two Outlines of American history give straightforward, detailed accounts of the War of Independence and the Civil War, supported by quotation and a sprinkling of contemporary cartoons, portraits and photographs, and bold clear maps. She tries to be scrupulously fair about the motives and provocation on both sides, and explains her political terms clearly. Both books lead to a better understanding of modern America, that on the War of Independence being particularly useful for young readers as little is available on the subject. Since the titles imply the importance of the central figure in each struggle, *Lincoln* suggests better perhaps because already interpreted to modern times, not only by Drinkwater but also in biographies for children. One can believe in him as a man, uncertain of himself, yet determined not to betray what he saw as truth. The fascinating part of Franklin's life, his early struggles and scientific curiosity, have to be dismissed in a brief summary which leaves him a colourless paragon.

Neither book is easy to read. Possibly the textbook format is to blame (but others in the series have overcome this), perhaps a certain dullness of style, too great faithfulness to chronological events, and too many and confusing number of civil and military characters for both. An additional difficulty for English readers of assimilating so many unfamiliar place names. In fact, though more detailed than most textbooks, these volumes do not provide what one might hope from this Junior Reference Library, a *background* to the textbook.

The Battle of Waterloo, with its higher price, has the great advantage of size, colour and many more illustrations. Yet though the battle pictures inevitably suffer some sameness, the editors have still produced an interesting format, not only by varying the colour and the style, but also by going beyond events to contemporary everyday life. Even the bibliography is at all levels and for all tastes.

The book starts with the fall of Paris in 1814, then returns to Napoleon's early career. We are apt to forget, with his later glamorization during successive dreary Republics, that he was after all the Hitler of his time. He here emerges as ambitious, ruthless and selfish, yet with a growing lassitude towards the end. Before the curtain rises on the final struggle, there is a pause to show the attitudes of the various European countries and the protagonists of the Congress of Vienna. Then follow in accurate detail the Hundred Days and the strategy and events of the battle. Its effect on the balance of power in Europe is well summarized with the subsequent careers of the main figures and the birth of the Napoleonic legend.

This satisfying account stops at fulfilling of costly victory and with the beginnings of the United Nations movement in the subsequent treaties. It also allows for Napoleon's earlier brilliance as a tactician and his magnetism as a leader.

It is this heroic side of the dilemma on which Frances Winwar concentrates in *All about Napoleon Bonaparte*. It will appeal to junior school children with its details of his childhood and early life, its short graphic sentences and dramatic parallel references to the course of Wellington's undistinguished career. Napoleon's overweening ambition is all too well shown, and the aims of the Revolution and the atmosphere of the lesser known Directoire period are conveyed. Black and white, a little exaggerated, but these books should will do much to arouse the imagination initial interest in Napoleon's undoubted achievements.

AUDREY CAMMIADE: *Franklin and the American War of Independence*. *Lincoln and the American Civil War*. Maps by C. R. Spilsbury. (Outline Series.) Methuen. 10s. 6d. each.
CHRISTOPHER HEROLD: *The Battle of Waterloo*. Consultant: Guy Wright. (Caravel Books.) Cassell. 25s.
FRANCES WINWAR: *All about Napoleon Bonaparte*. Illustrated by Jacqueline Tomes. Methuen. 15s.

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Evans

Non-Fiction—2

Splendours of the Desert

TWO initial advantages mark out *Pharaohs of Egypt*: the author is herself both a distinguished archaeologist and an experienced writer, and the colour of the monuments in their natural setting is so brilliant. The quality of the photography is exceptional—perhaps the artistic direction of the Curator of the Department of Ancient Art at Brooklyn should be reckoned an important third advantage.

Jacquetta Hawkes starts where all writers on Egypt must, with the fertile Nile, placing her narrative in its archaeological Stone-Age setting. She passes through the Old and Middle Kingdoms, showing how they shaped the characteristic Egyptian forms of government, art and intellectual life, to the great periods of the New Kingdom, roughly the 500 years to the death of the last Rameses. The daily life of its kings and queens, their religion and ritual, loves and hates, are made as real as though within our own history, not three or four thousand years away. Text and pictures impress indelibly on the mind the characteristic symbols and artistic styles of the different reigns, their relations with neighbouring states, wide conquests and voyages of exploration. It is not surprising to find such positive culture absorbing later conquerors, so that buildings under the Roman Empire retained the characteristics of the Pharaohs' civilization.

The final chapter on the discovery in modern times of the hidden splendours of the desert is the most fascinating and romantic of all. Nineteenth-century imaginative depictions are here properly relegated to their own period: Napoleon waves an arm towards the history of centuries towering over cringing Mamelukes; Belzoni's Arabs haul the colossal head of Rameses II across the sands towards the British Museum. To end with, there is a vivid account of the finding of Tutankhamen's tomb unharmed.

Besides the index, there is a bibliography and list of museums all over the world housing good Egyptian collections. One feels the need, however, for a glossary, for some technical terms and names from the Egyptian pantheon remain unexplained. For the sake of a comprehensive picture the sense of the passing of centuries is lost. On reflection, one feels an Arabian Nights unreality: like the Pharaohs, one is aware only of the immediate world. More cross-reference, to Jewish tradition, for instance, or Cretan civilization, would have given the book greater perspective. The Jewish Exodus is dismissed in a sentence some centuries after it is now believed to have taken place. The double-spreads on different subjects are good, but the half-page of smaller print which they contain tends to interrupt the reading of the story, which often recapitulates the information. These are small points, however, in one of the most absorbing volumes of the Caravel series.

JACQUETTA HAWKES (in consultation with BERNARD BOTHMER): *Pharaohs of Egypt*. Caravel Book. Illustrated. Cassell. 25s.

Package Deals

THERE IS SOMETHING disturbingly off the usually commendable straight and narrow in Jackdaw's latest bunch of offerings. The Kennedy Assassination folder, properly marked as suitable for adults and older children only, is deliberately sensationalist and controversial, going so far as to link, for moral misconduct, the American Government's sponsorship of the Warren Report with the kind of conduct revealed at the Nuremberg Trials. Among the generally horrible documentary material presented, Jackdaw's own mock-up do-it-yourself model of the assassination surroundings has a nasty quality all its own.

Certainly Jackdaw's is an impressive method of highlighting the now widespread doubts about the assassination. But one could wish that with it they had started a new series of folders under another name rather than link it with Jackdaws through "older children".

The Spanish Inquisition carries no label warning young children off, but many will feel it is as much needed here. Commendable generalizations about cruelty provide its moral justification, but it increasingly looks as if no justification can be good enough for encouraging children to read about and see pictures of cruelty deliberately applied. The accompanying questions are grossly loaded, and in the explanatory material the few words on the Albigensian Crusades should surely have been expanded enough to explain that the Simon de Montfort referred to was not *our* Simon de Montfort but his father.

As to *Domesday Book*, it is, perhaps inevitably, dull. Here, unusually, the explanatory sheets are better than the illustrative material which, however short of eleventh-century matter, should surely not have extended to a sixteenth-century plan of Chester. Altogether this set of Jackdaws, whatever may be the special interest of each, leaves an unease lest the formerly high standards of choice and manner may be beginning to waver.

MICHAEL RAND, HOWARD LOXTON and LEN DEIGHTON (Compilers): *The Assassination of President Kennedy* (Jackdaw Special). 12s. 6d. non net.
JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES (Compiler): *The Spanish Inquisition*. (Jackdaw No. 44). 11s. 6d. non net.
REX WILLDON FINN (Compiler): *Domesday Book*. (Jackdaw No. 39). 11s. 6d. non net. Cape.

Faceless Men

THE Historical Documentary Series is intended for teenage children, but *The Book of Spies* will undoubtedly interest their parents too. There are illustrations in colour on almost every page, some reproduced for the first time, of facsimile documents, ciphers, spy equipment, and many pictures and photographs of spies famous in history, both men and women. Taken back some 4,000 years to the ancient Egyptians, the history of espionage is extensively treated throughout the centuries up to the present-day spy with his modern techniques. Here will be found much esoteric knowledge of the ways of spies and the methods they employ, all told in simple and straightforward language.

The recent wave of films and television serials, although no doubt good stuff as entertainment, must give the younger person a curious idea of the craft of spy. As Mr. Innes suggests in this fascinating book, the real-life facts tend to be very different, for it is the job of the spy to fit unobtrusively into the background in which he is working, to obtain secret information, by whatever means, from the enemy, and, perhaps most important of all, to relay that information safely back to his own country or employer. One of the most intriguing aspects of espionage is the role of the counter-spy, or spy-catcher, and some of the methods that he uses are dealt with by Mr. Innes.

Spies tend to be by nature devious, often shy and secretive yet of high integrity, working from motives frequently obscure. A man or woman probably becomes a spy because it is a job that suits his or her nature better than anything else, living in conditions of frequently extreme personal danger without thought of eventual reward or recognition. This is not the popular picture today and if the profession of spy seems in recent years to have fallen into some disrepute it is perhaps because the bad spies get caught; because the more recent development of industrial espionage has introduced a rather despicable element; and, finally, because the work of the dedicated operator has remained, for obvious reasons, unrecorded. A useful bibliography is given at the end.

BRIAN INNES: *The Book of Spies*. Illustrated by Michael Whittlesea. Bancroft. 15s.

Government

THIS excellent short book outlines the development of parliamentary power in Britain and the gradual recognition of individual rights, leading on to the active organization and the stature of parliament today. British children learn the earlier chapter matter in the ordinary course of school history, but there is often a serious gap between past and present politics. D. M. Prentice knits them together concisely, logically and loyally.

Everyday parliamentary language is generally taken for granted by many teenagers but probably only vaguely understood. The author clarifies terms such as "guillotine", Acts, Bills, and the Budget with masterly simplicity and they make sense.

The whole picture is, perhaps of necessity, a shade too glorious and idealistic. In a book of 95 pages there is obviously no room for subtleties. Therefore the sense of rising storms of conflicting political opinion is missing. Also there was no space even to hint at the ferment of nationalism and anti-imperialism in the Commonwealth governments.

But young people will end up with a rightful sense of pride in the fundamental characteristics of the British character—the readiness to compromise and the deep-seated desire for justice and personal freedom. John Turner's drawings are very good.

D. M. PRENTICE: *Your Book of Parliament*. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

THINKING THINGS THROUGH

JAMES HEMMING: *Understand Yourself and Other People*. Illustrated by Haro. Oxford: Blackwell. 8s. 6d.

Trying to understand oneself, especially if one is an adolescent, can be a dangerously introspective business. It is the great virtue of Dr. Hemming's book (which can be scarcely faulted in any respect) that his class method enables his pupils to understand themselves and each other by looking at boys and girls and their various problems as a whole, so that the individual will recognize himself in the context of a society into which he and others must fit rather than as an interesting and unique specimen. So he will be diverted from introspection to a proper concern for and appreciation of other people's problems.

Chapters on the differences between individuals and yet the similarity of our common humanity are followed by others on the changes and challenges of life at all its stages, especially during the teens; self-doubt and ways to resolve it; getting on together; making friends; the two sexes; dreaming and doing; right and wrong; one of those days (a recognition that life is often difficult); and growing into our best selves. The book pays no lip-service to any particular system of ethics or belief but is a thoroughly moral one in the best and widest sense of the word.

PHILIP GROSSET: *Things that Matter*. Evans Brothers. 13s. 6d.

This anthology of extracts from books and films, television and radio programmes, newspaper and magazine articles provides grim reading for the young. As a stimulus and guide to heartsearching and serious thinking the passages are skilfully chosen. Many are horrifying and depressing, some very moving and very few touch the lighter side of life. They range from the agony of No Man's Land between the opposing armies in the First World War, through crime, adolescent behaviour, vivisection and the pop world to Nazi concentration camps and finally to God.

The object of the book is to promote sixth-form and college discussion on the "things that matter". It seems doubtful if teenagers need any particular encouragement to discuss the ever-present and all-absorbing subject of sex. It is however no doubtedly very important for this generation, growing up after the war, to be aware of the unspeakable brutality of the Nazi regime and the fearful death roll resulting from the Allied policy of bombing German cities. By examples such as these they will learn the depths of cruelty to which civilized nations can be driven by evil leadership or the pressure of total war.

The sixth-formers of today will be the leaders of tomorrow and they have to face facts. But when they read books like *Things that Matter*, where there is little mention of the pleasant, gay and tender things of life, they come up against sadness and suffering in the raw and they must sometimes feel that they have inherited a cruel, unfeeling world.

GERALD KONYN: *The Story of Philosophy*. Illustrated by A. H. Eisner. Muller. 12s. 6d.

A small book on an enormous subject. It sets out to define philosophy for the young, to create curiosity and help them to think for themselves. It is an ambitious project which deserves to succeed and in some measure it does. It has a direct writer-to-reader approach and a colloquial turn of phrase.

The section on Eastern religions is too brief to be anything but confusing, and it is very doubtful if Confucius was influenced by Hindu beliefs. His teaching was mainly rational, moral and human and he aimed to build a harmonious society through individual perfection without recourse to mystical aid.

The philosophies of Plato and Socrates are well simplified and the summary of *The Republic* is easy reading. But Gerald Konyn skims too lightly over the depth and intensity of Greek religious thought, and he ignores the mystery religions altogether. Therefore the important link between Greek idealism and the early Christian Church in the days of Paul of Tarsus is lost. The drawings and maps are attractive, but rather too juvenile for the book.

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Books for Boys & Girls from Oliver & Boyd

Non-Fiction—3

MORE FACTS FOR OLDER READERS

Art

BRYAN HOLME: *Looking at Drawing.* Illustrated. Studio Vista. 42s.

Not so much a telling of how to draw but more a way of learning to appreciate good drawings by others. All periods, cultures and climes are represented in a collection of reproductions that could scarcely be more diverse. The author's spirited approach should ensure its appeal to the young.

WILLIAM ANTHONY: *A New Approach to Figure Drawing.* Illustrated. Odhams Books. 12s. 6d.

The newness of the approach is not easily apparent, unless it lies in the small gnomelike figure that bobs up on many of these pages and proffers advice in the American manner. Of the soundness of the instruction there is never a doubt. The rib cage, the pelvic cage and all other areas of the anatomy are carefully considered and academically illustrated in turn, and the whole production is generously bespattered with reproductions of drawings by the Old Masters.

Biography

Biographies for Children. A Select List. Fourth Edition compiled by Keith S. Golland. Edited by R. W. Thompson. London Borough of Havering Libraries, Central Library, Romford, Essex. 25s.

Issued originally in 1960 by the former Borough of Dagenham (now absorbed into Havering) this is a reference book tailored to the needs of librarians, teachers, children and, one hopes, publishers. It is a comprehensive list of biographies expressly written for children (upwards of 700 titles, 145 pages) arranged alphabetically under subjects and with an author index. The first part gives the subjects' dates; a brief description (British surgeon, Italian statesman, &c.); and the names of the works in which they appear whether individually or collectively. Publishers and the date of publication (not prices) are found in the second author index. The book has hard covers; the text is facsimile typescript with the verso pages blank for corrections and additions. Only one suggestion: could a third index be included in the next edition listing the subjects of the collections which abound in this field of publishing?

ARTHUR H. BOOTH: *Sir Christopher Wren.* Illustrated by Charles King. Muller. 12s. 6d.

The success story idiom and modern viewpoint of the writer fail, particularly in Wren's early life, to convey an accurate picture of the period. However, good use of contemporary quotation well introduced later allows him to emerge as he was. A realistic bibliography cites easily available modern editions and the whereabouts of rarer sources. The imaginative drawings mingle well with the near-contemporary illustrations.

HELEN BUSH: *Mary Anning's Treasure.* Illustrated by Gwyneth Cole. Gollancz. 16s.

The story is based on the life of Mary Anning who lived at Lyme Regis in the early part of the nineteenth century. Her father was a carpenter and also sold fossils which he and his family collected on the beach. Mary was twelve when she discovered the skeleton of a prehistoric monster, the ichthyosaurus, and it is at this point that the book ends.

Miss Bush is a lecturer on geology at the Royal Ontario Museum and her descriptions of fossils have been illustrated with particular attention to accuracy by Gwyneth Cole, so that children beginning to take an interest in the subject can identify "finds".

DOROTHY COWLIN: *A Woman in the Desert.* The story of Gertrude Bell. Illustrated by Penny Carey. Muller. 11s. 6d.

A very readable story about this remarkable woman. It takes account of all the facets of her work and personality, as traveller, archaeologist and writer.

GARRY HOGG: *Blind Jack of Knaresborough.* Road Builder Extraordinary. Illustrated by James Hunt. Phoenix House. 18s.

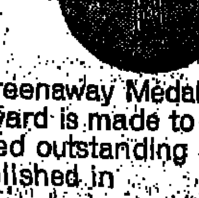
This is the story of John Metcalf, remembered today as the forerunner of modern road builders. Blind from an early age, he refused to allow his disability to stop him from pursuing all kinds of sporting activities, as well as earning his living in ways as different as playing the fiddle, smuggling and running a stage coach business. It was in his late thirties that he turned to road making, building bridges as well where these were necessary. Such men, with the original and independent character of John Metcalf, are part of England's heritage and the book makes a useful addition to social history for young people.

JOSEPHINE KAMM: *Joseph Paxton and the Crystal Palace.* Illustrated by Faith Jaques. Methuen. 18s.

Mrs. Kamm has integrated Paxton's life story—from his beginnings as a gardener's boy with the Duke of Devonshire, to the culmination of his career as designer of the Crystal Palace—with the period in which he lived and into which he fitted so well. She has produced a lively picture of the man and his time.

WALTER UNSWORTH: *Tiger in the Snow.* The life and adventures of A. F. Mummery. Gollancz. 18s.

Through the life of A. F. Mummery the author tells the story of climbing in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mummery is particularly interesting to present-day climbers because he initiated "guideless climbing", and his climbs are the more remarkable when it is remembered that he did not have the protective clothing and equipment used today.


Raymond Briggs
has been awarded the 1967 Kate Greenaway Medal by the Library Association. "The award is made to the British artist who has contributed outstanding illustrations to children's books published in this country."

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Books for Children

Careers

JOHN BERRY and GEORGE PORTER: *Animals as a Career.* Batsford. 15s.

Zoo keepers and attendants earn from £321 to £614 a year with free uniform and two weeks' holiday. At the other end of the veterinary scale, general practice may bring in £5,000 and the maximum salary of a professor in London is £5,750. From this it will be seen that *Animals as a Career* is a pretty comprehensive study. It even includes circus labourers—but these are paid by private arrangement and no figures are quoted.

ELIZABETH GREY: *Behind the Scenes in a Film Studio.* Illustrated. Phoenix House. 15s.

Bang up-to-date with a coloured frontispiece from *Casino Royale*, this book gives an admirably clear account of how films are made, with numerous illustrations to show how the eye can be deceived.

P. C. M. LAMB: *Printing.* Target for Careers. Illustrated by Clive Chizlott. Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.

Should prove a useful handbook for anyone who has anything to do with printing and printers. All the processes, and jargon, are lucidly explained with the help of numerous diagrams. There are also chapters on the structure of the industry and, since this is a careers book, how to enter this very exclusive trade.

IAIN MACMILLAN: *Civil Aviation.* Text by Dudley Fox. Lutterworth Press. 15s.

The latest of the picture career books lives up to the reputation of this series. It combines an extremely vivid pictorial impression of the various jobs connected with flying with succinct descriptions of them and of conditions of service, pay and training.

History

BETTY SCHECHTER: *The Dreyfus Affair.* A National Scandal. Illustrated by Photographs. Gollancz. 21s.

Anti-semitism rather than Dreyfus himself is the focal point of this American account for younger readers of one of the most shocking misapplications of justice in history. The author's emotional involvement results in an unnecessarily dramatic approach—the facts themselves give ample warning of the danger of such modern manifestations as McCarthyism and Alabama.

Philately

EDWIN P. HOYT: *Exploring the Stamp World.* Illustrated by Martha Hart. Odhams Books. 10s. 6d.

By far the least useful and most inaccurate book about stamps that has appeared for a long time. Apart from the extremely poor quality of the illustrations—many of which are without point—there are glaring inaccuracies. The Cape Triangular 4d. (page 25) is technically the best drawing, but it does not illustrate the 4d. red error of colour. This occurs only among the "Woodblocks" (which are *not* "printed from woodblocks" but from metal stereos). The "Technical Errors" on page 29 include a misdescription of the watermark error illustrated. The Mauritius 1d. on page 60 is the 1848 1d. "Post Paid" and not the 1847 "Post Office" which was intended. The inverted Swan of Western Australia (page 80) does not exist. The 4d., in a totally different design, is the error discussed in the text, most of which deals with stamp lore in a very superficial fashion.

Science and Technology

The Conquerors. RONALD W. CLARK: *The Air.* PATRICK PRINGLE: *Power.* LEONARD G. RULE: *Space.* Illustrated. Max Parrish. 13s. 6d.

Explanations of scientific progress expressed in biographical terms make good reading. These books each deal with the achievements of half-a-dozen or so pioneers. The Wright brothers and Sir Alan Cobham are among those in the first; Watt, Faraday, Diesel and Rutherford in the next; Newton and Yuri Gagarin in the last. Sir Frank Whittle appears twice. The authors have been a little fanciful in reporting conversations (and, in some cases, even the thoughts) of their subjects, but they keep the interest alive.

ROY BROWN: *The Battle against Fire.* Illustrated by James Hunt. Abelard-Schuman. 18s.

In gossipy fashion, reminiscent of the best classroom chats, the authors of this attractive book tell the story of fire-fighting through the ages. The medieval chaos, the combined effect of the Great Fire of London and the initiative of the insurance companies, and developments of more recent times are all [illegible]

D. M. DESOUTTER: *Your Book of Engines and Turbines.* Illustrated by James Hardwick. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Different petrol companies have issued booklets about engines, and they may be better value than this "slim volume" which contains perhaps 20,000 words and about thirty black and white sketches. But the information on combustion, ignition, lubrication and so on is pleasantly and accurately presented.

C. H. DOHERTY: *Science and the Tunneller.* Illustrated by Michael Baker. Brockhampton Press. 12s. 6d.

An application of geological surveying which is of obvious practical importance is the tunnel. Did the Queen of Babylon walk 1,000 yards under the river Euphrates? Maybe, but there is no doubting the work of Brindley and Brunel, or of Haskins and Moir; nor the existence of plans for a Channel tunnel. Mr. Doherty has a lively tale to tell of all these things and much more.

CHRISTOPHER HILL: *Harvest of the Rocks.* Illustrated by Arthur Wormington. Progress of Science Series. Phoenix House. 15s.

Mr. Hill's opening sentence is significant: "The total tonnage of minerals dug from the Earth in the first half of this century was greater than in all previous history." He explains the composition of the earth's crust, and the details of prospecting for, and winning and processing of, the various deposits. Excellent plates support the text.

ALAN C. JENKINS: *The Golden Band.* Holland's Fight against the Sea. Methuen. 21s.

Splendid illustrations and maps accompany this spirited, informative account of the Dutch enterprise in gaining land from the sea, and protecting themselves against the permanent threat of flooding. "Friesians shall establish and control a sea-fortress, a golden band that shall encircle all Friesland" is the passage from which the title has been chosen. The efforts of the pioneers would appear to have a natural culmination in the current Delta Project, but the author shows that still more triumphs are planned.

It's Made Like This. F. GEORGE KAY: *Ships.* NORMAN WYMER: *Timber.* Illustrated. John Baker. 11s. 6d. each.

The favourable report given to earlier volumes in this series applies this time also. The transformation of basic materials in a natural state to artefacts large and small is explained in a fascinating manner. Trees to boards and wood-pulp; iron and steel to floating palaces and workshops—these things make highly readable books which should be in constant demand in secondary school or other libraries.

TONY LOFTAS: *Wealth from the Oceans.* Illustrated by Elizabeth Winson. Progress of Science Series. Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.

Fish farming is a typically evocative chapter title in this satisfying account of the value of marine science. Desalination is another theme. Older children will be able to translate their experiences of paddling or exploration of rockpools to the larger context of investigations into, and utilization of, the great depths.

PATRICK MOORE and HENRY BRINTON: *Exploring Earth History.* Illustrated by Cyril Deakins. PATRICK MOORE and PETER J. CATTERMOLE: *Exploring Rocks.* Illustrated by Sylvia and Cyril Deakins. Odhams Books. 10s. 6d. each.

The two books of which Mr. Moore is co-author are complementary. One is a modest account of the ways in which the age and structure of the earth have been investigated. Earthquakes and volcanoes, and research by satellite, are among the topics introduced. The other work shows the scientific value of the study of rocks, but also suggests how to make a start on a first-class hobby.

CHARLES D. NEAL: *Safe and Simple Projects with Electricity.* Odhams Books. 15s. [To be published on June 19.]

So long as it is recognized that no experiments involving chemicals or mains electricity can be unreservedly termed safe, and certainly not when they are in the hands of children, then parents may feel this lavishly produced work will interest, occupy and instruct their offspring. In fact most of the projects (they include such things as switches, burglar alarms, telephones and electroplating) require batteries as the energy source.

ARTHUR R. PASTORE: *Dynamite under the Alps.* Challenge Books. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Pastore concentrates on the specific example of the four years' work required in the construction of the Mont Blanc tunnel. The excitement of the planning, the dangers of the twin boring, and the triumph of the meeting of the French and Italian engineers are well conveyed.

G. A. PERRY and M. J. D. H[illegible]: *Progressive Biology.* Book I. [illegible]ford Press. 22s. 6d.

The first of three books covering the five years of work leading to the Certificate of Secondary Education. The authors describe the distribution of living things and how we classify them, and then go back to the grass roots and discuss the cell and the structure of plants and animals. It sounds worthy if dull when so summarized; it is neither, being brightly written, filled with lively ideas for experiments, spot quizzes, delightful photographs, some in colour, and now for a moment lets the reader forget that biology is not just something to be endured in school: it's us and the world around us.

ERIC N. SIMONS: *The Pegasus Story of Metals.* Illustrated by Ingrid [illegible]son. Dennis Dobson. 15s.

In the old-fashioned term this is a reader, not a textbook. It should be popular, for there is nothing dull about Mr. Simons and he is expert on this subject. A mention of three of the many pictures indicates the catholicity of the range. They are of ancient Egyptians working a footbellows, an eleventh-century wrought-iron grille in Winchester Cathedral, and a direct-arc melting furnace. Highly recommended.

CHARLES WALKER: *Progress with Energy.* Illustrated by John [illegible]. Edward Arnold. 15s.

Water power, the harnessing of steam, the steam engine, electricity, turbines, nuclear reactors—such is the progression of man's achievements in utilizing energy for his own purposes. Budding scientists and engineers alike should appreciate this account of the efforts made to date and of future possibilities. Bold diagrams and a glossary help.

Travel

JEAN BOTHWELL: *Vanishing Wildlife of East Africa.* Edited by Cecile Ma[illegible]chat. Illustrated by Edward Osmond. Abelard-Schuman. 16s.

The author, Jean Bothwell, is a former teacher and has marshalled her facts in a tidy manner. She restricts herself to Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika where there are seven principal national parks which have obviously done a great deal to save many species from extinction while allowing nature to maintain her own balance, but man is still the worst enemy of wildlife in Africa and it would seem right that the younger generation should know it.

SYLVIA LOVAT CORBRIDGE: *We [illegible] a School Ship.* Illustrated. Ham[illegible] 15s.

Thinly disguised as fiction, this describes an educational cruise in which 800 schoolchildren visit the Baltic. The days aboard are divided between lessons and recreation, much as they would be at home, and they go ashore sightseeing at Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki and Copenhagen. Such cruises are taking place all the time, and anybody thinking of going on one will gain a very clear idea of what they are like from reading this book.

Let's Visit Series. JOHN C. CALDWELL: *Let's Visit Ceylon.* BERNARD NEWMAN: *Let's Visit Vietnam.* Illustrated. Burke. 9s. 6d. each. School edition 7s. 6d. each.

A useful and up-to-date series which provides maps of the countries concerned, describes the country, way of life, industries, economy, religion and political situation. Directed at older boys and girls, it both demands and assumes a certain degree of sophistication and political understanding. An honest attempt is made to explain the origins and history of the present conflict in Vietnam which, although it is obviously written from a Westerner's point of view, does not gloss over the fact that there has been dissension between the South Vietnamese and their American allies and that there are both Vietcong sympathizers among the South Vietnamese and North Vietnamese refugees from the Vietcong in the South.

RUPERT MARTIN: *Looking at Italy.* 12s. 6d. Illustrated. A. and C. Black.

The emphasis is on "looking", and younger children, for whom this book is intended, will form a fair impression of what Italy looks like from the many good photographs, of which there are two or three to each opening, alternately in black and white and colour. The accompanying text, clear and uncluttered by too much detail, gives an equally good picture, though the history section is so condensed as to contribute little.

SYLVIE NICKELS: *The Young Traveller in Yugoslavia.* Illustrated. Phoenix House. 18s.

As is usual in this series, a couple of young people visit the country and meet many of its inhabitants socially, so that much of the information comes out in conversation. Sometimes this device is artificial and boring, but here it comes off.

Non Fiction—4

JUNIOR INFORMATION BOOKS

Finding Out

The World-Wide Encyclopedia in Colour. Edited by Colin Clark. Designed by Michael Lloyd. Paul Hamlyn. 25s.

"Encyclopedia" is probably the most over-used word in the children's book trade. It would perhaps be wrong to judge this miscellany as one judges a basic reference book—the standing of the editor, the authority of the contributors, the coverage, the organization of the material. Such criteria are almost irrelevant here. The illustrations vary considerably in quality; there are maps, photographs, facsimiles, and then, to jolly the thing along, bright sensational pictures in super-comic style. The text is fair; there has obviously been a need to condense and simplify and, faced with these needs, the editor has tried to include not only the material which suits this treatment and his reader's ability, but also complex themes which are falsified when over-simplified. The arrangement is particularly weak. The book is divided into 69 sections, and with only these for the whole of knowledge, the editor chooses to devote one to "The evolution of the elephant", another to "Dredgers at Work". The sequence of sections follows no apparent order: hairstyles are placed between dredging and the wonders of nature; there are five chapters on art, scattered throughout the book. Parents, and perhaps teachers and librarians, will buy this; children will get something from it, but it is a long way from being good enough for them.

GEOFFREY PALMER and NOEL LLOYD: *Exploring Everyday Expressions.* Illustrated by Sylvia and Cyril Deakins. Odhams Press. 10s. 6d.

A fascinating collection of stories about the origin of expressions in general use—"humble pie", "Queer Street", "beat about the bush"—all explained in an easy style. This book has been produced by the same team which wrote and illustrated *Exploring Names*, and it leaves us asking for more.

Looking at Life

[illegible] HEGELER: *Peter and Caroline.* Illustrated by Gerda Nystad. Tavistock Publications (in association with Methuen). Hardback 12s. Paperback 6s. Limp 5s. 6d.

For the young child the mysteries of conception and birth are better told than read. Yet it seems that we must now have written guides for the [illegible] as well as for ten-year-olds, and if these books are necessary for mothers who cannot communicate with their children there should obviously be a variety of them, to suit different backgrounds, different temperaments. *Peter and Caroline*, by the Danish writer Sten Hegeler, was first published in England in 1957, and is now available in paperback and school editions. There is occasional clumsiness, but this is one of the very few books for young children which tells, in pictures and text the whole story.

LAURA Z. HOBSON: *"I'm Going to have a Baby!"* Illustrated by Mary Kirkbaum. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

Laura Hobson's title is unfortunate, but the book conveys the safe relationships within the family, and the delight at the new birth; the delicate details tend to be skipped over. Here, however, is a book that will offend no one, and one saved from mawkishness by the high spirits of the central character, six-year-old Chris, impatiently awaiting the happy event. This is an American approach and can be contrasted with the more forthright manner of *Peter and Caroline*, above.

Let's-Read-and-Find-Out. ALIKI: *My Hands.* FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY: *Big Tracks, Little Tracks.* Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. PAUL SHOWERS: *Follow Your Nose.* Illustrated by Paul Galdone. *Your Skin and Mine.* Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Black. 8s. 6d. each.

[illegible] one for infants. *My Hands* is a book at a very elementary level, reminding us of the work which our fingers, thumbs, [illegible] and hands do every day. *Big Tracks, Little Tracks* is an encouragement to observation. We are shown the tracks of a variety of people, birds and animals, and at stages in the book are [illegible] on what we have been taught. *Follow your Nose* is a deceptively simple book about smell, leading us gently from simple facts such as "My nose tells me there are roses next door" to the relationship between the sense of smell and the sense of taste, and to the functions of the nose. *Your Skin and Mine*, although basically a picture book, contains a good deal of information on the structure of skin, its characteristics, and its role in keeping the body healthy. The book [illegible] in America, and shows [illegible] in time.

Looking at the Past

R. E. BRETT: *Man makes Clothes.* Illustrated by Elsie Walker. Star Books. Hamish Hamilton. 6s. 6d.

A short survey of the subject reminding children of the meagre resources of early man and the improvements which the change from hunting to farming brought; there is a ten-page section tracing developments in clothes from the days of Ancient Greece to the present, and then notes on uniforms, new materials and clothes in other lands. The text is simple, the drawings adequate, but the impression left is that more detailed attention to fewer aspects of the subject would have been more satisfying.

R. D. LOBBAN: *The Crusades.* Illustrated by Robin Jacques. University of London Press. 10s. 6d.

A balanced account of the Crusades, from 1095 when Pope Urban called for a crusade to free the Holy Land to the collapse of the Crusader states at the end of the thirteenth century. Robin Jacques's illustrations add distinction to the book, but there is one point where they do not match the text, if we are right in presuming that the uncaptioned drawings on page 29 are of a Knight Templar and a Knight Hospitaller. More attention should have been given to the paragraph headings which are spaced so poorly that they appear to run into the text.

JOHN MILLARD: *Let's Look at Cathedrals and Churches.* Illustrated by E. Cumberland Owen. Muller. 10s. 6d.

This book claims to trace "the path from the ancient glories of the oldest church to the splendours of the most modernistic cathedral of today". Both the reader and the author begin with enthusiasm, but as the history develops into a catalogue—without a catalogue's ease of reference—both begin to droop. The main churches and cathedrals of the world are briefly described, and most merit one line drawing, but by the end it is hard to remember which is which. There are no chapters, no contents list, and the plan of the book is not easily apparent. Understanding of the subject is hindered by the absence of any general explanations, for example of the meaning of Gothic and Byzantine. Mr. Millard's book has useful information, but it would have been much improved had the number of churches described been reduced and the introduction to these been more thorough.

BOSWELL TAYLOR (Editor): *Costume.* Research and Illustration by Kathleen Dance. *Railways.* Illustrated by Michael Baker. Picture Reference Books. Brockhampton Press. 3s. 6d. each.

Two more in a series of pamphlets of illustrations which provide a background for the study of particular subjects. The illustrations are taken from original sources, the text is limited, the treatment is historical. The pictures are of many kinds: the two volumes here contain line drawings, photographs and facsimile reproductions, obtained, as the acknowledgments indicate, from a wide range of private and public collections. Previous volumes have been welcomed by schools and libraries and enjoyed by children, and there is little doubt that the two new volumes will be received similarly.

Natural History

R. E. FRISCH: *Plants that Feed the World.* Illustrated. Van Nostrand. 32s.

An interesting book which discusses the staple plants that have fed man since the beginning of time as we know of it. The illustrations are drawn from museums showing the growth and use of these plants in antiquity, and from the present-day records of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. It is well-constructed and well-produced, but 103 pages for 32s. is a high price to pay, even though it contains the best explanation of radiocarbon dating that the present reviewer has found to date. The subject is treated largely in terms of feeding an ever-increasing world population and is addressed to older boys and girls.

PATRICIA LAUBER: *Junior Science Book of Volcanoes.* Illustrated by Matthew Kalmenoff. Junior Science Series. Muller. 12s. 6d.

A useful little book for younger readers which introduces sound factual information about various aspects of volcanoes and related phenomena. A very important point about it is that the basic terminology is introduced and explained in the course of the narrative; a frequent complaint levelled against many information books for children is that, though their format suggests that they are directed at quite young readers, scientific terms are frequently used without sufficient explanation.

JOY O. I. SPOCZYNSKA: *The Aquarium. The Vivarium and the Terrarium.* Illustrated by J. S. Adams. Nelson. 15s. each.

Well-written and well-produced books providing a practical, easy-to-follow guide for the young naturalist who wishes to establish an aquarium or vivarium for himself. The author is herself a teacher, with enthusiasm for her subject, a great deal of practical experience, and the ability to explain clearly how one begins to build the tanks required and how to care for and study the fish, reptiles and amphibians in captivity. She explains any unusual term introduced but writes always with respect for her readers as potential naturalists rather than a faceless mass of ignorant beginners.

NAVIN SULLIVAN: *Animal Timekeepers.* Illustrated by Haris Petie. Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.

Gives an interesting and unusual slant to the theme of time and clocks which is popular as a subject with young children. The book mentions various scientific experiments instituted to explore the validity of an "inner clock" related to the rhythm of living in animals and in man, and does succeed in explaining complex ideas simply in terms comprehensible to the interested 9-12-year-old.

ALAN R. WARWICK: *Let's Look at Prehistoric Animals.* Illustrated by Norma Ost. Let's Look at . . . Series. Muller. 10s. 6d.

The title of this book illustrates all too aptly the procrustean nature of the "series". One thing that no one can do is to look at a prehistoric animal. Prehistoric animals can be discussed and studied in books and museums, but not until p. 57 is there any suggestion that an attempt has been made at the reconstruction of a prehistoric animal which can be looked at. Librarians and teachers tend to welcome *any* books on this ever-popular subject; nevertheless, it is extremely doubtful whether this type of illustration and general treatment is really suitable for scientific subjects, in which some indication of scale or some opportunities for observation should be included. Books of information will continue to play an important role only if they encourage children to observe for themselves, use museums and read other books on subjects discussed.

Zig-Zag Books. *Alpine Flowers.* Books I and II. *Fungi. Minerals.* Illustrated. Warne. 6s. 6d. each.

Forty-eight specimens are illustrated in each of these little folding books: English, Latin, German, French and Italian names are given for the Alpine flowers but no details about the approximate height or area where they are found, flowering season or botanical description. The booklets cannot therefore be used alone, but only in conjunction with more detailed works. The advantage of the zigzag fold is, presumably, that the 48 colour reproductions can be studied at one time when identifying specimens, but it is doubtful whether this would be particularly useful in the field; in the home or classroom a more detailed work would be essential. The colour photography is excellent for so modest a price, but arrangement by season or habitat or even colour would make the Alpine flower booklets more useful to young botanists. The fungi are described more fully, specimens not found in Britain are indicated and the editor's note explains the failure to indicate times of appearance of the fungi. The booklet on minerals draws its examples from all over the world and has no real value as a field-study book for children in England.

Other Lands

Children's Life in Other Lands. NOELLE BRUN: *Micias: his Life in Ecuador.* Photographs by Gérard Beauvais. DOMINIQUE DARBOIS: *Ahmed: his Life in Egypt.* Photographs by the Author. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. each.

The absence of a map in any book of information about life in another country is really unforgivable since the way of life is so much conditioned by the country's geographical position. This series, originally published in France, offends in this respect and the usefulness of the whole series is impaired by it. In other ways they are attractive picture photograph books for younger children and the two listed here are good examples.

Panorama Books. ALAN GARNER: *The Old Man of Mow.* Photographs by Roger Hill. 16s. WILLIAM TULLOCH: *Nicholas and Kishanda.* Photographs by Roland Michaud. 13s. 6d. Collins.

This is Great Britain's first appearance in this series of large photographic picture books published simultaneously in several countries and illustrating distinctive geographical features with superb photography allied to a simple text. *The Old Man of Mow* illustrates typical Pennine scenery and shows something of the agriculture and industry of the region through the story of two boys who try to find the "Old Man of Mow", which turns out to be a rock. Again a contour map would help. *Nicholas and Kishanda* is the story of a friendship between a District Officer's small daughter and a baby elephant in East Africa. It tells one rather less about the terrain than do others in the series.

HELEN B. PECK: *Iceland and Greenland.* Illustrated. Abelard-Schuman. 16s.

Intended for younger children, well-produced and well-illustrated, this book discusses the history, everyday life, geography and climate of these two little-known islands. Again, the book is an American import, cursorily Anglicized, but it is interesting, up-to-date and thoughtfully compiled. A sketch map of each island is provided and another shows places visited by the Vikings which helps to place the islands in relation to Europe and North America.

M. SASEK: *This is Texas.* Illustrated. W. H. Allen. 16s.

Texas is an ideal subject for Mr. Sasek's gifted gaiety; the Lone Star State's "mostestness" is gently pilloried and the wide variety of scenery and ways of life are shown to great effect, though the degree of certainty shown about the source of the shot that killed President Kennedy will not commend itself to recent critics.

RAJ THAPAR: *Introducing India.* Asia Publishing House. 7s. 6d.

This book is very badly produced and tears away from a roughly stitched binding on every opening; nevertheless it is refreshing to have an introduction to India from an Indian. The book contains a good deal about India's past, the legends of her people, customs and festivals, something about her struggle for independence and her dreams for the future, but very little information about how the vast problems of poverty, undernourishment and ignorance are being tackled: this seems a pity.

Science

ROCCO V. FERAVOLO: *Junior Science Book of Water Experiments.* Illustrated by Lewis Zacks. Junior Science Series. Muller. 12s. 6d.

The composition of water, the cycle of evaporation, condensation and precipitation, underground water, water pressure, water power, and purification are covered here, with experiments suggested throughout to help the reader prove each point for himself. The book is on the whole satisfactory, but it has some clumsy and inexact writing which may confuse children, and a strange, well-intentioned last section—"Nobody ever told them that a stream is a sacred thing"—which reads like a Victorian moral tale.

Science is What and Why. BERNICE KOHN: *Light.* Illustrated by Janina Domanska. LISA MILLER: *Sound.* Illustrated by Tomie de Paola. Ronald Whiting and Wheaton. 12s. 6d. each.

The first book provides an introduction to light which begins with double spread illustrations and only two lines of text per page and ends in almost the same way, but has a much more difficult middle section, explaining how light travels, the wavelengths of light waves, the spectrum, refraction and reflection. The type face chosen for the book is pleasing, the general layout is attractive and the drawings are a cut above the average. Tomie de Paola has provided gay and charming illustrations to the book on sound, which make the learning particularly easy; although ostensibly a picture book this does make a very satisfactory first introduction to the subject.

R. W. PURTON: *Man tells the Time.* Illustrated by Elsie Walker. Star Books. Hamish Hamilton. 6s. 6d.

Contains a good description of early ways of telling the time by devices such as water bowls, hour glasses and candle clocks, but the first section, dealing with movements of the sun, moon and earth, is clear neither in text nor diagrams: here is an example of oversimplification to the point of distortion. An information book demands exact expression, and the writing here sometimes causes rather than relieves confusion. "Sand clocks used on ships ran for half an hour. Then a sailor rang the bell. . . . Each half hour the bell was struck once extra." Is a child likely to understand from this the sequence of bells for a four-hour watch?

BRUCE ROBERTS: *Science Fun.* Illustrated. How-do-you-do Books. Nelson. 5s.

An unpretentious little book which contains instructions for carrying out 20 simple experiments. These are of a kind likely to appeal to children, including secret writing, collecting fingerprints, sinking a boat without getting it wet, and growing crystal sweets. The directions are generally easy to follow (although where are the pictures three to six which we are told to trace?), the explanations less so. "The faster the air vibrates, the higher the pitch of the sound . . . more water means less air, so the air vibrates faster." We may learn this, or accept it, but we cannot understand it without a deal more explanation.

HERMAN and NINA SCHNEIDER: *You among the Stars.* Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. World's Work. 18s.

Simply and persuasively, this book explains how we know that the earth is round and what keeps us on: it describes the earth's movements each day and each year, the difference between a star and a planet, and the place of the solar system in the universe. This is a book which is attractive in its presentation and imaginative in its approach.

Things to Make and Do

A. R. PHILPOTT: *Let's Look at Puppets.* Illustrated by Norma Burgin. Let's Look at . . . Series. Muller. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Philpott describes the kinds of puppet shows put on in the major countries of the world. The coloured shadow plays of China, the large Japanese puppets each operated by three men, the water puppets of Vietnam, the outsize achievements of the Americans are all here. This could have been a dull book, but it is not: through the local variations we see the unifying elements; the popularity of the Punch figure, half clown, half rogue, the importance of the operator's hands, which are the life of the puppet, the dedication of the puppet-makers, and the heartening interest of colleges and schools in puppetry.

ROWLAND W. PURTON: *Man and Games.* Illustrated by Robert Broomfield. Star Books. Hamish Hamilton. 6s. 6d.

A brief look at the games men play and something of their history. Occasionally the writing is careless, for example "Every fourth year the [Olympic] games are held in a different country", but on the whole the book provides an effective sketch of the subject for the junior school children whose requirements Mr. Purton knows so well.

SAWAKO GODA: *Fun with Junk.* Making Funny Figures out of Odds and Ends. Photographs by Yoshikatsu Saeki. Ronald Whiting and Wheaton. 21s.

The blurb encourages us: "You don't have to be an artist . . . to make some or all of the zany objects illustrated here." The colour photographs are striking, the instructions easy to follow, but this is a sad world, the next stage on from toy gonks decorating adult beds or plastic flowers in borders for easier gardening. One or two of the examples have wit; most of them amuse for a moment; such objects can be justified if created with spontaneity and exuberance; the whole point is lost if one begins by conscientiously collecting the right material and then settles down to follow the step by step instructions.

The World Around Us

ARTHUR J. ARKLEY: *Man in the Air.* Illustrated by Pamela Mara. Star Books. Hamish Hamilton. 6s. 6d.

A short history of man's attempts to give himself the freedom of the air. Like other books in the series, this sets out deliberately to give a wide view of the subject, so we are reminded of the role of the ground control staff, on the aeroplane's place in tending the sick, transporting goods, and in warfare. The subject is presented with interest, but, inevitably, a book dealing with so many aspects in the space of thirty pages takes on a restless air.

JOAN BEALES: *Travel by Land.* Illustrated by the Author. Open Gate Library. Oliver and Boyd. 10s. 6d.

A good introduction to the subject: its short sentences, bright illustrations and attractively laid out page make it easy for young children to use. Some of the drawings and diagrams have no captions nor labels of working parts, and this reduces their usefulness.

NORMAN *and* MADELYN CARLISLE: *The Junior True Book of Bridges.* Illustrated by George Wilde. Junior True Books. Muller. 10s. 6d.

A very successful compression. This book shows many different types of bridge and explains how they are built, telling the story with directness and a regard for the unity of the subject.

PHIL DRACKETT: *Let's Look at Motor-Cars.* Illustrated by Norma Ost. Let's Look at . . . Series. Muller. 10s. 6d.

This is not the expected explanation of how a car works, with the inevitable diagram of four cylinders pumping away. Instead, we have a fairly detailed history of the motor car, which begins with a great fizz—"Financial skill and tremendous vision were waiting in the wings and a new day was about to dawn"—but loses momentum part-way, as record follows record, small modification follows small modification, and we lose the thread of development in the mass of detail. The book is valuable for its special approach; one can criticize the idiosyncrasies of style, the occasional uncaptioned illustrations, the assumption that technical terms need no explanation; but these are minor quibbles.

ALAIN GRÉE: *Keith and Sally Look at Ships. Keith and Sally on the Farm. Keith and Sally Out and About.* Illustrated by the Author. Adapted by Annemarie Ryba. Evans Brothers. 9s. 6d. each.

Three light-hearted picture books which, with diagrams, coloured illustrations, cartoons and a brief text, provide a surprisingly large amount of information painlessly. They have brightness without vulgarity, breeziness without condescension, and handle tactfully the device of the all-wise uncle figure who tells the facts.






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NEW BOOKS FROM FRANCE

Astérix, et les Normands. Text by Goscinny. Illustrated by Uderzo. Dargaud. 7.70frs.

It seems that Astérix the Gaul has supplanted the French emblem of the Gallic cock in the eyes of his fans. At all events this latest episode in his adventures is having as much success as the earlier ones.

RENÉ AMBERNOU: *Le Mystère de l'Abbaye*. Bruléa. Rouge et Or. 6.80frs.

The setting is a little Bourbonnais village in the year 1686. Wolves, made savage by the bitter cold, approach the abbey ruins and Brunelle and her brother Berot share an important secret with the son of the lord of the manor.

JACQUELINE CERVON: *Sellin, le Petit Maréchal-de-Bonheur*. Rouge et Or. 6.80frs.

Sellin sells lottery tickets which his white rabbit, Ysel, endows with special luck. In the end Sellin earns enough money to help Senra, the little deaf girl who, with Ysel, shares all his affection. Greece is the background of the second story and the chief characters are the children of local fishermen who, out of affection for Nikos, the poet, marathon a magic bow which they have heard can restore their friend to health.

NICOLE CRAVEZON: *Le Navire de Pierre*. Mazenod. 6.80frs.

The ship of stone is a Provençal village built, like the concave edge of a rock in the shape of a bow which the young Laurent hopes to find solitude but instead discovers that the village is to be a rocket-launching site.

EVE DESSAINS: *Jason et les Amis*. Rouge et Or. 3.00frs.

Jason lives in a huge suburban housing estate outside Paris. She meets many other children but likes none of them so much as Amalia, who is very unhappy in the neighbouring "bidonville". Jason's efforts to help the little Portuguese girl lead to a series of exciting adventures.

JEAN-CLAUDE FROELICH: *La Horde de Gor*. Magnard. 6.80frs.

Fantastic adventures of three young people of the twentieth century. With the help of an ingenious machine they are able to move about in time, and find themselves on the banks of the Seine 50 million years ago.

GERVAISE HELLEQUIN: *L'Etoile d'un Soir*. Magnard. 6.80frs.

Fabienne was indeed only a very small star. She had had one tiny part in a film but it had turned her head. To restore the balance her parents put her in the care of a barge-owner and she gets to know the hard life of the bargees and their families.

ODETTE JOYEUX: *La Porte Interdite*. Rouge et Or. 6.80frs.

This story centred on the Paris Opera House with the "Petits Rats" as heroines, has had a great success on French television.

M. J. MALAVIS: *Le Secret du Dragon*. Rouge et Or. 6.80frs.

The action takes place in the Canary Islands, where, thanks to the local children, a band of young people from France have some wonderful adventures.

M. MARCEAU: *Tesminent du Soleil*. Amitié. 6.45frs.

The first of a series of yarns set in the era of 15,000 B.C. imaginatively reconstructed in the light of prehistoric remains discovered in France.

HENRY DE MONFREID: *Aden, Paradis Sauvage*. Amitié. 6.45frs.

A delightful story by the well-known traveller. It tells of the adventures among his friends and his animals and especially of his favourite boy-friend his companion the pearl fisher.

JEAN FRANÇOIS NORCY: *Pêche sur le Braconnier*. Hachette. 3.00frs.

Some young people who are watching a hunt witness the death of a stag caught in a trap. They suspect a poacher of this cruelty but it takes courage to get to the truth of the matter.

SAINT MARCOUX: *La Princesse Enfermée*. Rouge et Or. 6.80frs.

In Mexico the children of a peasant who has come to the country to work for minerals are made welcome by the hospitable family and have a wonderful adventure.

ISABELLE O. SCHREIBER: *Mystère Canada*. Hachette. 3.00frs.

Mayotte, full of youthful high spirits, goes to join her parents in Canada and is faced with a disturbing mystery.

Picture Books

Le Beau Livre des Animaux. Nathan. 19.02frs.

DOMINIQUE DARBOIS: *Nounours à Moscou*. *Russe*. Nathan.

The lives of children in Moscow and a country dache.

L'Homme fait des Merveilles. Nathan. 19.02frs.

A record of the great discoveries and inventions of history.

FRANÇOIS MARTIN: *Drongo, Prince de la Jungle. Tête de Papier*. Nathan. 10.16frs.

The little boy tells of his life on Drongo Island. This book was chosen as the best book of the year by the children.

THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
Thursday May 25 1967
CENTRAL 2000

COMPUTERS IN THE LIBRARY

Two grants for research into the automation of library catalogues have been awarded by the Office of Scientific and Technical Information to the Universities of Newcastle on Tyne and Cambridge. It is the more regrettable, in the light of this official interest, that *The Brasenose Conference on the Automation of Libraries* (edited by John Harrison and Peter Laxdell, Mansell, 45s.), dealing as it does with questions of information transmission, should in any way fall short of the best standards of accurate and adequate communication. The title of the conference is, in fact, a misnomer; its subject is the computerization of very large libraries, such as the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Widener Library at Harvard and the National Library of Medicine. The volume contains nothing on the computerization of libraries and related services of other kinds, except as potential beneficiaries of the automated fall-out of the "great libraries".

In his introduction Sir Frank Francis remarks (in an understatement) that "no great library anywhere is able to guarantee that its cataloguing is up to date. . .". There are, however, libraries and bibliographical services which depend more critically upon speed of performance to justify their existence. Some of them, because they have gone some way towards systematizing their working methods, may be more ripe for computerization than the "great libraries". Their problems are not dealt with in this volume, though this is not to say that they will have nothing to learn from the ten papers presented. The second shortcoming of this book is its lack of an index, for which a bad tradition in conference proceedings publishing is no excuse. It contains a certain amount of hard information, mainly on American projects, together with some thoughtful speculation, which could be useful and even influential if it could be recalled by a more economical procedure than sequentially skimming up to 172 pages.

The conference, which comprised 65 British and American participants, was sponsored by the Old Dominion Foundation of New York. The papers dealing with the situation in British libraries, where the computer is hardly over the horizon, are perhaps the least informative. Four papers deal with fully elaborated American schemes at the Widener Library, the Library of Congress, the National Library of Medicine, and the State Library of New York. Computerized Biographical Information Resources, from papers by F. G. Kilgour and H. Pitkerd deal generally with the different approach to library automation.

Conference proceedings are invariably a tangled skein. This volume is no exception. Why are large libraries interested in computerization? The computer is not necessary for their survival as it may be for certain other types of library discussed above. They are not likely to save costs by computerizing. They are, however, likely to become more and more intellectually sterile in face of the problems of handling many new types of material and more ambitiously the supply of "management information" which the computer makes possible. At first-time make there is a great deal of confusion in these papers of Systems simply, at the analysis of objectives, and at the formal level. There appears to be a blanket assumption that the computer is the only way to tackle the problem of information retrieval. Only a few papers, such as that by Dr. Ruth Davis, Director of the National Bureau of Standards Institute for Computer Sciences and Technology, Washington, D.C., show any awareness of the part of the *TLS* and Professor Curtis Ph.D.Hon "against what he calls "Oxbridge M.A.-resentment".

To test the alleged anti-American bias of the *TLS*, I examined the issue in which Professor Curtis's letter itself appeared. On the front page the reviewer, dealing with a French book, speaks of the "masterly pioneer work" of Professor George Pierson, of Yale, and praises the French editor's work as being "up to the best American standards". Of the first of the books by Americans noticed, the reviewer says (p. 415) "any analysis at the level of seriousness which these three American writers attain must be warmly welcomed"; while the second is called (p. 416) "a delicately argued, lucid and important study"; of an American military historian the reviewer says (p. 423), "it takes courage to add to [the number of books on the Duke of Wellington] and something more to add to them as successfully as Mr. [X] has done"; and warm praise is distributed on p. 421 among the editors (most if not all of whom must be American) of the six volumes reviewed of the great cooperative edition of Voltaire. These, apart from two art books which may or may not be written by Americans and which win moderate approval, are, so far as I can see, the only American books reviewed in that issue of the paper, the last page of which carries a glowing "salutation" to Harold's "majestic" and "fitting monument" to its college library. All this hardly adds up to anti-American bias.

So much for the *TLS*. For myself, what am I to say? Professor Le Comte speaks of me as possessing the "absolutely indispensable quality of sincere bias against Americans", and Professor Curtis thinks it "only fair to point out" that I have "deliberately reserved [my] highest praise for a member of that select circle of scholars who can lay claim to a first-class degree in the honours school of English at Oxford (1929), to an M.A. acquired by purchase (1935), and to a D.Litt. *honoris causa* (1960)". The Professor evidently supposes that Miss Gardner's was an honorary doctorate acquired by supplication, just as he supposes that I am "an embittered and grantless M.A." who "took his first in the honours school of English at Oxford about twenty years ago". Both suppositions are mistaken: I never read English (let alone got a first in it) at either Oxford or Cambridge, and Miss Gardner's doctorate was not an honorary one but was obtained on the strength of her published work. The inference that the Professor draws is as mistaken as are his premises: "The moral [he says] of this review seems to be that only doctorates acquired by supplication or by the acclaim of peers in the autumn of one's career deserve to be recognized, let alone praised or read." Professor Curtis evidently thinks, and assumes that I think, in terms of "praising" (and reading) "doctorates". In this, he does me an injustice, as he does when he calls me a "malicious M.A." and suggests that I am "bent on forcing back the waves of scholarly publication that threaten [my] academic throne". I have no "academic throne" that could be threatened by "scholarly publications"; and, in any event, the protest in my article was directed not against scholarly but against *unscholarly* publications: it was because I thought it unscholarly, and for no other reason, that I criticized the work of Dr. Manley and Professor Stein, and it was for its scholarly qualities that I praised (with some reservations) the work of Miss Gardner, not because she is a D.Litt. or because she belongs to Oxford.

Professor Curtis really gives himself away, revealing how completely he accepts as scholarship what I have called "pseudo-scholarship" when he speaks of (my italics) "*the paraphernalia of scholarship*; *as embodied in the elaborate footnote references of Dr. Manley*", and complains that I "made fun" of them. The footnotes of Dr. Manley that I criticized, whether or not they "embody" (in Professor Curtis's curious phrase) the "paraphernalia of scholarship", they are themselves a mockery of scholarship, a worthless, pretentious jumble, and that was why I held them up to ridicule, and not because their author was a Ph.D. or because he was an American. There are plenty of excellent American scholars, and I think it a pity that their work (not any "academic throne" of my own) should be swamped by work like Dr. Manley's, the product of "Ph.D.ism". Of course I can only assert this; I cannot compel Professor Curtis to believe it; nor do I expect him to do so, for—to judge from his letter, which shows much concern for academic productivity and none for the quality of the product—he is an unashamed champion of the very attitude that I deplore, accepting the "paraphernalia" of scholarship for the thing itself.

YOUR REVIEWER.

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

SIR,—Robert Conquest's enormous letters (April 13 and May 4 and May 18) about his views on the Vietnam war stir up too much laughter. It is funny when he compares himself with Voltaire (May 4) and when he urges me, all to study first-hand, unimpeachable evidence like a *Newsweek* report (May 18). But we don't want what he calls "entertainment" when discussing so serious a matter as the frying of children—simply, so far as I can gather, because their locality renders them suspect of possibly living their adult lives under Communist rule.

I have read a good deal about the Vietnam war, and have even secured some information about official and popular thinking in North Vietnam, and among the N.L.F. and their South Vietnamese supporters. (This material is not so easy to get as *Newsweek*.) But I am no geopolitician and will not fill your space with my political views. Let me say only that what he calls "the defence of political liberty of the western democratic culture and the states developing under its protection" has meant, in practice, tolerance and even support of the legitimate authorities in Batista's Cuba, Trujillo's Dominican Republic and Faisal's Saudi Arabia. To name but a few. And, if I had to be an unfree peasant, I would sooner be one in North Vietnam—if it were not for the fact that the Americans might burn my children because I am not free.

But what concerns us here are literary matters, the accepted rules of polemic and logical argument. Let me, to use Mr. Conquest's terms, "add to the entertainment".

He thinks me "Pavlovian"—a brainwashed Russian hound. He won ten shillings from Kingsley Amis for correctly predicting my response to his first letter. An easy way to earn an honest dollar. Conquest's first rule of polemic: The lefties are predictable. "Told you so, Kingsley! I say '2+2=5' and some lefty, some abysmally silly fellow like Jones always says '4'."

Mr. Conquest thinks me "touchy" about his rudeness to another correspondent, whom I don't know. Not so. I was making a literary point about this private poet's style when writing public letters. He used "infanticide" as a metaphor for his naively insolent reply to Mr. Cunliffe—meaning: "Conquest, an adult, must apologise for 'slaughtering' Cunliffe who is a mere child." It seemed an inept figure of speech for a writer who supports a policy which necessarily results in the killing (literally, physically, and "*killing*", not just "dying") of many foreign children who live within a target area selected by the killer. I am not talking about Nazi Germany twenty-five years ago, when I wasn't responsible, but about Vietnam now; and I happen to consider present policy criminal. Therefore "infanticide" does seem appropriate. Why does Mr. Conquest think such imputations "as mine are "evidence about" me?

Conquest's second rule: when lefties oppose a violent deed, they are masking secret motives. Hint for fourteen lines.

Mr. Conquest reminds us that L. B. Johnson is not Hitler, and the O.I. is not an S.S. man. Certainly; and not all whitemen/landlords are devils and not all blackmen/tenants are angels. In drawing comparisons, Mr. Conquest should inform us whether he is comparing motives or results. "A G.I. is not an S.S. man." True: the chances are that the G.I. will be a tolerable person. He will probably prefer killing an unseen victim at a distance, while taking a risk, to executing or torturing captives. But some of the results of his actions may be the same and, surely, need almost as much justification. "I merely" burned children.

Conquest's third rule: to help in confusing motives with results, always explain the causes. When the lefties worried about the economic motivation of the Boer War, our grandfathers said: "Soldiers are not money-grubbers." If they complain about road deaths, say: "Motorists are not murderers." Take twenty-three lines of rhetoric.

Mr. Conquest thinks that I can only "avoid a charge of cant" if I have never supported any action which might lead to the death of a child". Does he mean I cannot even ride in a car? Surely not. He must mean that no one who has ever supported a military or armed police action is entitled to complain about the current killing of children in Vietnam by American forces. I cannot accept this proposition. I am not a pacifist, merely one of those who "draw the line somewhere". In his verbal campaign against world Communism does Mr. Conquest draw the line *anywhere*?

He states that N.L.F. propaganda accuses Americans of roasting and quartering children. We will accept his assurance that the stuff he quotes—which few of us have seen—is lying rubbish. But we feel pretty certain that the American action he supports does, from a distance, cause children to be severely burned and to lose their arms and legs. What is the difference? Mr. Conquest holds that a man who does this hand-to-hand is a monster; but a man who does it from the air, in the cause of freedom, can be easily justified, because "some children are going to die in any war".

Both President Johnson and Robert Conquest seem confused; and this confusion relates to that simple point about the metaphor and reality of "infanticide". The hawks' eyes, as Mr. Cunliffe suggested, are blinded by picturesque language—freedom, liberty, totalitarianism, protection. They cannot see the burnt child through the thicket of abstract nouns.

D. A. N. JONES.
19 Endymion Road, London, S.W.2.

Letters to the Editor

FREE EDUCATION

SIR,—Professor Muir (May 11) and his Lancaster colleagues (May 18) are occupying safe ground when they claim that all academic appointments are made strictly in accord with merit and merit alone, since it would be quite impossible in the nature of the case to disprove the contention. It does not therefore follow that it is true. People who commit injustice maintain silence; those who suffer it are necessarily those least likely ever to complain on their own behalf.

In the *Guardian* of May 12, Sir Frank Meillicott wrote that he and four colleagues in the House had their political careers ruined because they pointed out the moral iniquity of Suez at the time. We now know it to have been a shabby conspiracy; yet those who kept silence retain their seats and enjoy successful parliamentary careers; while the five who spoke out continue to be penalized.—Dr. Professor Muir and his colleagues believe that it is only in politics that vice is rewarded and virtue punished, that British universities are somehow autonomous and isolated from the factors which condition the rest of our society.?

DERROY LOWDEN.
Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, Collier Road, Cambridge.

I.L.L DONNE: WELL DONNE

SIR,—You have printed two letters (May 11 and 18) criticizing the article (April 6) in which I reviewed together Miss Helen Gardner's edition of Donne's love-poems, Dr. N. Manley's edition of Donne's *Anniversaries*, and Professor A. J. Smith's *John Donne's Letters: The Eloquence of Action*; one was from Professor Edward Le Comte, of the State University of New York, the other from Professor L. P. Curtis, just of the University of California.

Professor Le Comte devotes most of his letter to attacking the scholarship of Miss Gardner, with whom, he says, he "parted company in 1952." His criticisms do not seem to me to be such as to call for an answer; but Miss Gardner is well able to deal with them herself if she thinks fit. The rest of Professor Le Comte's letter, like the whole of Professor Curtis's, is devoted to alleging anti-American bias on my part, and on the part of the *TLS* and Professor Curtis's "entertainment" when discussing so serious a matter as the frying of children—simply, so far as I can gather, because their locality renders them suspect of possibly living their adult lives under Communist rule.

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D. A. N. JONES.
19 Endymion Road, London, S.W.2.

Graham Greene
MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND?
And other comedies of the sexual life

Geoffrey Grigson, *Country Life*
'One reads and what a compliment that is . . . short stories about love, or its absence, or its tailing off, or its incompleteness, wry, wistful and bitterly amusing.'

Anthony Burgess, *Spectator*
'A great writer . . .'

William Trevor, *The Guardian*
'It seems to me to be as fine as anything Mr. Greene has written.'

Hilary Corke, *The Listener*
'Peculiarly nasty-minded . . . and surely peculiarly immoral. . . . one's feeling of sudden nausea when one shuts the book.' *21s*

Within the Fringe
James Stuart

FOREWORD BY
Sir Alec Douglas-Home

'. . . he had in plenty qualities of character, like loyalty, integrity, straight dealing, industry, and high good humour. . . . This book is rich in Churchilliana, nearly all of it new . . . He had the affection and trust of Maxton and the wild men from Clydeside, of Bevin, Morrison and Bevan.'
The Times

'This autobiography makes an attractive book . . . . The anecdotes are as funny, vivid and revealing as any we have had for years.'
Times Literary Supplement

'I am grateful for some hours of recalling old comedies, tragedies, old loves and hates, old successes and disasters. To lapse into the French in which he delights, his book is "tout frigant", which may be translated as "pretty perky".'
Sir Colin Coote
Sunday Telegraph *30s*

All in the Family
Edwin O'Connor

'Mr. O'Connor is a humorist and a poet. A beautiful first section describes his friendly narrator's early years. Then he sets to work on the characters as grown-ups. . . . This is a most refreshing, joy-giving book, full of lilting charm that often borders on sentimentality but never allows both feet across that dreaded Rubicon. Its large cast are sometimes romanticised but always alive. I hope it will win the author the large British audience his spellbinding talent deserves.'
Rivers Scott
Sunday Telegraph *30s*

His Own Kind
Robin White

'Mr. White knows how to convey genuine emotion.'
The Times

'Mr. White brings out Turner's inept doomed likeableness with skill and sympathy.'
Times Literary Supplement *25s*

Parliament in Perspective
David Menhennet & John Palmer

'This brief introduction is written in an easy style and is full of details which entertain and instruct.'
Times Educational Supplement *15s*

Bodley Head

HOW THE WEST WAS WON

JOHN A. HAWGOOD: *The American West.* 399pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3 10s.

It is some time since it was suggested that as we have the epic cycles of the Middle Ages, the "matière de Bretagne" (King Arthur and the Round Table), the "matière de France" (Charlemagne and the Paladins), we should have the "matière d'Amérique" or, in another magic phrase, the West. That the conquest of what is now the United States is the theme of modern history that has most excited the imagination, in modern times, of children of all ages can hardly be doubted. Was not Karl May, the inventor of "Shatterhand", the favourite author of the Führer? Did not *Annie du Far-West* know the same success in Paris as *Annie Get Your Gun* had known in New York and London? Were not children near the Clachan of Aberfoyle or Ely more likely to be re-enacting the saga of Buffalo Bill than recalling the feats of Rob Roy or Hereward the Wake? We are even told that Russian film producers and actors are, as a treat, allowed to see westerns that are barred to the ordinary Russian. From "Cooper of the wood and wave", through Mayne Reid's *Scalp Hunters* (curiously ignored here) to Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* and Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* to *Stagecoach* and *High Noon*, the American West has been the Sherwood Forest of the European (and, of course, of the American) imagination. Such a literary theme deserves serious attention, but so does the more solemn historical theme, the theme of "The Course of Empire", the exploration, the conquest, the exploitation of the West, or, if it is preferred, the lava flow westward of "the Frontier". It was to a "new frontier" that John Kennedy called his countrymen, and they are moving west still. Are not half a million soldiers across the Pacific in Vietnam, forgetful (or perhaps it is their rulers who are forgetful) that, to amend Melville, the world is not an endless plain and that they may be led on in barren mazes and midway find themselves whelmed?

The main theme of this admirable book is the imperial theme and for Professor Hawgood, Bishop Berkeley's fifth act is on the American side of the Pacific. Moreover, although he is fully conscious of the romantic appeal of the West (he is obviously a victim to the fever himself), this is the work of a professional historian, concerned to weigh, to judge, to compare, to set the standards of the scholar against the legends of the poets, of the myth-makers, of the public relations men of whom the West was full before Madison Avenue ever became a symbol.

Yet it would be unjust to suppress the fact that much of the charm if not of the utility of this book comes from the fact that two souls dwell in Professor Hawgood's breast. One of the most charming sides of *The American West* is the series of autobiographical notes telling us that Professor Hawgood has been to such and such a famous fort or ranch or river or battlefield. Sometimes he regrets the Ozymandias-like desolation that surrounds the ghost towns; sometimes he notes the factitious character of the relics. But he usually takes a kindly view, sometimes too kindly, for some have found in contemporary Taos an air of Disneyland that, one hopes, was not there in the days of Kit Carson or even of "Lorenzo".

Professor Hawgood is more than abreast of current historiographical controversies. He suggests subjects that *should* be tackled (his wishes about a new study of Father De Smedt have been answered). He tells us (and it is gratifying news) that the reduction of Sitting Bull to the role of a mere spectator or, at best, a Moses to the Aaron of Rain-in-the-Face, has been overdone. That great symbolic figure of the Indians' last stand is restored to the role given him, for example, in Robert Leighton's *Kiddy of the Camp* before the First World War. The military potentialities of the various Indian nations are carefully assessed, the Comanches coming out on top for formidableness and the Apaches for unattractiveness. (There is an appropriate allusion to the transfer of the dread name to the toughs of "les Fortifs" in the Paris of *la belle époque*). Professor Hawgood holds the balance fairly evenly between the Paleface and the Redskin; he is, perhaps, by implication too kind to that pious and murderous Methodist, Chivington. And it was not only Helen Hunt Jackson who, three generations ago, denounced the baseness of the treatment of the Indian. Professor Hawgood does make a brief reference to the Canadian experience but he does not stress enough the peace of the Canadian West in which so many Indian fugitives took refuge. (There were not two Red River risings; the second was at Duck Lake far west of what is now Winnipeg; and the treatment of Louis Riel, although politically disastrous, was not equivalent to the savagery displayed by the triumphant whites south of the Border.)

Although in many ways Professor Hawgood is adequately critical, he plays down the savage disorder of the Frontier. We have recently had new literary evidence of the combination of law and banditry in New Mexico that made of much political organization simply a barbaric version of St. Augustine's *magnum latrocinium*. If New Mexico had not been part of the United States, or if the Rio Grande had been navigable, there was adequate ground for gunboat diplomacy on the part of Mr. Gladstone. In the same way, not only the heathen Chinese were robbed and murdered in the California of the Gold Rush. The original Mexican settlers were hardly better treated than the Chinese, and Chileans were as badly treated as the "Greasers". Anglo-Saxon attitudes were not always or often attractive to non Anglo-Saxons. (A lot of the most murderous Anglo-Saxons were Irish. It was not only Wasps that stung.)

With great objectivity and learning, Professor Hawgood weighs the claims of classes and individuals in the winning of the West. He restores the credit of the Mountain men and of the fur traders in general and stresses how brief was the life of the cattle frontier. (He does not note that among those ruined or nearly ruined in the great collapse in the Dakotas was the young Theodore Roosevelt and that proto-Fascist, the Marquis de Morès). On individuals he is equally judicious. He has no use for Frémont and is, at best, neutral about that ambiguous figure, General Custer. He has not had the advantage of reading Dr. Donald Jackson's great book on Zebulon Pike and he goes too far in taking the romantic element out of the Lewis and Clarke expedition. Sacajawea was a kind of Marina to Lewis and Clark as Cortés. But the personal portraits from Daniel Boone on are brilliantly done, although a mild protest might be made against writing of "Davy" Crocket. The Honorable Davy Crocket is entitled to his full name.

On sectional questions, Professor Hawgood is learned and optimistic. Although he appositely quotes Hamlin Garland, he refuses to accept the pessimistic view of the economic lot of the pioneer on the agricultural frontier as painted, for example, by Professor Fred Shannon (on whose polemical methods there is an eloquent bland note). But it is one thing to show that, for most of the settlers, their harsh economic role was not a promotion, another to dismiss the theory that the farmer paid the price of American development as he does everywhere. (Dr. Barrington Moore denies that the American pioneer was a peasant, but not that, like peasants in Europe and Asia, he provided, willy-nilly, the capital accumulation on which the immense fortune of the United States was built.) No doubt the settlers in what is now the United States were lucky in soil, climate, rainfall, mineral resources and a black gold as well as yellow (such as Australia and Siberia all lacked under greater handicaps although Professor Hawgood greatly exaggerates the profitable character of the Ural barrier).

This is a brilliant story of a great achievement by often violent and by often unfortunate men. It has its heroes and its villains. Here it is rightly treated as an heroic story and as one of the greatest achievements of history. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit.*

MAN FROM THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY

LAWRENCE W. LEVINE: *Defender of the Faith.* William Jennings Bryan: The Last Decade, 1915-1925. 386pp. Oxford University Press. £2 12s. 6d.

It is difficult to think of a parallel in American history to the career of William Jennings Bryan. He served only four years in the House of Representatives; he was Secretary of State for two years; after that he never held office, and died in what was really his moment of defeat, after the "Monkey trial" at Dayton, Tennessee—defending a society based on a belief in God, and in the Son of God, and in a civilization to be based on salvation through blood!" Dr. Levine rightly insists that the last ten years of Bryan's life were not an increasingly irrelevant religious diversion from a political career that was less and less successful. Bryan did not take up religion as a substitute for politics. His old-time religion and his old-time politics were one and indivisible. He believed in "the Great Democratic God" of Andrew Jackson, and it was fitting that he should die in Jackson's state, more fitting than that he should have abandoned "the Heartland" for the fleshpots of Miami. But Bryan's strength was not so much that he represented the threatened, embattled, angry, believing rural and small town population of America. He *was* the man of "the Valley of Democracy", the man who saw salvation, political and religious, in the natural alliance of the west and south (for him, Nebraska was still the west) against the "interests", the money-power, the intolerably alien population of the great eastern cities. They had been the enemy's country in the first great battle of 1896; they were still the enemy in 1925 when the hosts of Midian, represented by such formidable prowlers as Clarence Darrow, H. L. Mencken and Dudley Field Malone, descended on Dayton, less to defend young Mr. Scopes than to pillory and ruin the old rural Protestant order.

Dr. Levine rightly ignores the easy task of bailing Bryan dead as Clarence Darrow had bailed him alive. *Tout comprendre* is not necessarily *tout pardonner*, but to understand is half the battle and Dr. Levine has largely succeeded in understanding Bryan. The first beneficial result of this understanding is that Bryan's unsophisticated native wit and real if uninformed intelligence is demonstrated. Bryan's view of the world when he was Secretary of State was naive, but no more than that of Colonel House. If he was a less sophisticated Secretary of State than Robert Lansing, he was more loyal to his chief. And if the plan that Dr. Levine attributes to Bryan seems absurd, it was in effect what many supporters and later critics of Wilson wanted him to carry out, to fight a totally separate war from that being fought by the wicked allies (only a little if at all less wicked than the Germans), and possibly a war to be fought *after* peace had come to Europe by victory or exhaustion. Wilson's attempts to remain above the battle, finally thwarted by German folly, were appreciated by Bryan; and Wilson and he probably had more in common than either had with House, Lansing or Page.

It was not, as Dr. Levine shows, Wilson's treaty or his League that Bryan quarrelled with; it was his self-defeating tactics which threatened to wreck something more important to the United States than any League, the power of a united, "progressive" Democratic party. For Bryan, the 1920s were politically a sad and frustrating time, but with his naive and optimistic belief that the people were always right and would always come back to what the great Jacksonian tradition called for, he remained remarkably cheerful. Did he not believe that "all the world would go dry" before he died? It was, after all, the last time American Protestantism could even profess to believe that the whole world was going to be won for Christ in that generation.

Bryan was, of course, too much of a political optimist to think that his nomination as Prohibition Party presidential candidate in 1920 meant anything serious. He sat on his hands in the election of 1920, he did not run on the Prohibition ticket. (Dr. Levine points out now odd it is that none of Bryan's biographers, nor the official history of the Prohibition Party, mention his empty role or stress the fact that he "did a Sherman".)

Whether Bryan ever completely gave the hope of a fourth nomination by the Democrats cannot be known. He did not want to be President, he certainly wanted to play again the role of 1912, when he believed (probably justly) that he had been the kingmaker who had put Wilson in the White House. His most humiliating defeat was the nomination of John W. Davis in 1924, yet he did not "bolt" the party, did not join La Follette and probably would not have done so even if his obscure brother, Charlie, had not been incongruously nominated for the Vice-Presidency. What he would have done had he survived till 1928 and seen his personal, sectional, ideological enemy, Al Smith, nominated, and the management of the party of 1896 pass into the hands of Wall Street or of General Motors, in the person of John J. Raskob, we shall never know. Many sound Democrats bolted that year—to their almost immediate ruin. He might have been one of them. *Dis aliter visum.*

In some ways, Bryan recalls Mr. Gladstone in the reverence and devotion he inspired. But the Grand Old Man was revered over the whole social and intellectual gamut, from Charles Darwin and some of the great Whig magnates to simple workers and peasants not very different from the devout followers who poured into Dayton and were shocked by Bryan's admission that the sun hadn't stood still for Joshua nor had the world been made in six ordinary days. "The Peerless Leader", the "Great Commoner", in Tennessee at least, was too modernist for his followers.

Perhaps Bryan should be compared not with Mr. Gladstone but with Charles James Fox. Each had a long and, in many ways, brilliant political career; neither held high office for more than a brief period. They were very different, Fox more different from Bryan than Darrow was. But each had the unmistakable power of the great orator; each had the charisma which is more than the power of the mere spell-binder or even of the "tenor" like Senator Dirksen today. And each had troops of friends. The friends of Mr. Fox were no more devoted than the tens of thousands of semi-literate followers who believed in Bryan to his death. And as in the case of Fox, some of Bryan's dreams came true.

This is an able and intelligent book. It is not, unorthodox. It does not conceal the indifference of Bryan, son of a "Copperhead" from downstate Illinois, to any claims to equality by the Negroes, whom Bryan left to the rule and protection of the old South, and, if necessary, of the Ku Klux Klan. Bryan had no interest in any not "religious" or "democratic". He would not have found any difficulty about accepting Socialist racism in the Soviet Union, or about reading or at any rate admiring Adolf Hitler. Still in France, His heart was much in the right place; his head sometimes. He, far more than the "Modernist son" of Bullitt-Freud, was a martyr. (Dr. Levine discusses and dismisses the hostile legend that Bryan died of over-eating). Yet men followed him, demanded his aid and counsel, and often asked in vain. (Since he appears as one of Bryan's counsellors, that once well-known newspaperman, V. V. McNitt, might have been credited with his given name in full; Virgil Vercingetorix.)

Bryan died defeated, but the cause he died for is not yet totally defeated. Very recently a teacher temporarily lost his job in Tennessee for the offence that led to the temporary world fame of John Scopes, and the Anti-Evolution law, though under attack, has not yet been repealed. And a British traveller in America recently saw on the roads of Illinois, billboards with the message "Back to the Bible". The days of Bryan *are* defeated, but not all of them know it. The echoes of the dread horn on Fontarrabian echo borne" are still audible, if unfaintly. But Roland will not return from the grave, nor will the old evangelical Jacksonian society ever lose the illusions that began to look like illusions at Dayton in 1925.

Antónia Nunes Ribeiro, Staelin Eléve de Boerhaave—et son temps ance pour la Russie (1869. 48pp. of catalogue. Leiden: E. Brill. 36 guilders) by D. Willemse, though unduly [illegible] in places, is of considerable [illegible] to students of the Enlightenment in two of the countries [illegible] were least affected by it—Russia and Portugal. The author makes a good case for believing that the latter's Portuguese doctor was the friend of General Becko's reforms of the Russian Imperial Cadet Corps in 1766. He also gives interesting details concerning the [illegible] Boerhaave's medical [illegible] Russia, and he reproduces in an appendix the original [illegible] catalogue of Sandrin's [illegible]

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JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR

JOHN BERGER and JEAN MOHR: *A Fortunate Man.* The Story of a Country Doctor. 157pp. Allen Lane, The Penguin Press. 30s.

John Berger's "fortunate man" is a doctor working in a rural area which the book refers to as the Forest (it is, one hears, somewhere in Scotland). He has taught himself to belong, really belong to the life of the community; the people—a woodman trapped beneath a tree, a family where the mother is dying, a girl who without any specific symptoms feels "sort of miserable"—take it for granted that they can lean on him. At the start the book looks as if it were to be a series of high-class journalistic sketches against the background of the river, the valley, the lanes and the solitary farmhouses which sometimes look out of Mr. Berger's text and which take clearer shape in Mr. Mohr's photographs. But the writer deals with the countryside only so far as it affects the human condition: "Sometimes a landscape seems to be less a setting for the life of its inhabitants than a curtain behind which their struggles, achievements and accidents take place". And he deals with particular stories only so far as they illustrate the relation of individuals to the society in which they live.

Except—and even here reservations have to be made—in the case of the central figure himself, Dr. Sassall. This is a man who when young was much influenced by the novels of Joseph Conrad, who recognized in the life of a doctor the responsibility of a ship's master, a man composed in the face of danger. In early practice, then, he "had no patience with anything except emergencies or serious illness"; only later and after a period of psychological self-examination did he come to think of his job as something less dramatic but more fundamental than action in a life-and-death crisis. And Mr. Berger describes with sympathy the change of emphasis: the healer discovering the need to know the patient as a human being and not merely a clinical case.

With sympathy—but also with a kind of philosophical remoteness. One feels that the author admires, likes and intimately knows his subject. But the reader never gets to know him. One is told that Dr. Sassall is married, that his children go to the local grammar school, that he likes wearing a deerstalker and laced leather leggings for shooting with his dog, that he suffers periods of depression, that he has been seen weeping as he left the home of a dying patient, and that people would say he was kind, thorough, not standoffish, good and capable of doing things just to shock. Nevertheless one has very little idea of what he is really like. For even with his central figure Mr. Berger is interested less in the man than in his relation to the community. Because Dr. Sassall is trusted and respected, we are told, he can do more for his patients than most doctors; he can overcome family obstinacy on the one hand, on the other he can intercede with official bodies; but he has to acknowledge that "by his own standards they are having to settle for a fifth best". Or, as Mr. Berger would put it, they are underprivileged, the victims of "wholesale cultural deprivation". The doctor has a job which is satisfying, which justifies his life; but it is only because of the backwardness of the community that he can practise as he does. And it is only "by our society's miserable standards" that he is "a fortunate man".

Mr. Berger's text, then, is not basically about a human creature; it is a thinly disguised anti-capitalist argument. To discover the human creature one must turn to Mr. Mohr's photographs; and there indeed the man shows himself: the face lined, questioning, faintly sceptical, sympathetic, the hands delicately and boldly at work, the whole being intent on listening, dealing with the problem. And the patients, too, they show themselves: relaxed or anxious, smiling or in tears, trustingly offering their bodies to the hands, the instruments, the probing, the skill. *A Fortunate Man*, after all, is a joint book: the photographs are not subordinate to the text, they are a complement to it. They are beautiful, they are imaginative. And yet it is difficult not to feel that they are an intrusion on the privacy and the human dignity of those underprivileged, culturally deprived figures about whom Mr. Berger is so much concerned. Come to that, it is difficult not to feel that the text itself observes the people of the Forest from a pretty lofty eminence. But then this is really a political book; and in politics the individual is apt to get overlooked.

POOR SALFORD

WALTER GREENWOOD: *There Was a Time.* 254pp. Cape. 25s.

Walter Greenwood's early memories make a vivid book which could no doubt be faulted from several angles. Social historians are likely to find his indignation blurred by sentimentality; those who prefer the more austere kind of autobiography might reasonably object to his large-scale rebuilding of dialogue; many will wince from time to time at what they may regard as an over-lush style.

Yet the main picture, a grimly detailed impression of the Salford of Mr. Greenwood's youth, is so emotionally authentic and carries such conviction that few readers will feel like carping for long. "There was a time when meadow, grove and stream..." This Salford was a post-Wordsworth construction, yet the meadows were not so far behind and the dream was still fresh to the young industrial slum-dweller. Possibly a few vital statistics from the days of the farm-workers and the hand-loom weavers would modify these backward yearnings for a rural golden age. But when Mr. Greenwood blossoms into descriptions of perfumed country lanes ("lo! a whole hedgerow hung with magic", and so on) he is celebrating a physical escape from the present reality of Salford. When he stays at home the language he uses is plain and forceful enough for anybody's taste. And the interludes are much to his purpose, for his theme is of men who find themselves victims of a mindless and brutal social evolution.

For all its gusto—indeed, largely because of it—the book projects a sense of angry desolation, as though a killing tide had rolled over natural living and destroyed its creatures, like men or rats. Sometimes it could be thought to make a gesture too many. The hovering, grooming and adorning their beloved horses for a pre-1914 May Day are warned by a sharp prophet of the motor age that before long the horses will all be off the roads, young Greenwood finds himself observing the ranks of carts and drays, their shafts reared skywards like arms upraised in attitudes of surrender". Does he really remember feeling like that, close on sixty years ago?

Much of the book is powerfully visual. There is a fine ironic sequence where he works in a pawnshop, surrounded by accusing pledges—workmen's tools, cutthroat razors, horned gramophones with such early records as "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls". Another scene which the film or television men will surely long to get their hands on is where the Salford wives invade the shop to pawn their wedding rings; they are planning a slap-up welcome for their husbands, due home on leave from the war. They all seem to come home together. This air of surging communal activity is characteristic. In due course the telegrams arrive collectively, too.

There is an interlude in a racing stable, and Mr. Greenwood then takes a job at Trafford Park where the industrial estate has suddenly smothered the farms and fields. ("Farewell, woodland ways and singing birds", he takes the opportunity of lamenting; "no more the cock pheasant's challenging cry and the wood pigeon's crooning call; instead a nightmare transformation.") Another of the book's ironies, presumably unconscious, is the contrast between this sort of style and the hard, lively writing about the brick wilderness. During the strikes and lockouts, thin miners shadowed by thin whippets celebrate a permanent Sunday, though without the dinner. In the depression, the Board of Guardians doles out cold coins to the worst casualties. The dialogue is written—it could hardly be remembered—with edge and drive. If they really talked like that in blighted Salford there was nothing wrong with their spirit.

Indeed, it is the active, assertive quality in Mr. Greenwood himself that overrides all his reconstructionist devices and makes this book something more than just another depressed regional moan, wifed for modern sound and vision. He really is a realist. And at the end, he faces a further baffling turn of evolution's wheel: huddled houses into multi-storey flats, cinemas that were originally chapels into bingo halls. No doubt he has another Wordsworth quotation in mind, as he contemplates what man has made of man.

WAIF AND STRAY

SHEILA STEWART: *A Home from Home.* 192pp. Longmans. 25s.

Mrs. Stewart was a statistic, one of the thousands of illegitimate children who make up a national problem. Her mother was a young girl "in service" who vanished after giving birth to her. Until she was three the child lived, warm and simple as a puppy, with "Damma" and "Danpa", a North Devon fisherman and his wife. Then they sent her into the care of the Waifs and Strays, as the Church of England Children's Society, at that time, still called itself. Her book, she says, is "intended as a 'thank you' to the many people who have done so much for me, especially the Church of England Children's Society".

Some of the things they did are no less than bloodcurdling to us, thirty years on in our knowledge of child-care. Three-year-olds were hauled out of their familiar surroundings and dumped, not into a nursery, but into a home for small girls. The children, at first at least, had no personal possessions; pocket money was not theirs to spend as they wished, so they had little idea of budgeting when they went out into the world. In one of the Homes where Mrs. Stewart lived, clothing was disgraceful and food insufficient. In the best of them the girls were taught unthinking obedience and servility rather than gratitude. For herself and her contemporaries war and evacuation were a liberation. They exchanged Ealing for Ascot; Canadian Red Cross parcels brought them pretty clothes; the direct interest of the Princesses Marie Louise and Helena Victoria, also at the time "evacuees" at Ascot, and their friends greatly enriched their lives. The author became the first girl in the society to go to grammar school, and passed from it to a teacher's training college. She had what the blurb writer calls "chances that she would certainly have been denied had she remained in the North Devon fishing community into which she had been born".

In the long run, of course, they were irrelevant, in the sense that in themselves, they would not have helped her to grow into a woman who made a happy marriage and became the devoted and delighted mother of three children.

What did, apart from the sane foundation laid by her grandparents? Mrs. Stewart's narrative, unresentful as it is unsentimental, gives the answer: people who cared. In the epoch of the direst of matron at St. Frideswide's Home (later sent packing by the society) there was beloved "Miss" at school, infinitely understanding and supportive, fount of wisdom and knowledge and joy. "Miss" at Ealing called the Home girls "Wifes 'n' Stroys" in her Cockney accent; but the Home chaplain, aged seventy or so, knew them all individually, loved and was loved by them, and sang them funny songs to his own accompaniment. At Ascot, when the author was eighteen and filling in the entry form for her training college, she learned for the first time of her illegitimacy, and was devastated, swearing that she would have nothing to do with college. She weathered the crisis, not really because Major Fyson, the local committee treasurer, talked good sense to her—though he did—but because he first let her cry in his arms, with his folded breast pocket handkerchief to blot her tears, and because his earlier consideration and courtesy had always made her feel "like a lady".

Above all, there was Matron Bailey, to whom the book is dedicated. She transformed life for the wretched little outcasts from St. Frideswide's; she read aloud at bedtime; she badgered her friends for bits of stuff for doll's dressmaking and the local tradesmen for shoe-boxes to make doll's cradles. Matron Bailey's Anglican piety was as stern as Roman virtue. She even took back the suitcase she had bought as Sheila's twenty-first birthday present because the girl had spent her first salary cheque on a new coat when she had an outstanding debt. "Debts take precedence over self-indulgence." She would have done the same to her own daughter, not for a moment was there the suggestion that Sheila has ceased to be Matron Bailey's girl. For nine years of the author's life Matron Bailey was there, constant and reliable. You can afford a few mistakes against that background of steadiness. It is the one factor that our modern child-rearing homes, with present rates of staff turnover, cannot provide. Unhappily, it is a crucial one.

A. E. Williams's *Barnardo of Stepney* has been published by Allen and Unwin in a third edition (32s.) with a number of fresh illustrations. The author came to be Dr. Barnardo's secretary in 1898 and worked with him for the last seven years of his life.

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SUPER-EGO

GEOFFREY M. STEPHENSON: *The Development of Conscience.* 134pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

Although psychologists have talked a lot about the super-ego and so forth there has been remarkably little inquiry into the origins and development of conscience. True, Professor Piaget once published a book on the development of moral ideas in the child, but this was concerned more with the general nature of children's thinking than with the special problems of conscience. The present book, which reports two related empirical inquiries, deserves a warm welcome. Although betraying some traces of the Ph.D. project from which it sprang, it is mercifully free of irritating technicalities and does point the way to broader issues.

The first study is concerned with the nature of conscience in a group of twenty so-called psychopaths, all of whom had been sentenced once or more by the courts and diagnosed as psychopathic by one or more psychiatrists. These were compared with a control group of twenty supposedly non-psychopathic subjects drawn from a similar social environment. The selection and matching of the control subjects is carefully described.

By means of interviews, questionnaires and inventories, Dr. Stephenson compared the two groups with regard to a number of factors bearing upon anxiety, guilt and moral judgment. By and large, his findings bear out the clinical conception of the psychopath as someone grossly insensitive to social and moral issues, unable to discriminate between grave and trivial offences, and frighteningly wanting in a sense of guilt. At the same time the admittedly nebulous conception of psychopathy does gain in precision from the findings of this study.

The second inquiry is concerned with conscience in a group of 100 fifteen-year-old schoolchildren. Here the author is more concerned with an analysis of the factors determining moral judgment than with the nature of conscience itself. He examines what he calls "conscience motive" (broadly, altruism), anxiety and guilt and comes out with a kind of classification of types of conscience encountered among this sample of schoolchildren. These range from the virtual "non-conscience" of the near-psychopath to what Dr. Stephenson calls the "susceptible" conscience of the highly altruistic and self-critical man. (Is this perhaps the "urgent conscience" that Henry James attributed to Hawthorne?)

These various attributes of conscience are next related to a variety of factors, such as age, intelligence, social class, parental attitudes, family structure and religious training, in the standard (if somewhat dreary) way beloved by sociologists. Although nothing very dramatic emerges, a careful reading will certainly pick out issues of some considerable interest to teachers, probation officers and others who have to operate on the borderlands of delinquency.

The author is not unaware of the limitations of his study. In particular, he stresses the need for longitudinal study to record how the irrational super-ego of childhood is gradually transformed into a conscience based on "the maturity of the sympathies and the reason".

This inquiry makes a start—and a good one. But it is doubtful whether research by psychological methods alone will crack the nut of psychopathy. This condition, after all, can result from a very wide range of causes, which include brain injury and chromosomal abnormalities as well as psychological or social maladjustment. It would seem necessary to bear in mind medical no less than psychological issues, and to embark on well-considered interdisciplinary research.

This book owes much to Professor W. J. H. Sprott, who did so much to establish social science as an empirical discipline in the University of Nottingham, where the work described in it was done.

ATOMISTS

ROBERT HUGH KARGON: *Atomism in England from Hariot to Newton.* 178pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 42s.

Mr. Kargon has written an interesting essay on the atomic doctrine in England in the seventeenth century outside its strictly scientific history and in its more general philosophical setting. He is specially concerned with two groups of "natural philosophers" (a term here liable to some confusion in the minds of his readers), the Northumberland and the Newcastle circle, named respectively after the "Wizard Earl", Henry Percy, ninth Duke of Northumberland, and the "Mad Duchess", Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. While neither of these distinguished and interesting personalities can be properly described as natural philosophers, they did much to encourage the spread of atomism and they had many contacts with others who had a greater right to the title by which the author describes them.

These other atomists, or rather supporters of the atomistic theory as applied to science, range from Hariot to Newton and will probably have more interest for the scientific reader, especially as they include such others as William Gilbert, Francis Bacon, Hobbes, the very interesting but much neglected Walter Charleton, Robert Boyle, Kenelm Digby and some lesser lights, with much inevitable reference to Gassend and to Descartes. It is a large picture to paint on a small canvas and the author does not seem to have succeeded completely in his aim, so that the problem remains for a more extensive study either by him or by another who may be stimulated by this first attempt. The criticism of historians of science in the opening pages of the book falls rather flat after perusing its contents. There is a useful selected bibliography of twenty-four pages. The index contains the curious entry "Trismegistus, Hermes".

QUASI-STELLAR

F. D. KAHN and H. P. PALMER: *Quasars.* 112pp. 16 plates. Manchester University Press. 30s.

The past few years have seen a great deal of patient investigation of the powerful point-sources of radio emission from the universe. More than sixty of these have now been identified with star-like objects which have peculiar spectra and apparently lie far beyond the limits of our own galaxy. These quasi-stellar objects, which must radiate vast amounts of energy, promise to change all our previous ideas about the structure of the universe, and this new book on these quasars will be welcomed.

Professor Kahn and Dr. Palmer, of the University of Manchester, describe how the quasars are recognized by their peculiar optical and radio emissions, and give some details of the methods used.

In discussing the implications of these discoveries, the authors give a simple account of the behaviour of electrons in a magnetic field, and although it is said about relativity to explain the very large radiation from the spectra of quasars. There is a good account of the structure of a star and the theory of gravitational collapse, and the importance of the new discoveries in settling some of the unresolved problems of cosmology is briefly explained. The book is clearly written for students and some knowledge of physics and mathematics is necessary; there are good illustrations and diagrams, but no index. At this early stage in the study of quasars the authors do not commit themselves to a definite opinion. At best we are at the beginning of an understanding of the nature of quasars". With the help of this very clear account of a complex subject, the reader will be able to make his own assessment of the present position.

GOD-MAN AND MAN-GOD

DAVID JENKINS: *The Glory of Man.* The 1966 Bampton lectures. 117pp. S.C.M. Press. 18s.

It may well be that Prebendary John Bampton's famous will by which he founded this Lectures was in part dictated by a wish to save an estate from falling into hands of which he disapproved, but it is even more likely that he had been reading *The Analogy of Religion*. He and Bishop Butler were almost exact contemporaries, and the book published in 1737 when each man was in his forties was among the most widely read works of the time; and the remark in the preface that Christianity had come to be thought of as "not so much a subject for enquiry: but that it is now at length, discovered to be fictitious", quite possibly inspired Bampton to provide for a succession of similar books in defence of the faith. At any rate, from one point of view David Jenkins is in the Butler line, for while Butler obviously attacked the Deists without mentioning any of them by name, Mr. Jenkins with other opponents in mind similarly leaves them unnamed, and his book, unlike so many that have preceded it, is refreshingly free from expansion and the bolstering elaboration of footnotes. We have his defence of the Faith as he delivered it in St. Mary.

His thesis is that if in considering Christianity we start by asking what is involved in being a man, we find ourselves following a line of thought which rigorously takes us towards a serious examination of Christian presuppositions, and to see that they correspond remarkably with the essential facts of human life. He begins with our conviction of ourselves as persons because, in spite of the reductions of scientists of many kinds, it is the one conviction of which men are sure and about which they refuse to argue. His thought is not the *Cogito ergo sum* of Descartes, but something much simpler and more absolute: the human assertion of "I am, and of this reality I am sure". That sense of personalness carries with it a developing involvement with other persons who are similarly real, and who together confront historical reality.

That awareness of historical reality is fundamental to his thought, and when he moves to the beginnings of Christianity he insists on the "importance of history in any valid appreciation of Jesus". He repudiates the fashionable theological outlook that the facts of the historical Jesus were so far forgotten by his followers and so misused to support the developed Christianity of the turn of the first century that they are now irrecoverable, and in any case do not matter, for Christianity establishes its truth in the proclaimed Gospel. Mr. Jenkins will have none of this kind of sophistry. He discusses Israel's conviction that God had a purpose for it which led to the Messiah, and he might have emphasized this even more strongly, for the conviction was perseveringly held in spite of the extremely adverse vicissitudes of the national history. Even though, he argues, current thought may find such ideas and such events "unthinkable", we have to be willing to think them so as to understand Jesus, and to accept the historical fact that Christianity was not the metaphysical product of a religious community, but was the result of events in the experience of the disciples. For anyone who would look seriously at Christianity there is no escape from what the modern mind may see as the scandal of the historical cross and resurrection. All this is extremely well argued.

Mr. Jenkins then argues that the recognition of Jesus as Messiah turned the "faith-claim" of Israel in a God who acts in history into a "fact-claim", and Christianity was the expression of the universal significance of the idea. He sees this expressed in the use of the term "Logos"; Jesus was the Logos, the creative Word, "made flesh"; the concern and activity of God was demonstrated in human life, in a person. The "flesh", the reality of the man Jesus, was deeply significant because the Incarnation was not only a declaration about God, that he was active in human life to the point of suffering; it was also a declaration about man. Man was not the chance product of an inexplicable creation, but was deliberately made "in the image of God", and Jesus was revealing man's essential nature. The Incarnation was thus a declaration of the glory of God and of the glory of Man.

Mr. Jenkins sees that the prolonged Christological discussions of the first Christian centuries were far from being merely abstract theological disputes, but were the outcome of the Church's fundamental beliefs about God and man. Each belief was essential, and was expressed in the Incarnation. The God-man of the Councils is just as much a doctrine of man as a doctrine of God, as also is the thought that God is Love. He sees that the various modern escapes from the problem, forms of humanism, of existentialism, or humanism, while ostensibly only banishing God, are also banishing man. We tend to regard the current theological and metaphysical debate as though it could be understood as a debate about God; but in fact it is equally one about man, and the status of man is today in real danger, for the sciences reduce him to the material level, technology submerges him, and totalitarian governments manipulate him as an impersonal unit. Nevertheless man refuses the treatment, rejecting intuitively the absurdity in which he has been placed by philosophies of the "death of God". Theology in asserting the personalness of God is also asserting the significance of man; by accepting Jesus the Messiah as a given historical fact, the result of experienced events rather than a subsequent community composition, it is at once establishing the essential validity of God and man. The Logos doctrine is not a statement about God only, but also a statement about man.

It is a complex argument, closely thought out and written, and one that does not submit easily to summary. There is in it a wholeness of theological outlook, which with its profound conviction of the importance of history makes it a striking contribution to modern theology and Mr. Jenkins refuses to allow himself to be bemused by current philosophies which lead inevitably to the absurdity in which God and man become equally insignificant. Throughout he maintains very skilfully the thought of the first lecture with the demand for the recognition of the personalness of man as the foundation of useful theological thought, and he draws the argument forward to the point where in the historical Jesus the Messiah there is found the glory at once of God and man. The lectures merit serious consideration, especially perhaps by those thinkers who by minimizing the historical ethos of Christianity deprive it of any important comment on the ineluctable confusion of the modern scene.

THE MAKING OF MOO

JAMES MITCHELL (Editor): *The God I Want.* 192pp. Constable. 21s.

It has long been a favourite thesis of the sceptic that man makes his gods in his own image: in an age of tyrants he was an unpredictable autocrat; today he is a grey civil servant due to retire next year. Although orthodoxy rejects the suggestion with indignation, it is hard not to admit there is a grain of truth, if not the whole truth, in the charge of anthropomorphism. Unless we allow the hypothesis serious consideration we cannot know how much weight it can carry. James Mitchell has invited a group of intelligent men and women for this purpose.

It turns out that most of the contributors know more about the God they do not want than about the God they want. Some, like Stephen Hopkinson, can give their deity a capital G, and by trimming him of his ecclesiastical accretions, can find in him none other than the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. Werner Pelz, too, is possibly Christian, but impossibly opaque. Bernadine Bishop, a Roman Catholic, professes to have lost God the Judge and found through God the Riddler God the Living Mystery in Ourselves. Andrew Boyle, also under the influence of *The Heart of the Matter*, conjures up a God freed from the confines of convention and "religion". A. S. Byatt on the other hand makes her god without capitals: an intellectual deity, more tentative, impersonal, austere, a lost sense of glory, the god of an aesthetic society provoked for us in a sensitive and moving way. Anthony Burgess writes an entertaining but inconclusive dialogue with himself to frame with half his mind a god who (which?) is the final inhuman attribute, beautiful and terrible, while William Miller's god is justly constructed out of virtual inference in the possibility of having one. But he and Charles Rycroft's at the beginning and Harry Williams's at the end.

Mr. Rycroft is a consulting psychiatrist, whose patients are always trying to make *him* into God—an experience which naturally leaves a man little patience for god-making, and a profound suspicion of all gods "out there" credited with omniscience and omnicompetence. By temperament Mr. Rycroft is firmly lower case, and views the deification of abstract nouns as a pernicious source of dissension and intolerance. He has a warm, but not idolatrous, feeling for Continuity—oddly enough with a capital C. As often, Mr. Williams is the most disturbing and provocative of all these essayists. The God he wants must be recognizably not an illusion of his own mind, although there may be no objective public evidence of his being. This God cannot be netted in a web of words nor confined in a dungeon of dogma: he satisfies and terrifies, gives life; and he raises the unlikely and extraordinary possibility that he may be the source of darkness as well as of light.

Although there are a number of memorable high-spots, the collection of essays as a whole inevitably lacks the sharpness and edge of some of the individual contributions. One way or another almost all the contributors start from the Gospel or Wordsworth and distil an undefinable deity which would appeal to high-minded and reflective readers in their experience and culture but not too much the same to make for strikingly different conclusions. Although there is a certain fashionable flavour to many of the essays, it is now familiar pleasures and irritations of its kind.

The chief character—indeed, the only character who really lives—is a boy-friend and roaring-boy, well-described from a vaguely described showbiz background, but despite the loot and the pick of available girls he is disgusted and he feels guilty when he has an evening's boozing more than his father would have earned in a week. At the beginning of the book the boy stagger—but on his own goes to live with his best friend whose wife he soon takes to bed. The friend gets killed in a car crash and our hero nobly decides to marry the widow and her two children and accept a partnership in the business he despises.

Mr. Williams certainly has a gift for situation and the creation of character, but the book is ultimately unsatisfying. But the book and there are one or two convincing—and

BOOZED

GORDON M. WILLIAMS: *The Man Who Had Power Over Women.* 189pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

Gordon is a growing family of novels which descends, despite diminishing literary significance, from *Ulysses*, through *The Rotters' Mouth* and more recent Irish and/or American cousins among whom perhaps the most distinguished is *The Ginger Man*. The family's main characteristics are bawdy, verbal gusto, a romantic iconoclasm and a dip irreverence, all of which sort oddly with an underlying sentimentality. *The Man Who Had Power Over Women* is the latest candidate for membership and it offers some new familiar pleasures and irritations of its kind.

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Fiction (continued)

VILLAGE VOICE

V. S. YANOVSKY: *No Man's Time.* Translated from Russian by Isabella Levitin and Roger Nyle Parris. Introduction by W. H. Auden. 224pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

It is temptingly easy to assent to W. H. Auden's summary of *No Man's Time* in terms of "two worlds". One fantasy-escapist, the other fantasy-realist. But this is an over-simplification that over-complicates. In fact the book defies such neat pigeon-holing.

The hero, Cornelius Yamb, does move between two worlds, or to be more precise he travels to Canada to find Bruno, the heir to a vast fortune, and then brings him back to Chicago. The Canadian episode is partly fantasy (Cornelius is dragged off to bed by sexy, statuesque Ipata within seconds of his arrival, and without the chance to utter more than a strangled protest) and partly escapist (the Village where Bruno has taken refuge is inhabited by a serio-comic sect, performing honest toil that recalls both *The Rainbow* and *Cold Comfort Farm*) and partly realist, too. Although entertaining, this part of the book sags somewhat during the chapters given over entirely to incomprehensible sermons, and lengthy philosophical ramblings from Bruno. Perhaps these passages read better in the original Russian. But as they stand it is impossible to guess just how seriously one is supposed to take them.

The latter part of the book is far more satisfactory. Cornelius's decline, as the reward money for Bruno's capture diminishes, and his aimless, unhappy wanderings through the waste-land city make absorbing reading. There is a particularly powerful description of the death of his wife and children in an apartment fire—no question of fantasy here, it is as real as a kick in the leg. The ending is puzzling, with the hero's return to the Village, a place that is finally seen as a dream world, some kind of earthly Valhalla. At this point, the Village gets a little too good to be true, and the book ultimately fails to involve the reader. This is a pity because otherwise *No Man's Time* holds together not as an uneasy combination of fantasy-escapism and fantasy-realism but as a powerful and occasionally very moving account of one man's decline.

NONSENSE

J. L. GOODALL: *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion.* 184pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

According to the dominant philosophical school of linguistic analysis, metaphysical language is in the most literal meaning of the term, nonsense. As Mr. Goodall notes, this represents a threat to theology no less than to metaphysics. It is an attack not on the plausibility of this or that doctrine but on the very possibility of religious language. Mr. Goodall, who is Senior Lecturer in Divinity at St. Luke's College, Exeter, accordingly devotes the first part of his book to a rebuttal of this challenge. He does so with great care and fairness, and he considers that the analytical philosophy has done good by clarifying issues and invigorating theological as well as philosophical thought. According to the verification principle, for example, the assertion "God exists" is not itself empirical, but an assumption implied before the use of language are explored. In fact, a metaphysical statement.

With this linguistic challenged, Mr. Goodall attempts a positive approach to some of the great problems of the philosophy—the existence of God, belief in God, the Trinity, revelation and its kinship with reason, evidence and prayer, the conflict between faith, and the correct uses of "supernatural", and "supernatural" is well done, and in seeking an introduction to problems of Christian philosophy

SOLDIERS THREE

JOHN HARRIS: *Light Cavalry Action.* 283pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

WILLIAM CAMP: *Flavour of Decay.* 207pp. Blond. 25s.

ANDREW GRAHAM: *The Regiment.* 166pp. Macmillan. 25s.

Graham Greene has written, in his essay on Walter de la Mare's short stories, that "every creative writer worth our consideration . . . is a victim: a man given over to an obsession". And it is precisely this obsessive quality that is absent from so much fiction that might otherwise claim more of our attention and respect. John Harris's latest novel is about honour, courage and justice, but in *Light Cavalry Action* there is little sense of a penetrating all-absorbing concern with these qualities; instead, we find a carefully-pentered narrative, a piece of conscientious and resourceful plotting.

The story begins in July, 1939, with the start of General Prideaux's libel action against a brother officer, Major Higgins. Prideaux distinguished himself, not in the Great War, where he was early taken prisoner, but in 1919 when he led the last charge of British horsed cavalry against the Bolsheviks in what came to be known as "the Baluclava of the Russian Civil War". Higgins, who took part in the charge, has published a letter accusing Prideaux of not being among those present when wanted. With the Second World War about to begin and Prideaux as likely Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F., great public interest is excited by the case, and the truth of what really happened at Dankoi turns out to be dramatic enough. The tale is unfolded, partly in the words of witnesses in the court and partly by means of narrative flashback, and the double drama of courtroom and battlefield is well sustained, but Mr. Harris is unable to convey a sense of time and place and he has little ear for idiom of period and class.

William Camp, as readers of his earlier novels will know, is indeed an obsessed writer but his obsession, with heterosexual lust, while informing much of his work with a certain bleak power, is too narrow and exclusive, and the reader soon finds himself suffering from a kind of bedroom claustrophobia. In *Flavour of Decay*, for instance, the political and military situation in territory vaguely east of Suez is so perfunctorily treated that it remains blurred and unconvincing, though the atmosphere compounded of the neuroses and fears of the promiscuous government officials and their women is evoked with skill and an uncomfortable authenticity. Mr. Camp writes well in a style which owes something to the Evelyn Waugh of *A Handful of Dust*, and he knows a lot about the narcotic frustrations of lust. But the spectacle of the exiled administrators and their wives and mistresses tearfully boozing or copulating among real or imagined time-bombs is only intermittently amusing and his main characters, who rarely think beyond the nearest bed or bottle, are a dreary bunch whose various grim destinies seem finally no worse than they deserve.

Mr. Camp is at least seriously concerned with the miseries, if not the ecstasies, of relationships between the sexes and he has something he wants to say, even if he has little comfort to offer. It is rather more difficult to see what Andrew Graham is trying to do in *The Regiment*. If the answer is simply that he is trying to entertain with a light and witty novel then it must be said that it is neither light nor witty. The book comes dressed in the manner of satire but it is satire without a perceptible target; the nearest it gets to wit is a hollow facetiousness and the attempts at irony are ham-fisted and snobbish.

Peter Gresham, a young author, is invited to write the regimental history of the Queen Adelaide's Imperial Heavy Infantry and as he interviews various surviving officers he discovers that the history is anything but a glorious one. Most of the members of the regiment have comic names, long and difficult if they are officers, but Meagre and Lumber if they are Other Ranks. There are some jokes about bed-wetting, boils on the bottom, and homosexuality. It is doubtful that the denouement will surprise many readers though it should bring relief to most.

BED AND BORED

JANICE ELLIOT: *The Buttercup Chain.* 192pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

If *The Buttercup Chain* were a profounder book, it might be highly disconcerting to all kinds of people, but as it is it slips down like junket and no one is much the wiser—or sadder, or more disconcerted. It is about the kind of life made possible only if two things till recently thought indispensable are dispensed with: privacy and guilt. Making love to her husband's best friend, more or less in the children's presence, Manny forgets to keep a close enough eye on the youngest, who crawls into the sea and is drowned. When telephoned with the news, husband Fred fails to answer because he, too, is in bed with someone else (Manny's best friend this time), but the child conceived by Manny in these circumstances is rapturously received by everyone concerned (including Fred, in spite of Manny's having spent her pregnancy with yet another lover, an elderly gun-runner), and named after Fred's sister, who has killed herself for love of Manny's lover who was the child's father. And so it goes on.

Losses and betrayals that in another age or atmosphere would warrant fury, hair-tearing or at least outrage and self condemnation are taken so much for granted that they scarcely cast a shadow over the sunny relationships of those involved. No one has shame or secrets, no one feels guilt or regret, and, in the minimorality of this pigmy paradise where adults are not childlike but dwarfish, so long as one is young and beautiful one's actions are beautiful to match. As in that distastefully pretty film it much resembles, *Le Bonheur*, in which wife was so effortlessly replaced by mistress (for whose sake she had committed suicide) that no one, least of all husband and children, seemed to notice the difference, everything is in the bright, sweet colours of modern fashion, with the posed artlessness of advertisements and reality seen through a haze of illusion, at an almost incredible degree of frivolity.

Miss Elliot writes very readably, in breathless little sentences you can almost read a lisp into. She shifts scenes as fast as her characters swap beds and takes us briskly round the Mediterranean and Scandinavia as well as Soho; in a whimsical car called Madame Bovary we go for picnics galore, an photogenic sounding meals, watch photogenic sounding clothes and scenes and expressions. The talk is monosyllabic, which tires no one. In spite of some thick symbolism towards the end, it is all as bland and meaningless as the adman's posed landscapes with figures.

WHOLE LOTTA WOMAN

GERDA CHARLES: *A Logical Girl.* 400pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.

JUDITH ROSSNER: *To the Precipice.* 384pp. Arthur Barker. 25s.

ROSALYN DREXLER: *I Am the Beautiful Stranger.* 185pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Miss Gerda Charles's fourth novel, *A Logical Girl*, is a doleful jeremiad on the meanness, shoddiness and moral vulgarity of provincial life, as seen through the eyes of one Rose Morgan. Rose is the logical girl of the title and she records, with a kind of dogged fascination, the appalling humiliations, the snubs, duplicities and insults inflicted chiefly by her black-hearted sister-in-law. But poor Rose, so conscious of her own superiority, so keenly aware of the shortcomings of other people, is powerless to intervene. She is a bungler by nature: "My ideas", as she says, "coming out in raw, pure chips like coarsely grated carrot, unpeeled and with bits of earth still on them, quite unlike the cooked potato of other people."

Which is a very fair description of the book itself. For, like so many first person novels, this one does not rise above the qualities of its narrator and, if Rose is humourless and clumsy, she is also, for all her censoriousness, basically incurious about other people. Occasionally, and in particular whenever the sister-in-law manages to hog a scene, the book achieves an independent life; but for the most part, the more Rose lectures us on her own superior taste, discrimination, honesty and so forth, the more tenuous she becomes. Her self-analysis is conducted in terms so crude, and in language which leans so heavily on the baggy phrases of women's journalism that, for all its earnestness, it might as well be so much cooked potato.

To the Precipice is another first person novel dealing with a heroine, deeply sensitive to slights, pinpricks and the moral turpitudes of other people. Ruth is surrounded by doting men—father, brother, lover, husband, stepson—all of whom fall short when measured by her lofty standards. Like Gerda Charles, Miss Rossner is hamstrung by an abominable style ("the tears, in their gentle contagion, reached me"). *I Am the Beautiful Stranger* is shorter, shriller and more incoherent, chiefly because Miss Drexler has caught her heroine younger. But Selma at thirteen is quite as self-important as both Rose and Ruth and, though her sexual exploits are more lurid, she displays in embryo all their more gloomy qualities. On top of which she has foisted on her a coyly juvenile style of writing which should send any teenage reader wincing back to horror comics.

SHRUNKEN HEAD

LEDA FARRANT: *Eleven-and-a-Half.* 191pp. André Deutsch. 21s.

The psychiatrist's couch is a fair enough excuse for total recall, but eleven and a half sessions on it do not necessarily add up to a well-rounded novel. The subject of this book tells us what she told her impassive headshrinker, mainly nostalgic illustrations of forbidden childhood play with the peasantry in her native Italy. Like her heroine, the author is Italian by birth and lives in Africa. Both settings are interestingly presented. Where she does not succeed is in establishing credibility for the form she gives her novel. The heroine has gone to the psychiatrist for an explanation of the screaming attacks she has every night in her sleep. But for someone in need of the release of all that talk she burbles on too consciously about all the right things. She is an intelligent woman. Does it really need a psychiatrist to tell her she has a dominant mother? And the final episode, triumphantly remembered in the last half-session, seems so closely akin to all she has recounted before that one wonders, even if the ways of the mind are devious, how she could have forgotten it.

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"BEYOND ALL THIS FIDDLE"
A REJOINDER TO A. ALVAREZ

Donald Davie writes:

The New York-London axis which decides literary reputations and valuations throughout the English-speaking world has for many years enjoyed the services of Mr. A. Alvarez as an able and properly acknowledged spokesman. Those of us who have heard him, in this role before find nothing to surprise us in his latest promulgation, "Beyond All This Fiddle" (*The Times Literary Supplement*, March 23, 1967). Mr. Alvarez has found no new heroes: these are, as before, Robert Lowell, John Berryman, and the late Sylvia Plath. All that is new is that he has found a category under which to bracket these three writers who alone, out of the many writers now using English, can please his jaded palate. This is, he announces, "Extremism". And he defines and explains it as "simply an extension of Romanticism in new terms." For Romantic writers like Wordsworth and Shelley, he explains, "the right to respond in their own way, unfettered by Augustan conventions, was a quasi-political ideal, the aesthetic equivalent of the revolutionary creed of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity". But, he goes on,

> That particular form of emotional democracy is now taken for granted, and the modern descendant of the Romantics is faced with the responsibilities of freedom and independence. That is, he is involved not simply in his emotions but in their sources, in his hidden motives and compulsions, in his own internal power politics and the roots of his own violence. His clinical awareness of all this has been created by his growing intimacy with psychoanalysis; so, too, has his cool, analytic attitude to his own distress. But he shares this cool with his audience; so the more ruthless he is with himself, the more unshockable the audience becomes. This pushes the artist into what I would call Extremism. He pursues his insights to the edge of breakdown and then beyond it, until mania, depression, paranoia and the hallucinations that come in psychosis or are induced by drugs become as urgent and as commonplace as Beauty, Truth, Nature and the Soul were to the Romantics.
>
> New terms indeed! Hallucination for Beauty, Clinical Diagnosis for Truth, Paranoia instead of Nature, and Mania instead of the Soul—these are the exchanges we are asked to accept. And what inaugurated this new dispensation was Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* (1959). What we are offered is the performance of Lord Byron, more excitingly depraved because more Freudianly knowledgeable. And if this account seems suspiciously narrowly-based upon Anglo-American poetry (American in fact—for the "Anglo" bit comes off very badly from Mr. Alvarez always), he is prepared to toss in a few names from Eastern Europe; a few names from other literary kinds than poetry (Beckett, for instance, in drama), and even a few names among the practitioners of the non-literary arts:
>
> What happens when the hallucinations of psychosis and of LSD are as routine to the "cool" audience as Beauty, Truth and Nature allegedly are to us? The programme is self-defeating. However, we must attend to it if only because the *TLS* itself dutifully falls into line. In the same issue of March 23 the leader-writer pontificates:
>
> > ...ation nearly two decades of mediocrity ...decades dominated by the prosy, self-admiring subversions of the Movement, the glib classification of the Beats, the ...ous moralism of the Group ... and his lurid, muddled Manichaeism ... Black is beautiful, this is no moment to quibble about these poets' achievements (that is to say, Lowell, Berryman, Plath). Whether or not their example will be followed is still seriously questionable. We can only hope that they have been resisted as poetry to a degree of the true possibilities, or at least of the most fundamental, of what is now no longer worth attempting. There is certainly no future for the oversized sociology, the exercized taste-talk, the sliced-up chapters of bad fiction which seem currently to be the most fashionable alternatives.
>
> I apologize for the literary in-talk—the Movement, the Beats, the Group, which is not mine. "We can only hope", says the *TLS*. Poor *TLS*! Let us see what we can hope for. . . .
>
> And let us, to begin with, choose some span of history more manageable than the 180 years from Byron to Berryman. Mr. Alvarez starts where we all have to start, with the revolutionary generation of modernism in literature, the generation that in English is marked particularly by the names of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, James Joyce, Percy Wyndham Lewis, D. H. Lawrence. Of these names only one is still attached to a living person, Ezra Pound; Pound, who declares in Canto 116:
>
> > but the beauty is not in the madness
> > The my errors and wrecks lie about me.
> > and I cannot make it cohere.
>
> This is that Ezra Pound who, at seventy-eight years old, explained to an Italian journalist:
>
> > No, I do not work any more . . . I do nothing. I have become illiterate and uneducated. I simply fall into a lethargy, at the beginning of winter, and to my own disgrace I do nothing but cultivate my greediness and laziness. . . . Yes, I fall into a lethargy, and I contemplate . . .
>
> This is the voice of a man who has gone wrong, who at some point has taken the terribly wrong turning, who is still (at seventy-eight!) guilt-ridden and self-reproachful, who has to enounce, as what should have been the crown of his life's achievement, only exclamations, broken fragments, urgent exhortations to what is still unclear. Does this voice belong in the same world, on the same wavelength, with Mr. Alvarez declaring that "aesthetic... is almost by definition, square", or with the leader-writer's "We can only hope"? For good or ill, win or lose, there are men who have invested too much in this particular business to be judged according as they do or do not supply piquant conversation in Printing House Square or Morningside Heights. And there are more ways of making this investment than driving yourself to suicide or into the psychotic ward.
>
> * * *
>
> Beside this image of the lonely and lost survivor we can set another, Pasternak. Pasternak's name occurs just once in Mr. Alvarez's article, in a parenthesis where he denies that Pasternak's case any more than T. S. Eliot's makes against his argument that the modern artist is deprived of religious faith. The point may be conceded; at any rate to rebut it, as regards either Eliot or Pasternak, would entail a quite different argument from the one I am pursuing. What is significant is that the point should have been raised at all, that it was in this connexion that Pasternak came to the critic's mind. It could have done so only because Pasternak was thought of first and foremost, indeed exclusively, as the author of *Doctor Zhivago*. And of course this is what Pasternak does mean to virtually all of us. A poet who wrote one novel is known to us as a novelist. On the other hand *Doctor Zhivago*, if it is a novel, is a novel about a poet. In fact, about *the* poet about what a poet is and what poetry is. The scores of great poems which Pasternak wrote long before *Doctor Zhivago* these could not show us what poetry is, we had to be told about it while poet turned novelist. And let us not suppose that it is because Russian is a difficult language known to few of us and because a novel is translatable as poems are not. This is a feature of our present state. A poet cannot let his poems speak for him and for themselves: he has to write books of criticism and give lectures about it. Ever since Wordsworth it has been said, a poet has had to educate his own public. But now we are in a worse case than Wordsworth or our day had to educate his public not only to know what Wordsworth's poetry is but what poetry is. Mr. Alvarez cites as "the Academy". As an academic person I may as well be explicit. The numbers of people who flock to our lectures to learn what poetry is and is not are of such a size in our society, in the world
>
> The people we ought to be addressing are, out of the many who know what poetry is, those few who have a specialized scholar's interest in it. This is not the case. Since it is not the case we respect the many who come to learn what poetry is, and we serve them as best we can. But all the same, properly speaking, this should not be our business: we should not have to *sell* the product, even as we study it. A knowledge of what poetry is and does should not have to be taught, it ought to be self-evident, a knowledge that one comes by without knowing and without trying.
>
> Certainly it is not the Christianity of *Doctor Zhivago*, heretical and provisional as that is, which makes the figure of Pasternak challenging. Mr. Alvarez describes the modern artist thus:
>
> > The artist is not "alienated", he is simply lost. He lacks altogether the four traditional supports upon which every previous generation has been able, in one degree or another, to rely: religion, politics, national cultural tradition, reason.
>
> Now, wherever Pasternak stood as regards religion, politics and reason, as regards "national cultural tradition" his position was quite clear. He had such a tradition, it supported him, and he knew it supported him. This is part of the meaning of what he wrote to Khrushchev: "A departure beyond the borders of my country would for me be equivalent to death". How many of us, or of our artists, would say as much? And how strange it is to us, this fidelity to the country and the nation which had humiliated him! Robert Conquest's book, *Courage of Genius*, is very illuminating about this: Conquest points out how, to just the degree that Pasternak was disillusioned with the October Revolution and the regimes which arose from it so much the more he held by and leant upon that Russian enlightenment, those values of the Russian intelligentsia, which as Pasternak saw it post-Revolutionary Russia had betrayed. From this point of view, in a strained but very real sense the Stalinist and Zhdanovite and Khrushchevite regimes in Russia were almost a boon to the poet. They meant that his antagonist, all that assailed and denied him and his function, was at least clear: it was external and objective to himself. This point was taken in what is perhaps the strangest though not the the least penetrating of reactions to the Pasternak case among writers of the West. Alberto Moravia got to the point of envying Pasternak for having the enemy so clearly objectified, so indubitably not himself. For in our relatively "free" societies the enemy is hard to identify, he changes shapes, hides behind smiling indulgence, more or less contemptuous toleration, behind the self-admiring and factitious "rigour" of cold hearts and jaded tastes, or (most baffling disguise of all) behind an offer to help and a fervent though vague conviction that art is a good thing, educationally, therapeutically, or as an appendage to the affluent life-style. Finding the enemy thus hard to identify, the Western artist internalizes him sets himself up as his own enemy, and tears himself apart in his art. Which brings us full circle on just those "extremist" artists whom Mr. Alvarez proposes as models for us all: self-disgusted and self-hating striptease-rs under the arc lamps of their own rhetoric.
>
> * * *
>
> What this means is something shocking. It means that there are values which an artist prizes beyond liberty. The liberty that we have, the liberty of Liberty Hall, the "anything goes" the illimitable license that is extended to an artist by a society which believes that the artist who can do no more harm than they can do good—this is an artistic hell. Nothing worse than the self-indulgent relativism which underlies Mr. Alvarez's rhetoric and to these last years and I mourned Stravinsky, the most judicious of his Russian appreciators. And indeed this is what Pasternak often does. But this is not how Sylvia Plath or Robert Berryman write; so what does Mr. Alvarez admirer mean?
>
> He means, he says, that technical originality "is no longer their concern". No longer! Is this to imply that for their forefathers in the modernist revolution, for Eliot and Pound, Yeats and the young Pasternak, Rilke, Valéry and Mayakovsky, technical originality was a prime concern"? To think so is libel on these great writers. Of course technical originality and dexterity has to be deployed in service of something, not for its own sake. Of course, to borrow a distinction from Pasternak, art is a matter of "organ, not perception", not "means of depiction". But who ever doubted this? What Moses has to come from the mountain to tell us so?
>
> * * *
>
> And with this taken for granted, it must be always if we are to talk of style at all, then the medium is handles, and the greater or lesser dexterity he can bring to that handling, is the artist's sure shield and mainstay. The medium—words for the poet, stone for the sculptor, pigment for the painter — is more than just a medium. It is itself a segment of Nature, raw material rude and resistant (and the more resistant the better). And as such it is the crucial third term in the artist's situation when he sets to work. Instead of looking always at himself in the mirror, or in that other more flawed and unmanageable mirror, his real or imagined audience, the artist turns and look away at what he has in his hands or at the tip of his pen. And at this, the medium and the necessary handling it, which most constrains and savingly breaks the circle around the exhibitionist Narcissus. This is where the enemies are met and fought, in the choice of this word or that, the following of this cadence or that one. Mr. Alvarez says:
>
> > Where anything goes, a major test of originality is not a question of the fact but of psychic exploration, not of the artist's identity. . . . There is no longer any clear distinction between a critical and an existential judgment.
>
> But there never was any such distinction! Psychic exploration, as the quest for identity, these have been always, or at least for centuries, the poet's business. It is not one thing that emerges only in a world "where anything goes". What earth, until Mr. Alvarez, ever thought otherwise? And what on earth happened to the Alvarez who in the years ago was an intelligent and alert reader of twentieth-century poetry? The view of poetry which emerges from this issue of the *TLS* is irremediably vulgar. The subject is there in the language: "he doesn't this, cool", "aesthetic is square", "Cool" and "square" is this, then, the vocabulary that supersedes Dr. Johnson's and Coleridge's, Arnold's and Ruskin's? Is any truth, about poetry or anything else, be discovered and communicated in this slipshod jargon of pidgin speaking the delinquent youth of the ten years ago?

A. Alvarez replies: If Professor Davie finds the situation of the contemporary arts "excitingly depraved", I do not: and I am afraid that his really emotional response to my article prevented him from reading, or understanding, what I actually wrote.

I was in no sense and at no point knocking the arts: instead, I was trying to justify what I consider to be the most significant present styles and preoccupations by defining the various strains to which the more advanced creative artists seem to feel themselves subjected.

Obviously, psychic exploration, and the quest for identity" is nothing new in the arts: I never pretended it was. But I was at pains to point out, repeatedly, that it has become radically more difficult in the conditions I describe.

I was also at pains to emphasize (a) the *technical* skill and originality of Robert Lowell and Sylvia Plath (b) experience, however dramatic, is no substitute for creative talent.

Very little else in the professor's letter is particularly relevant to my essay. Ezra Pound's confession is, of course, sad. But since I do not believe that the arts came to a dead stop in time in the 1920s, I am less concerned with the specific failure of one of the first modernists than with the way in which the arts have developed since.

As for Pasternak: having met Michael Harari's translations, I think he is probably a major poet. But what he has to do with my account of the contemporary Anglo-American arts is beyond me.

Yet I suspect that the professor may not be as far from my views as he thinks, since he is clearly doing things as he thinks, since he is clearly doing things as he thinks, without noticeable modification, the distinction between artists in the Communist and non-Communist countries which I made in my article on the subject. *Under Pressure* (Penguin, 7s. 6d.) contains five essays in one volume by Russian and the three most influential authorship, for stylistic accounts may

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Archaeology

HOGUE, PETER. *Delphi*. 194pp. Cassell. £2 2s.

Of all the sites in Greece none makes a greater impression on the visitor than Delphi, and the story of its oracle is not less remarkable. Mr. Hogue gives a very fair account of the shrine's religious, political and archaeological history: of its rediscovery by the French, and of recent attempts to reestablish it as a centre of artistic life on an international scale. The complex facts and many involved problems of interpretation are presented with an enthusiasm which is under a proper Apollonian restraint: there are some forty photographs, and the book can be recommended to all who wish to follow up that interest which a visit to Delphi cannot fail to arouse.

Art and Architecture

GROHMANN, WILL (Editor). *Paul Klee*. 38 plates. SALINGER, MARGARETTA (Editor). *Claude Monet*. 32 plates. Collins. 5s. each.

Within the limits of a mechanical process the colour reproductions in these two additions to the Fontana Pocket Library of Great Art can be considered satisfactory. Dr. Grohmann, who knew Paul Klee well, provides an introduction and commentary on the plates that brings out the philosophy lying behind the "childish" conception.

Because they are from Impressionist paintings the quality of the Monet colour plates varies. Extracts from Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* show aspects of Monet used by the novelist for the character of Elstir, the artist.

Transactions of the Ancient Monuments Society. Vol. 13. 175pp. Ancient Monuments Society, 12 Edwardes Square, London, W.8.

A single paper on English vernacular architecture fills most of the current volume. Twenty years ago the late Professor Cordingley produced a model of studying the older rural houses for what they can tell of the character and folk life of particular localities; some local surveys have since been made, and for the guidance of those interested in such studies Mr. R. W. Brunskill here provides an illustrated version of the system showing in a series of fifty-eight charts the special features of houses characteristic of the various regions. Reports and book reviews take up most of the remainder of the volume.

Biography and Memoirs

MILES, P. S. *Warlords of Oman*. 256pp. Robert Hale. 25s.

A breezy record of some sun-baked years as an officer first in the Trucial States Levies and then in the army of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. Mr. Miles is in no doubt that this kind of hard soldiering. There are good descriptions of atmosphere and some colourful characters both indigenous and imported.

PEARSON, ARCHIBALD. *Courtesan Princess*. 279pp. Alvin Redman. 25s.

The subject of Miss Joslon's biography, Catherine Wardle, born and married in the India of Warren Hastings and Philip Francis, where she was a society beauty and known as *La Belle Indienne*, became in time the wife of Talleyrand, the biographer gives a lively portrait of this once celebrated woman and her story with exuberance.

PRICE, NICHOLAS. *Poison People*. Reading: Educational Explorers. 16s.

"My Life and My Work" is this book-belongs provides glimpses in the shape of slices of life. Here an assistant mistress writes about his experiences as a member of prospective recruits to the Service. The book is concerned with borstals and their training and work, with the senior positions. Mr. Price has no doubt, but leaves no doubt where his sympathies lie.

History

CARNELL, H. A., BOOTH, T. and TIBBUT, H. G. (Editors). *Eight Thousand Years: A Kempston History*. 118pp. Kempston Urban District Council. 8s. 6d.

This history of the Bedfordshire town is a symposium in which chapters on Kempston in former centuries, by Miss Patricia Bell of the County Record Office, are followed by contributions from other hands on the town's religious, military and municipal life, its architecture and its modern industries.

DONALDSON, GORDON (Editor). *The Register of the Privy Seal of Scotland*. Vol. 7. 604pp. £15 15s.

ADAMS, IAN H. *Descriptive List of Plans in the Scottish Record Office*. Vol. 1. 178pp. 32s. 6d. Edinburgh: H.M.S.O.

The period of this seventh volume of the Register is from 1575 to 1580, for most of which Scotland was governed by the Regent Morton. On the evidence of these records, as Dr. Donaldson shows in an introduction, they were years of comparative quiet and good order and, rather more surprisingly, Morton emerges not as a ruthless ruler but as one too easy-going, who apparently made no particular effort to maintain an ascendancy over the boy king James VII at Stirling. The records contain hints of the approaching religious controversy, and though bishops were still being appointed their privileges began to be curtailed. Two printers are granted licence to print the Bible "in the vulgare Inglis toung", and to sell copies at a fixed price of £4 13s. 4d. The 2,700 entries are fully covered in the indexes of persons, places and offices.

Mr. Adams's volume is the first of a series of descriptive lists of plans in the Scottish Record Office.

PRANGNELL, DOM DUNSTAN (Editor). *The Chronicle of William of Byholte*. 25pp. (The Editor, 117 Canterbury Road, Westgate-on-Sea.)

The chronicle in question, the only known copy of which is in the Lambeth Palace Library, appears to have been written at St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, in the reign of Edward II. It records a dispute between the tenants and their monastic landlords, and Dom Dunstan Prangnell's pamphlet examines it for evidence of the landlord-tenant relationship in the time, and the working of the legal system known as frankpledge.

WHITBREAD, HAROLD. *The Guildry of Stirling*. 290pp. Distributed for the author by A. Irvine Robertson, Clerk and Treasurer of the Guildry of Stirling. 30s.

Records both of the town council and of the guildry of Stirling have furnished matter for this history which begins with an account of John Cowane, a leading guildsman in the reign of Charles I who endowed Cowane's Hospital, an almshouse for fellow members of the Stirling guild. Mr. Whitbread tells his story without losing sight of the background of bigger events, which gives his original research more than a purely local interest.

Literature and Literary Criticism

LIU, JAMES J. Y. *The Chinese Knight Errant*. 242pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

Professor Liu has gathered a wide range of material on the *hsia* or "wandering heroes" of traditional China, from sources as varied as the *Shih Chi*, Yuan drama, and nineteenth-century novels about the absurd feats of monster-slaying magicians, tracing the development of the theme in Chinese literature and comparing the *hsia* with the knightly figures of medieval and renaissance court literature in Europe. He touches on the similarities between some of the *hsia* and the popular western heroes of the Robin Hood type but does not go seriously into the enormous difference between a rebel of humble origins like Li K'uei the Black Whirlwind and the bored young gentleman working off some surplus energy. Perhaps there is more detail on the technicalities of the Chinese theatre than is strictly necessary to the theme of the book; it would be more at home in a history of Chinese drama. With so many examples in a little more than 200 pages of text together with some detail familiar to the specialist and not needed by the general reader the book is crowded; but it remains an interesting and useful compilation of material not available elsewhere in English. The value of Professor Liu's discussion is limited by a literary approach that is more concerned with western comparisons than with the significance of the *hsia* in real life as well as in stories and plays.

Natural History

MANNIX, DANIEL. *The Last Eagle*. Illustrated by Russell Peterson. 149pp. Longmans. 18s.

To draw attention to the plight of the bald eagle, the American national bird, which is apparently in danger (not more than 3,500 left, he believes) Mr. Mannix has written a "fictionalized biography" of one of these extremely handsome birds. He has studied the bald eagle for a long time and this gives his story an authenticity not always to be found in animal sagas. He is an economical writer, sparing with his colour.

Railways

HADFIELD, CHARLES. *Atmospheric Railways*. 240pp. David and Charles. £2 2s.

Who, except the transport historians and the industrial archaeologists, remembers the atmospheric railways of the 1840s, quiet, clean, swift—and almost successful? But they deserve an historian and they have found a first-class one in Mr. Hadfield who, in a well-written book, examines the few that were built (remnants of their pumping stations can still be found), discusses their problems, the men who built and financed them and why, in the end, they did not survive.

Social Studies

Caring for People: Staffing Residential Homes. Report of a committee of inquiry set up by the National Council of Social Service. 222pp. Allen and Unwin. 32s.

A quarter of a million people—men, women and children—live in old people's homes, nurseries, approved schools, hostels for the handicapped and so on. The need for most kinds of residential care looks like increasing, while difficulties—already serious—of recruiting staff also loom larger. This report analyses some of the problems, Recommendations include suggestions for easing the present situation and for improving future prospects—to the ultimate benefit, it is to be hoped, not only of staff but also of all those for whom "residential care" is, perforce, a way of life.

FITZHERBERT, K. *West Indian Children in London*. Occasional Papers on Social Administration, Number 19. 111pp. G. Bell and Sons. 21s.

An anthropologist describes how she arrived at new ideas on the use by West Indians of the child care services. She also reports how, as a child care officer, she subsequently experimented with an approach to West Indian family problems based more on the different cultural background than current English theories and policies on child welfare. An interesting, though controversial, publication which deserves a wide audience.

Sports and Pastimes

ARNOLD, RICHARD. *Fishing*. 235pp. Pan. 5s.

This compact paperback, most reasonably priced, by its very comprehensiveness proves the experience and authority of its author—all types of fishing are covered. It also has the advantage that though the practical side may be uppermost Mr. Arnold does not forget the true spirit of angling, namely the observation at the waterside—the kingfishers, the butterflies, the flowers.

BARKER, RALPH. *Ten Great Bowlers*. 278pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Mr. Ralph Barker, in choosing his ten bowlers, has not gone further back in time than to Spofforth or forward into the postwar period. He has stopped at W. J. O'Reilly, and so Alec Bedser, who might conceivably have won a place, is relegated to the task of writing the foreword. The others Mr. Barker picks are George Lohmann, Lockwood and Richardson bracketed together, J. Barton King (a shrewd selection), Barnes, Tate, Grimmett and Verity. Mr. Barker comments "in depth", to use the modern jargon, and his style is the equal of his insight and discernment. He manages, in some weird way, to get into the inner recesses of the minds of his bowlers and their captains, and if Wyatt, at Lords in 1934, and Bradman, at Leeds in 1938, did not think and reason in precisely the way Mr. Barker makes them, then they ought to have done. His chapter on Verity is a most generous piece of writing as well as an acute analysis.

Travel and Topography

Athens. Introduction by Eckart Peterich. Translated by G. A. Colville. HANNAU, HANS W. *Costa del Sol*. Introduction by Heinrich von Loesch. Translated by Eamonn Doyle. *Helsinki*. Text by Matti Kurjensaari and Pekka Lounela. Translated by Diana Tullberg. SBLIGO, HANS. *Morocco*. Translated by G. A. Colville. HANNAU, HANS, W. *San Francisco*. FREI, HANS. *Lake Lucerne*. Translated by G. A. Colville. 60pp. and 30 plates each. Hachette. 19s. 6d. each.

These small books about big cities and tourists' playgrounds have proved internationally popular, and some ninety titles are listed. They measure seven inches square, carry a twenty-page introduction written in a perky manner, and rely for their main appeal on the thirty colour plates. Finding fault with colour reproduction is always easy enough, but it would be hard to do so in this instance. An exceptionally high standard is maintained throughout the series and its general editor, Herr Hans Andermann, obviously has a quite remarkable flair for selecting subjects that respond to colour photography. All these volumes come from Doubleday in New York, except *Athens* which is published in Munich by Wilhelm Andermann.

BRADDOCK, JOSEPH. *Some Greek Islands*. 190pp. Robert Hale. 25s.

Forty years ago almost any travel-book on Greece was welcome: but in today's plethora only some special quality in the observer or the things observed can justify publication. Neither is much in evidence here. The islands visited lie on the "inner circle" of Greek tourism, and there are too many banal details of unadventurous travel for which the reflections of the author and his wife or the reported conversations with others offer inadequate compensation. Enthusiasm is no longer enough: intending writers should now perhaps be required to have the equivalent of an A level in modern Greek.

MUNK, L. R. *The Thames: an Eating, Drinking and Cruising Guide*. 128pp. Batsford. 21s.

The author is a council member of the Thames Conservancy Board and has become chairman of the Inland Waterways Association following that body's dedicated founder, Robert Aickman, who made the post an honourable one. The author also runs a cruiser-hiring business and presumably he wrote this work with his customers in mind.

As a guide to the river from Lechlade down to Richmond the book is trite, inadequate and dull, but its practical information should be useful to holidaymakers in covering such matters as sizes and phone numbers of locks, bridge headways, distances, mooring and camping places, boatyards and, slipways, points for water, fuel and refuse and sewage disposal, early closing days, pubs and inns, and navigation advice. Six clear maps are included but no index, while a scattering of line blocks of birds, fishes and riverside inns—some of them from pleasing Victorian woodcuts, others from poor modern drawings—lack visual cohesion.

This is no Thames classic and would have been more commendable if limited without any pretensions to its purely factual information.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LIBRARIANS

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

require an ASSISTANT EXPERIMENTAL OFFICER in the library of their Radiobiological Laboratory. Work includes scanning and abstracting scientific literature. Qualifications: degree in biology or equivalent; reading knowledge of foreign languages desirable. Age limits 23 to 40. Salary in scale £862 (at age 23) to £1,017 (at age 26 or over) rising to maximum of £1,243. Contributory superannuation scheme. Qualified librarians on salary scale £862 (at age 23) to £970 (at age 25 or over) rising to maximum of £1,457 will be considered.

Applications with names of two referees to the Secretary, Radiobiological Laboratory, Letcombe Regis, Wantage, Berkshire, by 8th June, 1967.

BATH UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY

The Senate of the University invites applications for the post of

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN

Candidates should possess high academic and professional qualifications and have wide experience of a university library and/or one of the special libraries of large industrial firms or government establishments.

An interest in the application of modern methods of information storage and retrieval would be an advantage.

The stipend will be assessed according to qualifications and experience within the professorial range of £3,570 to £4,990, with F.S.S.U. benefits.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar (S), The University, Bath.

BERKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

BULMERSHE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required as soon as possible. Salary in accordance with Special Scale for Librarians viz. £820 to £1,220 per annum. Minimum commencing salary for Chartered Librarians £1,060.

Application form, together with further particulars obtainable from the Bursar, Bulmershe College of Education, Woodlands Avenue, Woodley to be returned by 7th June, 1967.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified librarians for TWO POSTS of LIBRARIANS-IN-CHARGE of Travelling Libraries based at Dunstable and Houghton Regis. Salary within Librarian Scale, £820-£1,220. Applications welcomed from students expecting to qualify this summer. Approved removal expenses paid. Temporary housing accommodation may be available.

Full details and application forms from the Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 12th June, 1967.

BOROUGH OF KETTERING

PUBLIC LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians or from candidates who have passed the Part II examination or are taking it this summer for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT in charge of the junior library (annual issues 100,000). The post carries with it responsibility for book selection and display work.

The salary is in accordance with the Librarians' scale (£820 per annum to £1,435 per annum), the point of entry to be determined by qualifications and experience. Housing accommodation will be available in appropriate circumstances. The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service.

Applications with the names of two referees must reach the undersigned by Saturday, 10th June, 1967.

D. DUNSFORD PRICE, Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices, Bowling Green Road, Kettering.

BOROUGH OF ST. IVES

CORNWALL

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN A.P. II/III (£1,020 to £1,435)

Required by 1st August, 1967, a young, enthusiastic, first-rate CHARTERED LIBRARIAN (A.L.A.) as DEPUTY in this newly expanded library service. The post is open to male and female applicants with the right personality and outlook. The service is lively, modern and interesting and offers a challenge to anyone who is not afraid of hard work.

N.J.C. conditions of service. Salary within the above range according to qualifications and experience.

Applications (quoting two referees) to the Borough Librarian, J. K. Mealor, F.L.A., Public Library, Gabriel Street, St. Ives, Cornwall, not later than Wednesday, 31st May, 1967.

W. RAINEY-EDWARDS, Town Clerk.
The Guildhall, St. Ives, Cornwall.

BOROUGH OF STOURBRIDGE

APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS Grade AP III (£1,220/£1,435 per annum). Permanent superannuable post. Medical examination. One central and two branch libraries. Population 50,540. Libraries and Arts Committee promotes cultural entertainment.

Applications (four copies), with names of two referees, to the undersigned by 7th June, 1967.

A. P. DRURY, Town Clerk.
Council House, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.

BOROUGH OF TAUNTON

APPOINTMENT OF LENDING LIBRARIAN, Scale AP III.

APPLICATIONS for the above appointment are invited from Chartered Librarians with experience in modern Lending Library work. Salary in accordance with AP III (£1,220 to £1,435 per annum). This is a key post offering considerable scope for a person with initiative and ideas, and involving staff control, stock-editing, and a high degree of responsibility for advisory services to the public. Photocharging is in operation, there is a Gramophone Record Department, and building will shortly commence on a new Branch library.

Housing provided for suitable applicants and 50 per cent removal expenses.

Applications with the names of two referees should reach the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Corporation Street, Taunton, by Friday, 2nd June, 1967.

LIBRARIANS

BOROUGH OF NEWARK-ON-TRENT

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above superannuable appointment. Salary A.P.T. II for Chartered Librarians, otherwise according to qualifications and experience.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees to be sent to me at address below by 12th June, 1967.

J. H. M. GREAVES, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, Newark-on-Trent.
19th May, 1967.

BRIGHTON EDUCATION COMMITTEE

BRIGHTON COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

required. Candidate should be Chartered Librarians or Graduates with experience in a Technical or Scientific Library.

Salary: £820 to £1,435 according to qualifications and experience.

Housing and/or lodging allowance may be payable. Approved removal expenses refunded.

Application forms and further particulars from The Registrar, Brighton College of Technology, Moulsecoomb, Brighton 7.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

BRIGHTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

require a

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

to take charge of work with children throughout the Borough. Salary A.P.A. Temporary housing and/or lodging accommodation may be available. Approved removal expenses refunded. Application (no special form necessary) to The Director, North Gate House, Church Street, Brighton, 1, within a fortnight. Brighton has a Central and eight branch libraries with a wide range of extension activities for children.

Further details on request.
W. O. DODD, Town Clerk.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS in the County Library Service:—

BRANCH LIBRARIAN, A.P.T. II, £1,020 to £1,220 per annum. Holmer Green, Richings Park.

N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination.

In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.

Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Applications (no forms), with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, to be received by the 8th June, 1967.

CITY AND COUNTY OF LICHFIELD

PUBLIC LIBRARY, ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN AND CURATOR

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post, at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P. III/IV.

Housing accommodation will be provided, if required.

Further details of the post can be obtained from the undersigned, and applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, &c., together with names and addresses of two referees, should be received by the undersigned not later than 7th June, 1967.

HENRY J. CALLENDER, Town Clerk.
Guildhall, Lichfield, Staffs.

LIBRARIANS

CITY OF BATH

BATH ACADEMY OF ART

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ART LIBRARIAN, from graduates in Art History, preferably with library experience.

Salary: Within the Librarians' Grade will be in the range £1,020 by £40(5) to £1,220. Starting salary according to age, experience, and qualifications.

Further particulars and forms of application from the Bursar, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Corsham, Wilts.

N. J. I. PEARCE, Town Clerk and Chief Executive Officer
Guildhall, Bath.

COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND PETERBOROUGH

PETERBOROUGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the new post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the College Library. Duties to commence 1st September, 1967.

Salary within the N.J.C. scales £1,060 rising to £1,220 per annum with possible further progression to £1,435 per annum.

Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Registrar, Peterborough Technical College, Park Crescent, Peterborough to whom applications should be returned as soon as possible.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOLIHULL

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Following staff required in an expanding public library service:

(1) REFERENCE LIBRARIAN to develop and expand the Reference service. Post will be graded within A.P. Grade III according to qualifications and experience.

(2) DEPUTY CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN. The work of the Children's Librarian includes provision of a schools' libraries service within the Borough. Salary within Grades A.P. I-II, according to qualifications and experience.

(3) SENIOR ASSISTANTS. Considerable experience of public library work essential. Preference will be given to part qualified candidates (either syllabus). Salary will be within A.P. Grades I-II according to qualifications and experience.

Applications with names of two referees to the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Church Hill Road, Solihull, Warwickshire, by 17th June, 1967.

D. W. CHAPMAN, Town Clerk.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHPORT

LIBRARIAN, CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post in a busy Central Library with an annual issue in excess of 600,000 and a staff of ten. Salary within A.P.III.

Further details from Chief Librarian, Central Library, Lord Street, to whom applications must be submitted by 10th June.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WALSALL

PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

BRANCH LIBRARIAN: Librarian Grade (£1,220 to £1,435).

SENIOR ASSISTANT: Central Lending Library—Librarian Grade (£820 to £1,220).

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS for the above POSTS. The County Borough has recently been enlarged; the population is now 182,000.

Appointment may be made at a suitable point within the salary grade, depending upon experience.

The Council will, in suitable cases, make a contribution towards the cost of removal expenses.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Deputy Borough Librarian, Lichfield Street, Walsall, by 10th June.

Canvassing will disqualify and candidates must disclose any relationship to members or officers of the Council. Medical examination.

F. N. BOWLER, Deputy Borough Librarian.

COVENTRY CITY LIBRARIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for Central Lending Library issuing 835,000 books per annum using photo-charging and punched cards; five-day week.

Salary, A.P. IV (£1,435 to £1,665). Housing removal loan available.

Application forms and further details from the Director, Reference Library, Bayley Lane, Coventry, returnable by 10th June.

LIBRARIANS

COUNTY OF CORNWALL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the undermentioned POSTS. Salary on Librarian's scale (£820 to £1,435) according to qualifications and experience. Applications will be considered from students expecting to qualify in July.

(1) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in North Cornwall Region to be responsible for [illegible] library and mobile service in surrounding [illegible].

(2) MOBILE LIBRARIANS based on— County Central Library, Truro; Liskeard Regional Branch Library.

Driver-assistants are employed on all [illegible] libraries.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees should [illegible] County Librarian, County Hall, Truro, [illegible] than 10th June, 1967.

COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND PETERBOROUGH

HUNTINGDON TECHNICAL COLLEGE

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN required [illegible] tember, 1967.

This is a new POST likely to appeal to an energetic young man or woman. There is considerable scope for initiative in developing the service within the College, with possibility of future extension as a community service to commerce, industry and schools.

Salary on the Librarians' Scale, maximum £1,435; the starting point will be fixed according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars from the Principal, Technical College, California Road, Huntingdon, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE

COUNTY COUNCIL

CASSIO COLLEGE

Queens Road, Watford

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of SENIOR ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT in the College Library. The person appointed will undertake [illegible] tive duties at professional level, and will be responsible for building up the [illegible] special collection. Salary A.P. II-III, rising to £1,435 per annum.

Applications, with names of two referees, to Senior Tutor Librarian at the above address as soon as possible. Duties would commence [illegible] 1st September, 1967.

INSTITUTE OF CANCER RESEARCH

ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for Chester Beatty Research Institute Library, Fulham Road, S.W.3. Duties based on Lending Library but will be varied. Experience in [illegible] medical library useful. Salary according to previous experience and qualifications in range [illegible] to £750 per annum.

Apply with names of two referees to the Secretary, 34 Sumner Place, S.W.7, quoting reference 304/B/17.

KING'S COLLEGE LONDON

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST in the grade of LIBRARY ASSISTANT [illegible] scale £540 to £940) or Junior Library [illegible] (salary scale £525 to £650 according to age) [illegible] mum qualification: good G.C.E.

Application forms and further particulars from the Librarian, King's College, Strand, W.C.2, to whom completed applications should be sent within ten days. A further vacancy of [illegible] in the same grades will occur in about [illegible] 1967, applications for which may be [illegible] now.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the following [illegible] LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE Penwortham [illegible] Salary grade A.P.4 (£1,435 to £1,665) LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE Haydock Area. Salary [illegible] A.P.3 (£1,220 to £1,435). Qualifications: Chartered Librarian. Senior Assistant [illegible] Area, Prestwich Area. Salary grade A.P. I [illegible] to £1,020). Qualifications: Part I [illegible] Salary grades under review. Starting point [illegible] ing to experience and qualifications. Appointment superannuable and subject to a certificate of fitness.—Applications (with copies of two testimonials) indicating post(s) for which [illegible] wish to be considered to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 2nd June.

THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC BUILDING AND WORKS

Lambeth Bridge House, London, S.E.1, has vacancies for

TWO LIBRARIANS

Duties include the evaluation and indexing of current periodical literature, the preparation of the Library Bulletin and inquiry work. The posts, open to men or women aged 22 or over, are temporary but there are good prospects for permanency and promotion for candidates with suitable library qualifications. Salary £873 to £1,232 according to age and experience, rising to £1,532. Five-day week. Applications to the Librarian at the above address. Closing date 8th June, 1967.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WARRINGTON

Branch Librarian

Applications are invited for the [illegible] Branch Librarian at the Orford [illegible] Library (opened October 1965) [illegible] 120,000 Stock (2,000 vols. Staff [illegible]).

Salary within the Librarians' Scale [illegible] £1,435 per annum (minimum of £1,060 for Chartered Librarian) with starting [illegible] according to qualifications and experience. Housing accommodation will be provided if required and assistance may be given towards removal expenses.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience with names of two referees to [illegible] reach G. A. Carter, Borough Librarian, Central Library, Museum Street, Warrington, by first post, June 5th, 1967.

NATIONAL COAL BOARD

LIBRARIAN

required in the Board's Headquarters [illegible] station Office in Doncaster to [illegible] and take charge of the branch of the [illegible] quarters Library serving Technical, Professional and Administrative staff.

Candidates should possess, or be [illegible] for ALA and some special library experience is desirable. Salary within scale of £[illegible] to £1,389.

Five-day week, canteen facilities, [illegible] annuation scheme.

Apply in writing giving details of experience and qualifications to the Staff Manager, Coal House, [illegible] quoting reference AA.186.

LIBRARIANS

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of REGIONAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, Irlam. Salary Grade A.P.III (£1,220 to £1,435).

Qualifications: Chartered Librarian.

Salary starting point according to experience and qualifications.

Appointment superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness.

Applications (with copies of two testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 9th June.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARKING

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:

HOSPITAL LIBRARIAN
£1,510 to £1,740 AP IV

This is a new post and offers a keen librarian the opportunity to create a library service to patients and staff of the new Barking Hospital.

ASSISTANT BRANCH LIBRARIAN
£1,095 to £1,295 AP II

Preference will be given to applicants who have passed Part I of the Professional Examination of the Library Association or parts of the Former Registration Examination.

Hours of duty, 36½ hours per week.

Application forms from the Borough Librarian, Valence House, Becontree Avenue, Dagenham, Essex.

Closing date: 10th June, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

TRAINEE LIBRARIANS

APPLICATIONS invited from young men and women who are interested in professional career in Librarianship for appointment to Council's special training scheme. Suitable applicants will receive a year's preparatory training, followed by full-time course of two years (one year for graduates) at School of Librarianship in preparation for Library Association's professional examinations. Full salary paid during training. After qualifying a further two year's service (as professional member of staff) will follow. Subsequent career prospects in developing library services excellent.

Minimum educational qualifications five G.C.E. subjects, including two at Advanced level. Provisional appointments made in anticipation of examination results.

Salary scale training £625 per annum (18), £665 (19), £705 (20); extra increments for graduates. Professional scales for Chartered Librarians from £1,295 per annum.

Details from Borough Librarian, Central Library, The Burroughs, N.W.4. Closing date 24th June, 1967.

R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above POST at the Hounslow Central Library. Salary scale A.P. Grade 3 (£1,295 to £1,510), commencing point according to qualifications and experience.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Librarian, Hounslow House, 724/734 London Road, Hounslow, Middlesex (Tel. 01-570 7728). Closing date 2nd June, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

LIBRARY SERVICE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of: SUB-LIBRARIAN, Reference Libraries, Special Librarian's Scale (£820 to £1,435, plus London Weighting).

Point of entry to the scale, according to qualifications and experience.

Applications, giving date of birth, qualifications and experience, and name of one referee, should be sent to the undersigned, by 10th June, 1967, quoting C02.

JAMES GREEN, Borough Librarian,
East Ham Library, High Street South, London, E.6.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

Suitably qualified person required for the following post:—

SENIOR ASSISTANT: Mobile, Grade AP.3 (£1,095 to £1,295).

Forms from Borough Librarian, District Library, West Hill, S.W.18.

Closes 30th May.

B. C. KERR, Town Clerk,
Municipal Buildings, S.W.18.

MUNICIPAL COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

(Proposed Polytechnic)

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIANSHIP

APPLICATIONS are invited from Fellows of the Library Association for the APPOINTMENT of LECTURER. Ability to offer any of the following subjects would be an advantage: [illegible], bibliography, work with young people, bibliography and librarianship of geography. Forms of application and further details from the Principal, Municipal College of Commerce, College Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days.

Salary in accordance with Burnham (Technical) Scale: £2,[illegible]–£2,360.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

WELLINGBOROUGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for this appointment, duties to commence on 1st September. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians but applications will be considered from those having passed the Part II (Final) examination of the Library Association.

Salary £820 to £1,435 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Assistance with removal expenses will be given in approved cases.

Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Principal, Technical College, Church Street, Wellingborough, who will supply further particulars on request. Closing date 9th June.

T. E. CHURCHILL, Chief Education Officer.

NORTH-EASTERN REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD SCOTLAND

FORESTERHILL COLLEGE

LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the POST of LIBRARIAN at Foresterhill College, Aberdeen. The Librarian will be responsible to the Principal for the planning, organisation and general administration of the library to be established at this new College of Nursing Education.

Salary on the scale £1,061 by £46(1) by £47(2) by £51(1) to £1,402 per annum. Conditions of service will be those approved by the Whitley Council for application to Administrative and Clerical Staff in the National Health Service.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, preferably previous employers, to the Secretary to the Board, 1 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, not later than 15th June, 1967.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

INSTITUTE OF ECONOMICS AND STATISTICS

[illegible] a vacancy for a LIBRARY ASSISTANT commencing in August, 1967, [illegible] £[illegible] to £815, according to age and qualifications.

Apply in writing, with names of two referees, to the Secretary, Institute of Economics and Statistics, St. Cross Building, Manor Road, Oxford, not later than Tuesday, 30th May.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, S.W.7

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (18 to 22) [illegible] College Library. Passes in 5 G.C.E. [illegible] Part of the Professional examination [illegible] £[illegible] to £[illegible] by £30 (6) to [illegible] library experience [illegible] No Saturdays. Three [illegible] further particulars from [illegible] of Art, Kensington Gore, [illegible]

LIBRARIANS

OLDHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from persons who have completed their professional education and undergone the Final Examination of the Library Association.

Until relaxation is authorized under the Government's "period of severe restraint" the salary attached to the post is within A.P. 1 commencing at £860 p.a. except that a Chartered Librarian will commence at the minimum salary of £1,060 p.a. (A.P.2). Thereafter a grading of A.P. 1 or 2 or 3 has been approved within which a person who has passed the Final Examination of the Library Association or its equivalent will be paid a minimum of A.P. 2 (£1,060 if a Chartered Librarian). Further details on application if required.

Applications with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Director, Oldham Public Libraries, Union Street, Oldham, not later than Tuesday, 30th May, 1967.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(University of London)

Englefield Green, Surrey

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required August/September. Applicants should have two "A" levels or first professional examination. Salary according to age and qualifications on the scale £540 by £40 to £740 then subject to review by £40 to £940.

Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the College Secretary.

THE CIVIC TRUST

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/INFORMATION OFFICER required.

The work involves the running of a small but growing library for the professional staff of the Trust and an information service for Civic Societies.

The Library includes books, periodicals, photographs, negatives slides and films on Town Planning, Architecture and Civic Design. Keen visual appreciation, experience in library work and typing are essential. Professional qualifications desirable.

Pleasant working conditions in a friendly office within three minutes of Charing Cross Station. Four weeks' holiday, Luncheon Vouchers, Salary between £1,000-£1,500, according to experience.

Please write to The Director, The Civic Trust, Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, within 14 days.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

requires

TWO LIBRARIANS

for PAKISTAN

to be in charge of its libraries and books services in Dacca and Karachi.

Candidates, preferably graduates aged 29 or over, must have A.L.A. or equivalent, and substantial library experience.

Salary scale, £1,659 to £1,959. Overseas allowance (married £1,649 to £1,688; single £824 to £828); free furnished accommodation; children's allowances; medical attention; passages (also for family and for home leave); mid-tour passages for children.

Appointment initially on two-year contract, renewable (or on secondment from U.K. employing authority); opportunities for promotion and transfer and admission to career service; superannuation scheme, with transfer arrangements from local government and other public services.

Selection by London interviews July.

Write quoting F/1 to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 23rd June.

THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the following VACANCIES:—

CENTRAL LIBRARY

(1) SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Great Hall Reference Library.

DISTRICT LIBRARIES

(2) DISTRICT LIBRARIAN.
(3) REFERENCE LIBRARIAN.
(4) DISTRICT LIBRARIAN.
(5) SUB-LIBRARIAN.
(6) CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN.

Salary:
Posts 1 to 3: Librarian's Grade (£820 to £1,435).
Posts 4 to 6: Librarian's Grade (£820 to £1,220).

Starting point according to qualifications and experience.

Applications should be received by the City Librarian, Central Library, Manchester, 2, by Saturday, 10th June, 1967.

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE OXFORD

proposes to appoint an ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, full or part-time, mid-September, 1967. Training or experience essential.

Salary according to University Scale depending on age and experience.

Further particulars from the Principal, Somerville College, to whom applications should be sent before June 23.

(continued on back page)

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

RTB

Richard Thomas & Baldwins Limited invite applications for the above position in their Central Library and Information Department at Whitchurch, near Aylesbury.

This Department provides a technical library and information service to the Research and Development Division and to the Company's works in South Wales, Lincolnshire, and other parts of the country.

The post will be primarily concerned with co-ordinating the loans service (including a large inter-library loan section) and the purchasing of books, journals, &c. The UDC classification is used and some knowledge of this would be necessary. The Library is responsible also for the purchase of books, journals, pamphlets, &c., required by the Company, outside the Central Library's own requirements.

Candidates for this post should be at least Associates of the Library Association with some library experience, preferably in a special technical library.

Application forms, which should be returned by June 9, can be obtained from:

Administrative Officer,
Central Research Laboratories,
Richard Thomas & Baldwins Limited,
Whitchurch, near Aylesbury, Bucks.

DUNDEE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians, preferably with experience in a technical or academic library, for two posts chiefly concerned with the following:

1. Classification and Cataloguing.
2. Training of students in the use of library resources.

These appointments provide an opportunity to assist in the expansion of library services in an advanced college of technology.

Salary within the range £1,095-£1,840. Only those holding the qualification FLA will be allowed to proceed beyond £1,630.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian of the College, 40 Bell Street, Dundee, to whom applications should be returned not later than two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD

BOROUGH LIBRARIAN'S DEPARTMENT

Appointment of

BRANCH LIBRARIES OFFICER

Applications are invited from Fellows of the Library Association for the above post. The successful candidate will be responsible for the co-ordination of the Lending Library Services of the Central and fifteen other libraries. Sites are being acquired for further new libraries.

Experience in all departments of a large municipal or county library system is essential. The salary scale will be from £1,800 to £2,180, in accordance with the Senior Officers' Grade and including London Weighting Allowance, the point of entry depending upon previous experience. An essential user's car allowance will be provided.

A form of application and full particulars of the post may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Cecil Road, Enfield, Middlesex, but should be returned to the Town Clerk, Civic Centre, Enfield by 5th June.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of

LIBRARIAN: ACCESSIONS SECTION

in the Headquarters of the Library Board of Western Australia.

Duties: (a) to organise and control, financially and bibliographically, the acquisition and processing of all books, serials and non book materials for the State-wide service of the Board, including the State Reference Library (expenditure c. $350,000 p.a.);

(b) to carry out such functions of book-selection as may be required;

(c) to understudy the Chief Assistant Librarian.

Salary: Male, A$6,348-A$6,635. Female, A$5,920-A$6,197.

Interested persons are requested to apply to the office of the Agent General for Western Australia, 115 Strand, London, W.C.2, for a full statement of particulars of the post and a form of application.

F. A. SHARR, State Librarian.
3 Francis Street, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

(University of London)

APPLICATIONS are invited for an ASSISTANT LECTURER in HISTORY from 1st October, 1967. It would be an advantage to applicants to have a special interest in either Modern European History (particularly French History) or Modern Economic History. Salary scale: £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £80 to £1,340, plus £60 London Allowance. F.S.S.U. participation. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms, obtainable from The Registrar, Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E.1, to be returned by 5th June, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

DEPARTMENT OF LAW

APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours GRADUATES for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAIN in the Law Faculty Library tenable from 1st August, 1967. Professional qualifications and a degree in Law or experience in a similar library are desirable. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £1,105 to £1,180 by £80 to £1,340 to £1,470 by £90 to £2,010 by £85 to £2,095, with F.S.S.U. provision. Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications (four copies) should be sent by 10th June, 1967.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

LONDON BOROUGH OF WALTHAM FOREST

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

FULL-TIME WARDEN (male or female) required at the William McGuffie Youth Centre to take up appointment in September, 1967. The Centre is housed in the William McGuffie Secondary School with a separate Youth Wing for social activities and is open six nights per week providing a full range of activities. Membership is approximately 450. Salary within scale £1,120 to £1,790 plus London Allowance and additions for approved training and graduate qualifications in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report. Applicants should have either Diploma/Certificate in Social Science or Youth Leadership, degree or teaching certificate or an equivalent qualification. Further details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, Municipal Offices, High Road, Leyton, E.10. Closing date: 2nd June, 1967.

INDEXER

Experienced Indexer required for indexing civil engineering/architectural journals, press cuttings, minutes of meetings, &c. Please apply with details of age, experience and qualifications to: The Librarian, Ove Arup & Partners Consulting Engineers, 13 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

EDITOR

required by the Central Office of Information for a magazine about Britain, produced in this country in Russian for commercial distribution in the U.S.S.R. The Editor should be well versed in modern magazine techniques, have a wide ranging interest in cultural activities and an extensive knowledge of the British Isles. He should have a working knowledge of the Russian language and a willingness to bring this up to an advanced standard in the course of his work. A knowledge of the Soviet Union would be an advantage. The post is graded Senior Information Officer. Salary according to experience and qualifications within the range £2,062 to £2,496 per annum.

Please send postcard for application form to Manager (PE3598/SM), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. Closing date for completed application forms 5 June, 1967.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC FILM ASSOCIATION requires an ASSISTANT INFORMATION OFFICER. This is a new post in a recently formed organization devoted to furthering the use of the factual film. Experience of information work and the use of U.D.C. is desirable. Some typing ability would be useful. Salary on scale starting at £800 per annum.—Apply to the Director, BISFA, 55a Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

GREEK DEPARTMENT, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1, requires technician to work on preparation of papyrus manuscripts. Applicants should possess G.C.E. "A" level in two subjects, or equivalent. Some training will be given. Further particulars and application forms from Establishment Officer, quoting GK/1.

ITALY (TURIN)

APPLICATIONS are invited from Infant and Primary School TEACHERS for 25 vacancies in Language School employing over 80 teachers. Positions involve teaching ENGLISH as a second language to Italian children six to 14 age groups, 18 to 20 hours per week. New modern teaching methods. Knowledge of Italian not required. Salary not very attractive by English standards but quite sufficient for a living. Sickness scheme. Commitment October, 1967, to May, 1968, inclusive. Free courses of Italian. Teaching experience invaluable.

Please apply to Language School Centre, 4 Via Raimondo Montecuccoli, Torino 1/116, Italy.

PUBLISHING.—Director of famous hardcover book house requires personal secretary, 25-40. Previous publishing experience essential.—Write with full curriculum vitae, salary, &c., to Box H.1496, The Times, E.C.4.

THE HUTCHINSON PUBLISHING GROUP

need a CATALOGUER at their Tiptree office to prepare trade lists, mailing lists, maintain book file library and ancillary work. Age immaterial up to 50; some library qualifications desirable. Salary by arrangement.

Apply: Hutchinson Publishing Group, 178-202 Great Portland Street, London, W.1, marked "Attention BS".

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

SCAWSBY COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

(at present Swinton Day Training College)

Wanted: TUTOR IN ENGLISH at Lecturer or Senior Lecturer grade according to experience, to work with five colleagues in the department and to assist in the general professional work in the College.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Principal, Swinton Day Training College, Swinton, Mexborough, Yorkshire.

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